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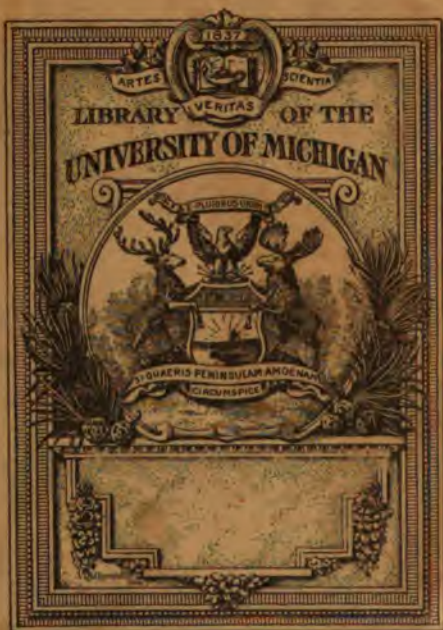
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SAINT PAULS.

APRIL, 1871.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALBO FORESTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLEY NURSES ME.

I saw no more of Clara. Mr. Coningham came to bid me good-bye, and spoke very kindly. Mr. Forest would have got a nurse for me, but Charley begged so earnestly to be allowed to return the service I had done for him, that he yielded.

I was in great pain for more than a week. Charley's attentions were unremitting. In fact he nursed me more like a woman than a boy; and made me think with some contrition how poor my ministrations had been. Even after the worst was over, if I but moved, he was at my bedside in a moment. Certainly no nurse could have surpassed him. I could bear no one to touch me but him: from any one else I dreaded torture; and my medicine was administered to the very moment by my own old watch, which had been brought to do its duty at least respectably.

One afternoon, finding me tolerably comfortable, he said,

"Shall I read something to you, Wilfrid?"

He never called me Willie, as most of my friends did.

"I should like it," I answered.

"What shall I read?" he asked.

"Hadn't you something in your head," I rejoined, "when you proposed it?"

"Well, I had; but I don't know if you would like it."

"What did you think of then?"

"I thought of a chapter in the New Testament."

"How could you think I should not like that?"

"Because I never saw you say your prayers."

"That is quite true. But you don't think I never say my prayers although you never see me do it?"

The fact was, my uncle, amongst his other peculiarities, did not approve of teaching children to say their prayers. But he did not therefore leave me without instruction in the matter of praying—either the idlest or the most availing of human actions. He would say, "When you want anything, ask for it, Willie; and if it is worth your having, you will have it. But don't fancy you are doing God any service by praying to him. He likes you to pray to him because he loves you, and wants you to love him. And whatever you do, don't go saying a lot of words you don't mean. If you think you ought to pray, say your Lord's Prayer, and have done with it." I had no theory myself on the matter; but when I was in misery on the wild mountains, I had indeed prayed to God; and had even gone so far as to hope, when I got what I prayed for, that he had heard my prayer.

Charley made no reply.

"It seems to me better that sort of thing shouldn't be seen, Charley," I persisted.

"Perhaps, Wilfrid; but I was taught to say my prayers regularly."

"I don't think much of that either," I answered. "But I've said a good many prayers since I've been here, Charley. I can't say I'm sure it's of any use, but I can't help trying after something—I don't know what—something I want, and don't know how to get."

"But it's only the prayer of faith that's heard.—Do you believe, Wilfrid?"

"I don't know. I daren't say I don't. I wish I could say I do. But I daresay things will be considered."

"Wouldn't it be grand if it was true, Wilfrid?"

"What, Charley?"

"That God actually let his creatures see him—and—all that came of it, you know."

"It would be grand indeed! But supposing it true, how could we be expected to believe it like them that saw him with their own eyes? I couldn't be required to believe just as if I could have no doubt about it. It wouldn't be fair. Only—perhaps we haven't got the clew by the right end."

"Perhaps not. But sometimes I hate the whole thing. And then again I feel as if I *must* read all about it; not that I care for it exactly, but because a body must do something—because—I don't know how to say it—because of the misery, you know."

"I don't know that I do know—quite. But now you have started the subject, I thought that was great nonsense Mr. Forest was talking about the authority of the church the other day."

"Well, I thought so, too. I don't see what right they have to say so and so, if they didn't hear him speak. As to what he meant, they may be right or they may be wrong. If they *have* the gift of the Spirit, as they say—how am I to tell they have? All impostors claim it as well as the true men. If I had ever so little of the same gift myself, I suppose I could tell; but they say no one has till he believes—so they may be all humbugs for anything I can possibly tell; or they may be all true men and yet I may fancy them all humbugs, and can't help it."

I was quite as much astonished to hear Charley talk in this style, as some readers will be doubtful whether a boy could have talked such good sense. I said nothing, and a silence followed.

"Would you like me to read to you then?" he asked.

"Yes, I should; for, do you know, after all, I don't think there's anything like the New Testament."

"Anything like it!" he repeated. "I should think not! Only I wish I did know what it all meant. I wish I could talk to my father as I would to Jesus Christ if I saw *him*. But if I could talk to my father, he wouldn't understand me. He would speak to me as if I were the very acum of the universe for daring to have a doubt of what *he* told me."

"But he doesn't mean *himself*," I said.

"Well, who told him?"

"The Bible."

"And who told the Bible?"

"God, of course."

"But how am I to know that? I only know that they say so. Do you know, Wilfrid—I *don't* believe my father is quite sure himself, and that is what makes him in such a rage with anybody who doesn't think as he does. He's afraid it mayn't be true after all."

I had never had a father to talk to, but I thought something must be wrong when a boy *couldn't* talk to his father. My uncle was a better father than that came to.

Another pause followed, during which Charley searched for a chapter to fit the mood. I will not say what chapter he found, for, after all, I doubt if we had any real notion of what it meant. I know however that there were words in it which found their way to my conscience; and, let men of science or philosophy say what they will, the rousing of a man's conscience is the greatest event in his existence. In such a matter, the consciousness of the man himself is the sole witness. A Chinese can expose many of the absurdities and inconsistencies of the English: it is their own Shakspeare who must bear witness to their sins and faults, as well as their truths and characteristics.

After this we had many conversations about such things, one of

which I shall attempt to report by-and-by. Of course in any such attempt, all that can be done is to put the effect into fresh conversational form. What I have just written must at least be more orderly than what passed between us; but the spirit is much the same; and mere fact is of consequence only as it affects truth.

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM.

THE best immediate result of my illness was, that I learned to love Charley Osborne more dearly. We renewed an affection resembling from afar that of Shakspeare for his nameless friend; we anticipated that informing *In Memoriam*. Lest I be accused of infinite arrogance, let me remind my reader that the sun is reflected in a dewdrop as in the ocean.

One night I had a strange dream, which is perhaps worth telling for the involution of its consciousness.

I thought I was awake in my bed, and Charley asleep in his. I lay looking into the room. It began to waver and change. The night-light enlarged and receded; and the walls trembled and waved about. The light had got behind them, and shone through them.

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; for I was frightened.

I heard him move; but before he reached me, I was lying on a lawn, surrounded by trees, with the moon shining through them from behind. The next moment Charley was by my side.

"Isn't it prime?" he said. "It's all over!"

"What do you mean, Charley?" I asked.

"I mean that we're both dead now. It's not so very bad—is it?"

"Nonsense, Charley!" I returned; "I'm not dead. I'm as wide alive as ever I was. Look here."

So saying, I sprang to my feet, and drew myself up before him.

"Where's your worst pain?" said Charley, with a curious expression in his tone.

"Here," I answered. "No; it's not; it's in my back. No, it isn't. It's nowhere. I haven't got any pain."

Charley laughed a low laugh, which sounded as sweet as strange. It was to the laughter of the world "as moonlight is to sunlight," but not "as water is to wine," for what it had lost in sound it had gained in smile.

"Tell me now you're not dead!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"But," I insisted, "don't you see I'm alive? You may be dead, for anything I know, but *I am not*—I know that.

"You're just as dead as I am," he said. "Look here."

A little way off, in an open plot by itself, stood a little white rose-tree, half mingled with the moonlight. Charley went up to it, stepped on the topmost twig, and stood: the bush did not even bend under him.

"Very well," I answered. "You are dead, I confess. But now, look you here."

I went to a red rose-bush which stood at some distance, blanched in the moon, set my foot on the top of it, and made as if I would ascend, expecting to crush it, roses and all, to the ground. But behold! I was standing on my red rose opposite Charley on his white.

"I told you so," he cried, across the moonlight, and his voice sounded as if it came from the moon far away.

"Oh, Charley!" I cried, "I'm so frightened!"

"What are you frightened at?"

"At you. You're dead, you know."

"It is a good thing, Wilfrid," he rejoined, in a tone of some reproach, "that I am not frightened at you for the same reason; for what would happen then?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would go away and leave me alone in this ghostly light."

"If I were frightened at you as you are at me, we should not be able to see each other at all. If you take courage, the light will grow."

"Don't leave me, Charley," I cried, and flung myself from my tree towards his. I found myself floating, half reclined on the air. We met midway each in the other's arms.

"I don't know where I am, Charley."

"That is my father's rectory."

He pointed to the house, which I had not yet observed. It lay quite dark in the moonlight, for not a window shone from within.

"Don't leave me, Charley."

"Leave you! I should think not, Wilfrid. I have been long enough without you already."

"Have you been long dead, then, Charley?"

"Not very long. Yes, a long time. But indeed I don't know. We don't count time as we used to count it.—I want to go and see my father. It is long since I saw *him*, anyhow. Will you come?"

"If you think I might—if you wish it," I said, for I had no great desire to see Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps he won't care to see me."

"Perhaps not," said Charley, with another low silvery laugh. "Come along."

We glided over the grass. A window stood a little open on the second floor. We floated up, entered, and stood by the bedside of Charley's father. He lay in a sound sleep.

"Father! father!" said Charley, whispering in his ear as he lay—"it's all right. You need not be troubled about me any more."

Mr. Osborne turned on his pillow.

"He's dreaming about us now," said Charley. "He sees us both standing by his bed."

But the next moment, Mr. Osborne sat up, stretched out his arms towards us with the open palms outwards, as if pushing us away from him, and cried,

"Depart from me, all evil-doers. O Lord! do I not hate them that hate thee?"

He followed with other yet more awful words which I never could recall. I only remember the feeling of horror and amazement they left behind. I turned to Charley. He had disappeared, and I found myself lying in the bed beside Mr. Osborne. I gave a great cry of dismay—when there was Charley again beside me, saying,

"What's the matter, Wilfrid? Wake up. My father's not here."

I did wake, but until I had felt in the bed could not satisfy myself that Mr. Osborne was indeed not there.

"You've been talking in your sleep. I could hardly get you waked," said Charley, who stood there in his shirt.

"Oh Charley!" I cried, "I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, Wilfrid?"

"Oh! I can't talk about it yet," I answered.

I never did tell him that dream; for even then I was often uneasy about him—he was so sensitive. The affections of my friend were as hoops of steel; his feelings a breath would ripple. Oh my Charley! if ever we meet in that land so vaguely shadowed in my dream, will you not know that I loved you heartily well? Shall I not hasten to lay bare my heart before you—the priest of its confessional? Oh Charley! when the truth is known, the false will fly asunder as the autumn leaves in the wind; but the true, whatever their faults, will only draw together the more tenderly that they have sinned against each other.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FROZEN STREAM.

BEFORE the winter arrived, I was well, and Charley had recovered the fatigue of watching me. One holiday, he and I set out alone to accomplish a scheme we had cherished from the first appearance of the frost. How it arose I hardly remember; I think it came of some remark Mr. Forest had made concerning the difference between

the streams of Switzerland and England—those in the former country being emptiest, those in the latter fullest in the winter. It was—when the frost should have bound up the sources of the beck which ran almost by our door, and it was no longer a stream but a rope of ice—to take that rope for our guide, and follow it as far as we could towards the secret recesses of its summer birth.

Along the banks of the stream, we followed it up and up, meeting a varied loveliness which it would take the soul of a Wordsworth or a Ruskin to comprehend and express. To my poor faculty the splendour of the ice-crystals remains the one memorable thing. In those lonely water-courses the sun was gloriously busy, with none to praise him except Charley and me.

Where the banks were difficult we went down into the frozen bed, and there had story above story of piled-up loveliness, with opal and diamond cellars below. Spikes and stars crystalline radiated and refracted and reflected marvellously. But we did not reach the primary source of the stream by miles; we were stopped by a precipitous rock, down the face of which one half of the stream fell, while the other crept out of its foot, from a little cavernous opening about four feet high. Charley was a few yards ahead of me, and ran stooping into the cavern. I followed. But when I had gone as far as I dared for the darkness and the down-sloping roof, and saw nothing of him, I grew dismayed, and called him. There was no answer. With a thrill of horror, my dream returned upon me. I got on my hands and knees, and crept forward. A short way farther, the floor sank—only a little, I believe, but from the darkness I took the descent for an abyss into which Charley had fallen. I gave a shriek of despair, and scrambled out of the cave howling. In a moment, he was by my side. He had only crept behind a projection for a trick. His remorse was extreme. He begged my pardon in the most agonized manner.

“Never mind, Charley,” I said; “you didn’t mean it.”

“Yes, I did mean it,” he returned. “The temptation came and I yielded; only I did not know how dreadful it would be to you.”

“Of course not. You wouldn’t have done it if you had.”

“How am I to know that, Wilfrid? I might have done it. Isn’t it frightful that a body may go on and on till a thing is done, and then wish he hadn’t done it. I am a despicable creature. Do you know, Wilfrid, I once shot a little bird—for no good, but just to shoot at something. It wasn’t that I didn’t think of it—don’t say that. I did think of it. I knew it was wrong. When I had levelled my gun, I thought of it quite plainly, and yet drew the trigger. It dropped, a heap of ruffled feathers. I shall never get that little bird out of my head. And the worst of it is, that to all eternity I can never make any atonement.”

“But God will forgive you, Charley.”

"What do I care for that," he rejoined, almost fiercely, "when the little bird cannot forgive me?—I would go on my knees to the little bird, if I could, to beg its pardon and tell it what a brute I was, and it might shoot me if it would, and I should say 'Thank you.'"

He laughed almost hysterically, and the tears ran down his face.

I have said little about my uncle's teaching lest I should bore my readers. But there it came in, and therefore here it must come in. My uncle had, by no positive instruction, but by occasional observations, not one of which I can recall, generated in me a strong hope that the life of the lower animals was terminated at their death no more than our own. The man who believes that thought is the result of brain, and not the growth of an unknown seed whose soil is the brain, may well sneer at this, for he is to himself but a peck of dust that has to be eaten by the devouring jaws of Time; but I cannot see how the man who believes in soul at all, can say that the spirit of a man lives, and the spirit of his horse dies. I do not profess to believe anything *for certain sure* myself, but I do think that he who, if from merely philosophical considerations, believes the one, ought to believe the other as well. Much more must the theosophist believe it. But I had never felt the need of the doctrine until I beheld the misery of Charley over the memory of the dead sparrow. Surely that sparrow fell not to the ground without the Father's knowledge.

"Charley! how do you know," I said, "that you can never beg the bird's pardon? If God made the bird, do you fancy with your gun you could destroy the making of his hand? If he said, 'Let there be,' do you suppose you could say 'There shall not be'?" (Mr. Forest had read that chapter of first things at morning prayers.) "I fancy myself that for God to put a bird all in the power of a silly thoughtless boy——"

"Not thoughtless! not thoughtless! There is the misery!" said Charley.

But I went on—

"—would be worse than for you to shoot it."

A great glow of something I dare not attempt to define grew upon Charley's face. It was like what I saw on it when Clara laid her hand on his. But presently it died out again, and he sighed—

"If there *were* a God—that is, if I were sure there was a God, Wilfrid!"

I could not answer. How could I? I had never seen God, as the old story says Moses did on the clouded mountain. All I could return was,

"Suppose there should be a God, Charley!—Mightn't there be a God?"

"I don't know," he returned. "How should I know whether there *might* be a God?"

"But *may* there not be a *might* be?" I rejoined.

"There may be. How should I say the other thing?" said Charley.

I do not mean this was exactly what he or I said. Unable to recall the words themselves, I put the sense of the thing in as clear a shape as I can.

We were seated upon a stone in the bed of the stream, off which the sun had melted the ice. The bank rose above us, but not far. I thought I heard a footstep. I jumped up, but saw no one. I ran a good way up the stream to a place where I could climb the bank; but then saw no one. The footstep, real or imagined, broke our conversation at that point, and we did not resume it. All that followed was—

"If I were the sparrow, Charley, I would not only forgive you, but haunt you for ever out of gratitude that you were sorry you had killed me."

"Then you *do* forgive me for frightening you?" he said eagerly.

Very likely Charley and I resembled each other too much to be the best possible companions for each other. There was however this difference between us—that he had been bored with religion and I had not. In other words, food had been forced upon him, which had only been laid before me.

We rose and went home. A few minutes after our entrance, Mr. Forest came in—looking strange, I thought. The conviction crossed my mind that it was his footstep we had heard over our heads as we sat in the channel of the frozen stream. I have reason to think that he followed us for a chance of listening. Something had set him on the watch—most likely the fact that we were so much together and did not care for the society of the rest of our schoolfellows. From that time certainly, he regarded Charley and myself with a suspicious gloom. We felt it, but beyond talking to each other about it and conjecturing its cause, we could do nothing. It made Charley very unhappy at times, deepening the shadow which brooded over his mind; for his moral skin was as sensitive to changes in the moral atmosphere as the most sensitive of plants to those in the physical. But unhealthy conditions in the smallest communities cannot last long without generating vapours which result in some kind of outburst.

The other boys, naturally enough, were displeased with us for holding so much together. They attributed it to some fancy of superiority, whereas there was nothing in it beyond the simplest preference for each other's society. We were alike enough to understand each other, and unlike enough to interest and aid each other. Besides, we did not care much for the sports in which boys usually explode their superfluous energy. I preferred a walk and a talk with Charley to anything else.

I may here mention that these talks had nearly cured me of

castle-building. To spin yarns for Charley's delectation would have been absurd. He cared for nothing but the truth. And yet he could never assure himself that anything was true. The more likely a thing looked to be true, the more anxious was he that it should be unassailable; and his fertile mind would in as many moments throw a score of objections at it, looking after each with eager eyes as if pleading for a refutation. It was the very love of what was good that generated in him doubt and anxiety.

When our schoolfellows perceived that Mr. Forest also was dissatisfied with us, their displeasure grew to indignation; and we did not endure its manifestations without a feeling of reflex defiance.

CHAPTER XXII.

A N E X P L O S I O N .

ONE spring morning we had got up early and sauntered out together. I remember perfectly what our talk was about. Charley had started the question: "How could it be just to harden Pharaoh's heart and then punish him for what came of it?" I who had been brought up without any superstitious reverence for the Bible, suggested that the narrator of the story might be accountable for the contradiction, and simply that it was not true that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. Strange to say, Charley was rather shocked at this. He had as yet received the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible without thinking enough about it to question it. Nor did it now occur to him what a small affair it was to find a book fallible, compared with finding the God of whom the book spoke, fallible upon its testimony—for such was surely the dilemma. Men have been able to exist without a Bible: if there be a God it must be in and through him that all men live; only if he be not true, then in him, and not in the first Adam, all men die.

We were talking away about this, no doubt after a sufficiently crude manner, as we approached the house, unaware that we had lingered too long. The boys were coming out from breakfast for a game before school.

Amongst them was one of the name of Home, who considered himself superior, from his connection with the Scotch Homes. He was a big, strong, pale-faced, handsome boy, with the least bit of a sneer always hovering upon his upper lip.* Charley was half a head shorter than he, and I was half a head shorter than Charley. As we passed him, he said aloud, addressing the boy next him—

"There they go—a pair of sneaks!"

Charley turned upon him at once, his face in a glow.

"Home," he said, "no gentleman would say so."

"And why not?" said Home, turning and striding up to Charley in a magnificent manner.

"Because there is no ground for the assertion," said Charley.

"Then you mean to say I am a liar."

"I mean to say," returned Charley, with more promptitude than I could have expected of him, "that if you are a gentleman you will be sorry for it."

"There is my apology then!" said Home, and struck Charley a blow on the head which laid him on the ground. I believe he repented it the moment he had done it.

I caught one glimpse of the blood pouring over the transparent blue-veined skin, and rushed at Home in a transport of fury.

I never was brave one step beyond being able to do what must be done and bear what must be borne; and now it was not courage that inspired me, but a righteous wrath.

I did my best, got a good many hard blows, and planted not one in return, for I had never fought in my life. I do believe Home spared me, conscious of wrong. Meantime some of them had lifted Charley and carried him into the house.

Before I was thoroughly mauled, which must have been the final result, for I would not give in, the master appeared, and in a voice such as I had never heard from him before, ordered us all into the schoolroom.

"Fighting like bullies!" he said. "I thought my pupils were gentlemen at least!"

Perhaps dimly aware that he had himself given some occasion to this outbreak, and imagining in his heart a show of justice, he seized Home by the collar, and gave him a terrible cut with the riding whip which he had caught up in his anger. Home cried out, and the same moment Charley appeared, pale as death.

"Oh, sir!" he said, laying his hand on the master's arm, appealingly, "I was to blame too."

"I don't doubt it," returned Mr. Forest. "I shall settle with you presently. Get away."

"Now, sir!" he continued, turning to me—and held the whip suspended, as if waiting a word from me to goad him on. He looked something else than a gentleman himself just then. It was a sudden outbreak of the beast in him.

"Will you tell me why you punish me, sir, if you please? What have I done?" I said.

His answer was such a stinging blow that for a moment I was bewildered, and everything reeled about me. But I did not cry out—I know that, for I asked two of the fellows after.

"You prate about justice!" he said. "I will let you know what justice means—to you at least."

And down came a second cut as bad as the first. My blood was up.

"If this is justice, then there is no God," I said.

He stood aghast. I went on.

"If there be a God——"

"If there be a God!" he shrieked, and sprang towards me.

I did not move a step.

"I hope there is," I said, as he seized me again; "for you are unjust."

I remember only a fierce succession of blows. With Voltaire and the French revolution present to his mind in all their horror, he had been nourishing in his house a toad of the same spawn! He had been remiss, but would now compel those whom his neglect had injured to pay off his arrears! A most orthodox conclusion! but it did me little harm: it did not make me think that God was unjust, for my uncle not Mr. Forest was my type of Christian. The harm it did was of another sort—and to Charley, not to me.

Of course, while under the hands of the executioner, I could not observe what was going on around me. When I began to awake from the absorption of my pain and indignation, I found myself in my room. I had been ordered thither, and had mechanically obeyed. I was on my bed, staring at the door, at which I had become aware of a gentle tapping.

"Come in," I said; and Charley—who, although it was his room as much as mine, never entered when he thought I was there without knocking at the door—appeared, with the face of a dead man. Sore as I was, I jumped up.

"The brute has not been thrashing *you*, Charley!" I cried, in a wrath that gave me the strength of a giant. With that terrible bruise above his temple from Home's fist, none but a devil could have dared to lay hands upon him!

"No, Wilfrid," he answered; "no such honour for me! I am disgraced for ever!"

He hid his wan face in his thin hands.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said. "You cannot have told a lie!"

"No, Wilfrid. But it doesn't matter now. I don't care for myself any more."

"Then Charley, what *have* you done?"

"You are always so kind, Wilfrid!" he returned with a hopelessness which seemed almost coldness.

"Charley," I said, "if you don't tell me what has happened——"

"Happened!" he cried. "Hasn't that man been lashing at you like a dog, and I *didn't* rush at him, and if I couldn't fight, being a milksop, then bite and kick and scratch, and take my share of it?"

Oh God!" he cried in agony, "if I had but a chance again! But nobody ever has more than one chance in this world. He may damn me now when he likes: I don't care."

"Charley! Charley!" I cried; "you're as bad as Mr. Forest. Are you to say such things about God, when you know nothing of him? He may be as good a God, after all, as even we should like him to be."

"But Mr. Forest is a clergyman."

"And God was the God of Abraham before ever there was a clergyman to take his name in vain," I cried; for I was half mad with the man who had thus wounded my Charley. "I am content with you, Charley. You are my best and only friend. That is all nonsense about attacking Forest. What could you have done, you know?—Don't talk such rubbish."

"I might have taken my share with you," said Charley, and again buried his face in his hands.

"Come, Charley," I said, and at the moment a fresh wave of manhood swept through my soul; "you and I will take our share together a hundred times yet. I have done my part now: yours will come next."

"But to think of not sharing your disgrace, Wilfrid!"

"Disgrace!" I said, drawing myself up, "where was that?"

"You've been beaten," he said.

"Every stripe was a badge of honour," I said, "for I neither deserved it nor cried out against it. I feel no disgrace."

"Well, I've missed the honour," said Charley; "but that's nothing, so you have it. But not to share your disgrace would have been mean. And it's all one; for I thought it was disgrace and I did not share it. I am a coward for ever, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense! He never gave you a chance. I never thought of striking back: how should *you*?"

"I will be your slave, Wilfrid! You are *so* good, and I am *so* unworthy."

He put his arms round me, laid his head on my shoulder, and sobbed. I did what more I could to comfort him, and gradually he grew calm. At length he whispered in my ear—

"After all, Wilfrid, I do believe I was horror-struck, and it *wasn't* cowardice pure and simple."

"I haven't a doubt of it," I said. "I love you more than ever."

"Oh Wilfrid! I should have gone mad by this time but for you. Will you be my friend whatever happens?—Even if I should be a coward after all?"

"Indeed I will, Charley.—What do you think Forest will do next?"

We resolved not to go down until we were sent for; and then

to be perfectly quiet, not speaking to any one unless we were spoken to; and at dinner we carried out our resolution.

When bed-time came, we went as usual to make our bow to Mr. Forest.

"Cumbermede," he said sternly, "you sleep in No. 5 until further orders."

"Very well, sir," I said, and went, but lingered long enough to hear the fate of Charley.

"Home," said Mr. Forest, "you go to No. 8."

That was our room.

"Home," I said, having lingered on the stairs until he appeared, "you don't bear me a grudge, do you?"

"It was my fault," said Home. "I had no right to pitch into you. Only you're such a cool beggar! But by Jove I didn't think Forest would have been so unfair. If you forgive me, I'll forgive you."

"If I hadn't stood up to you, I couldn't," I returned. "I knew I hadn't a chance. Besides I hadn't any breakfast."

"I was a brute," said Home.

"Oh I don't mind for myself; but there's Osborne! I wonder you could hit *him*."

"He shouldn't have jawed me," said Home.

"But you did first."

We had reached the door of the room which had been Home's and was now to be mine, and went in together.

"Didn't you now?" I insisted.

"Well I did; I confess I did. And it was very plucky of him."

"Tell him that, Home," I said. "For God's sake tell him that. It will comfort him. You must be kind to him, Home. We're not so bad as Forest takes us for."

"I will," said Home.

And he kept his word.

We were never allowed to share the same room again, and school was not what it had been to either of us.

Within a few weeks, Charley's father, to our common dismay, suddenly appeared, and the next morning took him away. What he said to Charley, I do not know. He did not take the least notice of me, and I believe would have prevented Charley from saying good-bye to me. But just as they were going, Charley left his father's side, and came up to me with a flush on his face and a flash in his eye that made him look more manly and handsome than I had ever seen him, and shook hands with me, saying—

"It's all right—isn't it, Wilfrid?"

"It is all right, Charley, come what will," I answered.

"Good-bye then, Wilfrid."

"Good-bye, Charley."



"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

And so we parted.

I do not care to say one word more about the school. I continued there for another year and a half. Partly in misery, partly in growing eagerness after knowledge, I gave myself to my studies with more diligence. Mr. Forest began to be pleased with me, and I have no doubt plumed himself on the vigorous measures by which he had nipped the bud of my infidelity. For my part I drew no nearer to him, for I could not respect or trust him after his injustice. I did my work for its own sake, uninfluenced by any desire to please him. There was in fact no true relation between us any more.

I communicated nothing of what had happened to my uncle, because Mr. Forest's custom was to read every letter before it left the house. But I longed for the day when I could tell the whole story to the great, simple-hearted man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONLY A LINK.

BEFORE my return to England, I found that familiarity with the sights and sounds of a more magnificent nature, had removed my past life to a great distance. What had interested my childhood had strangely dwindled, yet gathered a new interest from its far off and forsaken look. So much did my past wear to me now the look of something read in a story, that I am haunted with a doubt whether I may not have communicated too much of this appearance to my description of it, although I have kept as true as my recollections would enable me. The outlines must be correct: if the colouring be unreal, it is because of the haze which hangs about the memories of the time.

The revisiting of old scenes, is like walking into a mausoleum. Everything is a monument of something dead and gone. For we die daily. Happy those who daily come to life as well!

I returned with a clear conscience, for not only had I as yet escaped corruption, but for the greater part of the time at least I had worked well. If Mr. Forest's letter which I carried to my uncle, contained any hint intended to my disadvantage, it certainly fell dead on his mind; for he treated me with a consideration and respect which at once charmed and humbled me.

I fully expected that now at least he would tell me the history of the watch and the sword: even yet I was disappointed. But I doubt whether indeed he could have given me any particulars. One day as we were walking together over the fields, I told him the whole story of the loss of the weapon at Moldwarp Hall. Up to the time of my leaving for Switzerland I had shrunk from any reference to the subject, so painful was it to me, and so convinced was I that

his sympathy would be confined to a compassionate smile and a few words of condolence. But glancing at his face now and then as I told the tale, I discovered more of interest in the play of his features than I had expected; and when he learned that it was absolutely gone from me, his face flushed with what seemed anger. For some moments after I had finished, he was silent. At length he said,

"It is a strange story, Wilfrid, my boy. There must be some explanation of it, however."

He then questioned me about Mr. Close, for suspicion pointed in his direction. I was in great hopes he would follow my narrative with what he knew of the sword, but he was still silent, and I could not question him, for I had long suspected that its history had to do with the secret which he wanted me to keep from myself.

The very day of my arrival, I went up to my grandmother's room, which I found just as she had left it. There stood her easy chair, there her bed, there the old bureau. The room looked far less mysterious now that she was not there; but it looked painfully deserted. One thing alone was still as it were enveloped in its ancient atmosphere—the bureau. I tried to open it—with some trembling, I confess; but only the drawers below were unlocked, and in them I found nothing but garments of old fashioned stuffs, which I dared not touch.

But the day of childish romance was over, and life itself was too strong and fresh to allow me to brood on the past for more than an occasional half-hour. My thoughts were full of Oxford, whither my uncle had resolved I should go; and I worked hard in preparation.

"I have not much money to spare, my boy," he said; "but I have insured my life for a sum sufficient to provide for your aunt, if she should survive me; and after her death it will come to you. Of course the old house and the park, which have been in the family for more years than I can tell, will be yours at my death. A good part of the farm was once ours too, but not for these many years. I could not recommend you to keep on the farm; but I confess I should be sorry if you were to part with our own little place, although I do not doubt you might get a good sum for it from Sir Giles, to whose park it would be a desirable addition. I believe at one time, the refusal to part with our poor little vineyard of Naboth, was cause of great offence, even of open feud, between the great family at the Hall and the yeomen who were your ancestors; but poor men may be as unwilling as rich to break one strand of the cord that binds them to the past. But of course when you come into the property, you will do as you see fit with your own."

"You don't think, uncle, I would sell this house, or the field it stands in, for all the Moldwarp estate? I too have my share of pride in the family, although as yet I know nothing of its history."

"Surely, Wilfrid, the feeling for one's own people who have gone before, is not necessarily pride!"

"It doesn't much matter what you call it, uncle."

"Yes, it does, my boy. Either you call it by the right name or by the wrong name. If your feeling is pride, then I am not objecting to the name, but the thing. If your feeling is not pride, why call a good thing by a bad name? But to return to our subject: my hope is, that if I give you a good education, you will make your own way. You might, you know, let the park, as we call it, for a term of years."

"I shouldn't mind letting the park," I answered, "for a little while; but nothing should ever make me let the dear old house. What should I do, if I wanted it to die in?"

The old man smiled, evidently not ill-pleased. "What do you say to the bar?" he asked.

"I would rather not," I answered.

"Would you prefer the church?" he asked, eyeing me a little doubtfully.

"No, certainly, uncle," I answered. "I should want to be surer of a good many things before I dared teach them to other people."

"I am glad of that, my boy. The fear did cross my mind for a moment, that you might be inclined to take to the church as a profession, which seems to me the worst kind of infidelity. A thousand times rather would I have you doubtful about what is to me the highest truth, than regarding it with the indifference of those who see in it only the prospect of a social position and livelihood. Have you any plan of your own?"

"I have heard," I answered, circuitously, "that many barristers have to support themselves by literary work, for years before their own profession begin to show them favour. I should prefer going in for the writing at once."

"It must be a hard struggle either way," he replied; "but I should not leave you without something to fall back upon. Tell me what makes you think you could be an author."

"I am afraid it is presumptuous," I answered, "but as often as I think of what I am to do, that is the first thing that occurs to me. I suppose," I added, laughing, "that the favour with which my school-fellows at Mr. Elder's used to receive my stories, is to blame for it. I used to tell them by the hour together."

"Well," said my uncle, "that proves at least that if you had anything to say, you might be able to say it; but I am afraid it proves nothing more."

"Nothing more, I admit. I only mentioned it to account for the notion."

"I quite understand you, my boy. Meantime, the best thing in

any case will be Oxford. I will do what I can to make it an easier life for you than I found it."

Having heard nothing of Charley Osborne since he left Mr. Forest's, I went one day, very soon after my return, to call on Mr. Elder, partly in the hope of learning something about him. I found Mrs. Elder unchanged, but could not help fancying a difference in Mr. Elder's behaviour, which, after finding I could draw nothing from him concerning Charley, I attributed to Mr. Osborne's evil report, and returned foiled and vexed. I told my uncle, with some circumstance, the whole story; explaining how, although unable to combat the doubts which occasioned Charley's unhappiness, I had yet always hung to the side of believing.

"You did right to do no more, my boy," said my uncle; "and it is clear you have been misunderstood—and ill-used besides. But every wrong will be set right some day."

My aunt showed me now far more consideration—I do not say—than she had *felt* before. A curious kind of respect mingled with her kindness, which seemed a slighter form of the observance with which she constantly regarded my uncle.

My study was pretty hard and continuous. I had no tutor to direct me or take any of the responsibility off me.

I walked to the Hall one morning, to see Mrs. Wilson. She was kind, but more stiff even than before. From her I learned two things of interest. The first, which beyond measure delighted me, was, that Charley was at Oxford—had been there for a year. The second was that Clara was at school in London. Mrs. Wilson shut her mouth very primly after answering my question concerning her; and I went no further in that direction. I took no trouble to ask her concerning the relationship of which Mr. Coningham had spoken. I knew already from my uncle that it was a fact, but Mrs. Wilson did not behave in such a manner as to render me inclined to broach the subject. If she wished it to remain a secret from me, she should be allowed to imagine it such.

A MINIATURE SUN.

THERE can now * be seen every evening, towards the west, a brilliant orb, which many take for the Evening Star. Indeed, Venus herself—the true Vesper—when seen under most favourable conditions, scarcely exceeds in brilliancy the pseudo-Vesper which now illumines our evening skies; and, setting aside telescopic aid, even the practised astronomer can only distinguish her from this beautiful orb by a certain faint tinge of yellow which characterises her lustre. The planet which for the nonce usurps her place as the Star of Eve is the giant Jupiter—far more distant than she is both from us and from the sun, and far less brilliantly illuminated, but making up, or nearly so, for both these circumstances by his mighty bulk, and also, as will presently appear, by a peculiar light-giving power, which distinguishes him from the Planet of Love.

I purpose to give a brief account of some of the characteristics of the noblest planet of the solar system, and then to consider certain circumstances which, as I judge, have received far less attention than they deserve. And although in the course of this paper I shall have to refer to several details which I have already dealt with at length in “Other Worlds than Ours,” yet I shall, for the most part, direct the reader’s attention to new matter—in fact, to considerations which have occurred to me, or have been discussed by others, since the second edition of that work was published.

Jupiter is a globe exceeding our earth some twelve hundred times in volume, but made of matter whose average density is so much lighter than the earth’s that his weight exceeds hers but about three hundred times. Let this last point not be misunderstood, however. It can by no means be asserted that the matter composing Jupiter’s globe is lighter—bulk for bulk—than our rocks, or even than our metals. It is only on the average that he is of small density. We may put the matter thus. A globe as large as Jupiter *seems* to be, made of some substance about one-fourth heavier than water—bulk for bulk—would be equal to Jupiter in mass or weight; whereas a globe as large as our earth is *known* to be, would have to be made of a substance more than five times as heavy as water to equal her in mass.

Jupiter is more than five times as far from the sun as our earth is;

* When this paper appears, however, there will be two Evening Stars—Venus and Jupiter shining with rival lustre in the western sky. The two planets will be quite close to each other on May 12, Jupiter afterwards passing away from Venus westwards.

and, instead of one year, he occupies nearly twelve years in travelling once on his path around the ruling centre of the planetary scheme. As he speeds along his noble orbit he rotates very swiftly; so that, notwithstanding his giant bulk, he turns completely round upon his axis about five times during the interval which this little earth occupies in making two rotations—that is, during two days.

Jupiter is attended by no less than four moons, and these moons seem to be made of even lighter material than the planet itself; for the densest would be much more than outweighed by half its bulk of water. In this respect they differ greatly from our own moon, which would outweigh an equal bulk of water much more than three times.

It seems clear, then, that in the case of Jupiter and his attendant family we have to consider relations differing wholly in character from those presented by our own earth and her satellite, the moon. All that we know certainly about Jupiter invites us to the consideration that he is unlike the earth, insomuch that if the telescope revealed features indicative of resemblance, one would expect that astronomers would look with suspicion on the discovery, or would regard it as something to be explained away. Strangely enough, the exact reverse is the case. The telescope, when applied to Jupiter, shows us nothing which can be compared with any known features of our own earth; yet this circumstance, which seems to accord so well with what has been learned about the bulk, density, and rotation of the planet, and with the known peculiarities of the subordinate system he rules over, has been looked upon as a matter to be accounted for by more or less recondite explanations. Thus it has come to pass that astronomers have traced analogies between Jupiter and the earth, for which, assuredly, it is difficult to find any warrant. We shall presently see what the real teachings of the telescope have been; and I think I shall be able to show that they do not accord in a single respect with any known terrestrial phenomena. But what I desire specially to dwell upon here is the fact that in setting out upon our inquiry we ought not to expect such accordance; that, on the contrary, knowing we have to do with a globe, every one of whose principal characteristics is quite different from the earth's, we ought to anticipate that the details brought to light by the telescope would indicate a corresponding difference.

The most important peculiarity of Jupiter's structure revealed by the telescope is beyond question the existence of belts around his mighty orb. These belts will, of course, not be confounded with the rings of his brother giant, Saturn. The belts are not outside the planet, but on his surface—that is, they are on the surface of the globe *we see*. They may, for anything that is known to the contrary, lie far above his real solid body, supposing he has such a body; but I am speaking now of his appearance. We see him as a disc, and across that disc we see certain bright and dusky belts lying side by

side. We can watch, on some occasions, the motion of irregularities in the belts; and we see these irregularities carried across the planet's disc precisely as they would if attached to his surface and carried round by his rotation upon his axis.

These belts are very wonderful phenomena, and, to say truth, they are worthy of much more study than telescopists have yet given to them. What Schwabe has done for the sun-spots, some astronomer must one day do for Jupiter's belts. He must study the belts persistently, day after day, and year after year, even from the time when Jupiter is first visible as a morning star until, after passing round again to his place as an evening star, the planet is again about to veil himself for a few weeks amid the splendour of the solar beams. I venture to predict that in a few years an observer so working would be prepared to say as Schwabe did when his solar observations were beginning to bear noble fruit—"I set out humbly, like Saul when he went forth to seek his father's asses, and lo! like him, I have discovered a kingdom." And then other labourers would be encouraged to continue the work, as Carrington and De La Rue and Stewart continued Schwabe's work, so that we should begin to know much more than we do at present respecting those laws according to which the belts of Jupiter pass through their various changes.

But even the scattered facts which alone we as yet possess are full of interest and significance.

In the first place, as to the general arrangement of Jupiter's belts. There is commonly a bright belt across the middle of the disc, which goes by the name of the equatorial belt. It has been regarded as analogous to the zone of calms which occupies the earth's equatorial regions; but we shall presently see how little analogy there is between the two. It is usually of a pearly white colour, but not always. On either side of this belt there are commonly two dark belts "of a coppery, ruddy, even purplish tint." Then usually follow several alternate light and dark streaks up to the polar regions of the planet, the dark belts being ruddy, the light intermediate zones yellowish white near the equator, but greyish towards the polar regions. These regions are commonly bluish, the blue colour being sometimes and in some telescopes singularly pronounced.

Now, as respects the details seen in the belts of Jupiter, I could very readily fill many pages of this magazine. But as I am not writing an astronomical treatise, nor specially for astronomers, it would be wholly out of place to discuss at length all the records which observers have left us. I shall therefore select, in such order as seems most likely to serve my present purpose, those peculiarities of the belts which appear to throw the fullest light upon their constitution.

We have been so long accustomed to look upon the belts of Jupiter as due to clouds resembling terrestrial clouds in origin and

behaviour, that it may seem surprising to the reader to be told that if the belts really consist of clouds, these must be wholly unlike any with which our meteorologists are acquainted. Of course the bright belts would be the real cloud-belts, because clouds would reflect a much more brilliant light than the actual surface of the planet. A dark spot in a bright belt would therefore come to be regarded as due to a vast opening in a bed or layer of clouds. Furthermore, a long dark streak across a bright belt would represent a long rift through a cloud-zone. Now we can imagine the existence of a vast zone of clouds all round the earth in certain latitudes, though as a matter of fact it is not likely that any such zone has at any time existed even for a single day. And we can further imagine that a circular opening or a long straight rift might appear in such a zone of clouds, and last for months, although, undoubtedly, we should hear of such a phenomenon with great surprise. If the combined testimony of many travellers informed us, for instance, that from the west of France to the east of Manchooria the weather had been cloudy for several months, save only over a certain space as large as Switzerland, where the weather had been persistently fine, we should certainly regard the information as of a most startling nature. Yet, surprising as it would appear, we can still conceive how plausible explanations might be suggested. But what would be thought if the open space in the clouds travelled steadily and swiftly, for months, over the above-named region; if it were possible to announce, either eastwards or westwards, that fine weather was coming, or cloudy, as the case might be? We certainly cannot conceive that without a total subversion of all known meteorological laws a rift in a great cloud-belt could travel for weeks until it had traversed a continent or, perhaps, the best part of a hemisphere.

Now in the year 1860 a most remarkable phenomenon was discovered by observers of Jupiter. On February 29 of that year, Mr. Long, of Manchester, noticed across a bright belt—that is, across a zone of clouds—an oblique dusky streak. Its position might be compared to that of the Red Sea in a view of the earth, for it ran neither north and south, nor east and west, but rather nearer the former than the latter direction. The length of this dark space—of this rift, that is, in the great cloud-belt—was *about ten thousand miles*, and its width at the least five hundred miles; so that its superficial extent was much greater than the whole area of Europe. But wonderful as this rift appears when thus regarded, its mere dimensions and its singular position were by no means the most remarkable features it presented. First of all, it remained as a rift certainly until April 10, or for six weeks, and probably much longer. It passed away to the dark side of Jupiter, to return again after the Jovian night to the illuminated hemisphere, during at least a hundred Jovian days; and assuredly nothing in the behaviour of terrestrial clouds affords any analogue of

this remarkable fact. The arrangement of our clouds depends far more directly on the succession of day and night than that of the Jovian clouds would appear to do. But this is far from being all. This great rift *grew*, lengthening out until it stretched across the whole face of the planet. And it grew in a very strange way; for its two ends remained at unchanged distances from the planet's equator, but the one nearest to the equator travelled forwards (speaking with reference to the way in which the planet turns on its axis), the rift thus approaching more and more nearly to an east and west direction. And the rate of this motion was perhaps the most remarkable circumstance of all. I quote the account given by Mr. Baxendell, one of the observers of these strange changes, and one of our most experienced telescopists:—"Since Mr. Long first observed the oblique streak on February 29, it has gradually extended itself in the direction of the planet's rotation, at an average rate of 3,640 miles per day, or 151 miles per hour, the two extremities of the belt remaining constantly on the same parallels of latitude. The belt has also gradually become darker and broader." As pictured on April 9th, the dark rift cannot be estimated at less than a hundred thousand miles in length, or long enough to extend four times around the earth's equator!

The whole behaviour of this dark rift is so totally different from any cloud-phenomena we are acquainted with, as to seem to dispose of the belief that the belts of Jupiter are of like nature with our cloud-regions. The one great point of distinction is this, that in all their phenomena our cloud-regions are found to depend on the action of an external body—the sun—whereas all the changes which took place in the great rift above described, as well as the long duration of the rift as such, imply as clearly as possible that the belts of Jupiter are due to some cause inherent in the planet itself.

But there is one circumstance in the behaviour of this rift which is deserving of special attention. We hear it often stated that the belts of Jupiter and Saturn indicate the existence of trade-winds within the atmospheres of these planets, the more rapid rotation of the planets accounting for the more marked character of their wind-zones. But the way in which the rift shifted in position will serve to tell us whether this view is just or not. Let us remember how the trades and counter-trades come about. An air-current from polar towards equatorial regions seems to travel westwards because—bringing with it the slow rotation-movement of polar regions—it encounters the more rapid (eastward) rotation-movement of equatorial regions. On the contrary, an air-current from equatorial towards polar regions seems to travel eastwards, bringing with it, as it does, the more rapid eastwardly motion of equatorial regions. But both forms of air-current, if we could recognise their course from some distant station outside the earth, would give the effect of a slower motion of rotation of the earth's equatorial regions; for in one case we have air from

the poles falling more and more behind as it approaches the equator, and in the other we have air from the equator moving farther and farther forwards as it approaches the poles.

Now the great rift exhibited the direct reverse of this, for we have seen that the end nearest the planet's equator travelled swiftly forwards.

We may note too in passing how vastly the rate of motion exceeds anything we recognise in the trades or counter-trades. Both these classes of winds are of small velocity, whereas the imagined winds of Jupiter must have rushed along at the rate of 150 miles per hour—a rate three times exceeding that of our swiftest express trains, and far greater than that of any recognised aerial currents. A velocity of 92 miles per hour is indeed equivalent, Sir John Herschel has stated, to a hurricane producing universal desolation, sweeping away buildings, and tearing up trees. Such hurricanes last, too, but for a few hours. But here we have, in the case of Jupiter, winds blowing for six weeks at a stretch (in a direction the direct reverse of that corresponding to the motion of our trade-winds), with a velocity more than two-thirds greater than that of our most desolating hurricanes. Assuredly, if the Jovian hurricanes bear the same relation to these persistent winds that our terrestrial cyclones bear to the trade-winds, then we should have to regard the real storms of Jupiter as holding a place midway between terrestrial storms and those solar cyclones of which the spectroscope has given us such startling intelligence.

But, being thus led to compare the Jovian with the solar cyclones, a circumstance which really does seem to bring the two orders of phenomena into somewhat intimate association attracts our notice. The solar spots do not pass round the sun with a uniform rotational movement—that is, they are not carried round as a country, island, or sea on our own earth is carried round by her rotation. Spots near the sun's equator travel faster than spots nearer the poles. Nor is the difference of rate by any means slight. Carrington—our great authority on this matter—has shown that a point on the sun's equator is carried round in four days less time than a point midway between the equator and the southern pole. A point on the equator would go once round and a sixth (or gain no less than 480,000 miles), while the point towards the south would make but one circuit (or in four weeks). Now this velocity of advance is equivalent to no less than 687 miles per hour, or is more than four times as great as even that swift advance which Baxendell had noted in the case of the equatorial end of the great Jovian rift. The significant fact is, however, that, both in the case of Jupiter and in that of the sun, we find the equatorial parts of the atmosphere travelling with a far swifter rotational movement than the other portions—that is, not merely moving more swiftly on account of the greater circles they describe, but performing their circuit in a shorter space of time.

It certainly seems not unreasonable to infer that this feature of

resemblance implies some real resemblance of condition between the two globes. If, taken alone, the peculiarity will not suffice to justify such a conclusion ; yet, when it is remembered that there is a mass of evidence pointing the same way, so clearly as seemingly not to require any additional testimony, then the strange facts above recorded will assuredly seem to admit of but one interpretation. I would not, indeed, assert that as respects details we can at present interpret them at all. But this general conclusion, I think, is forced upon us—that the phenomena of Jupiter's belts are wholly distinct in origin and progress from any which terrestrial meteorology brings under our notice ; that they are not primarily due to solar action, but to forces inherent in the planet ; and that to some extent such forces resemble those which are at work in the solar atmosphere.

On this last point we have recently received some singular information, which, though by no means demonstrative, seems certainly to suggest relations of a very unexpected nature.

During the last two years the planet Jupiter has presented an extraordinary appearance. The great equatorial belt, which is usually white, has been sometimes ruddy, sometimes orange, then coppery, ochreish, greenish yellow, and in fact has passed through a number of hues, mostly tints of red and yellow ; but has at no time, so far as observation has shown, exhibited what may be called its normal tint. Then, again, this belt, and the two belts on either side of it, have changed very rapidly in form ; great dark projections have been flung (I speak always of appearances) into the great equatorial belt, which has thus seemed at times to be divided into a number of ovals. The whole aspect of the planet has suggested the idea that mighty processes are at work, tending to modify in a most remarkable manner the condition of the planet's atmospheric envelope. We have this on the evidence of many skilful observers, including Mr. Browning, the optician (who first called the attention of astronomers to this unwonted state of things), Mr. Webb, and many others, whose opinion on observational matters there is no gainsaying.

Now, it certainly is a remarkable circumstance that at the very time when Jupiter has been thus disturbed, the solar atmospheric envelope has also been subject to an exceptional degree of disturbance. As most of my readers know, the face of the sun has been marked by many spots during the last twenty or thirty months ; some of these spots have been of enormous magnitude, even so large as to be clearly visible to the naked eye, and the spots have been of such a nature, so long-lasting, and so variable in figure, as to imply the action of long-continued processes of disturbance acting with extraordinary violence. It may seem at first that the very circumstances of the case should prevent us from tracing any connection whatever between the solar disturbances and that which seems to be taking place in the atmospheric envelope of Jupiter. Two orbs separated, as the sun and Jupiter are, by an interval of about four hundred and fifty millions of

miles, cannot be simultaneously affected, it would seem, by any disturbing forces. Nay, more; it seems so reasonable to infer that both in the case of Jupiter and of the sun, the forces at work to produce change lie far beneath the atmospheric envelope of either planet, that the idea appears at once disposed of that these forces can operate simultaneously, except by mere coincidence.

Yet such considerations have not prevented thoughtful men from examining a little further into the observed correspondence. The true man of science is seldom inclined to say either "this or that must be so," or "this or that cannot be so." His rule rather is to see whether the imagined relation has a real existence, to compare fact with fact, until the reality of the relation is established or confuted. Mr. Browning and others have not been deterred by the seeming improbability of any connection between Jovian and solar disturbances from following out this excellent plan. Professor Herschel, referring to Mr. Browning's examination of this subject, writes (to him):—"I see that you are raising very interesting questions about the appearance of Jupiter's belts, which may lead to very important results if it is found that the coloured and disturbed appearances of the belts are subject to periodical maxima and minima at about the same time as those of the spots in the sun." He then gives the following interesting account of the appearance presented by the planet in January, 1860, when the sun was passing through another of those periods of great disturbance indicated by the frequency of spots:—"On a fine night in January, 1860," he says, "I turned Mr. Pritchard's 6½-inch equatorial, by Cooke, for about half an hour on Jupiter. The planet was so well defined, and the details of the markings on the equatorial belt were so peculiar, that I made a sketch of them, noting at the same time the remarkable brown colour of the equatorial belt. One of the edges of the belt (I think the southern) was beaded or divided into egg-shaped masses, which must have been of brighter or lighter colour than the background of the belt, to have given them so much prominence."

On this, Mr. Browning remarks, that three days before he received Professor Herschel's letter, or on January 7th, he made "a careful coloured drawing of the planet, and the description given by Professor Herschel of the appearance of the coloured belt in January, 1860, would apply exactly to the appearance of the belt in this drawing."

It may be well, also, to compare the account given by Mr. Webb of the appearance of the planet in November, 1869, when the disturbances now apparently going on had probably but lately begun. "The southern portion of the equatorial zone," he writes, "was so progressively toned down into shadow from the north as to give the impression of a hollow lighted obliquely in the opposite direction; yellow spaces being enclosed by elliptical arches above, and similarly-shaped festoons below, being most luminous in their upper part, and being shaded off into the festoons beneath, received the opposite

effect of actual convexity. The illusion was remarkable; solid ellipsoids seemed to stand out of, or be freely suspended in, a depressed channel; or it might be compared to a modification of the moulding known as 'bead and hollow' in architecture—a broad concavity placed horizontally, studded along its upper half with longitudinal bosses almost like backs of spoons, and illuminated with an oblique soft half-light. So singular was the deception that it required an effort of the judgment to rectify the mistaken conviction of the sight."

Mr. Ranyard, favourably known in scientific circles for the courtesy he displayed as one of the honorary secretaries of the organising committee for the late eclipse expeditions, has examined all the records of past observations which were available (though more will, doubtless, now be looked up); and his results seem to confirm the startling theory that Jupiter's atmosphere sympathises with the solar atmosphere, in so far that periods of disturbance in one seem to synchronise with periods of disturbance in the other.

Now what sort of disturbances should these be, which thus appear to affect simultaneously two orbs separated by so vast a distance? Perhaps, if we inquire into the laws according to which the solar spots seem associated with the planetary motions, we may recognise the nature of the action which, in a sense, encourages solar disturbance. But as yet this is by no means so simple a matter as many imagine. It is very commonly stated in books on astronomy that the periods when the sun's face shows the greatest number of spots correspond with the period when Jupiter is nearest to the sun; and even so careful a writer as Amédée Guillemin has stated that "there exists a certain correlation between the proximity of Jupiter and the most numerous apparitions of sun-spots." But this correlation is so far from being established, that in the very picture (borrowed from Carrington's noble work on the sun) which illustrates Guillemin's remarks, there are shown no less than eight successive correspondences between the *greatest* distances of the planet and the *greatest* frequency of sun-spots; and Carrington himself dwells rather on this relation than on the converse relation so commonly referred to as "an established fact."

What, however, we may fairly accept as at least probable is *this*, that the planets influence the sun's atmospheric envelope in some as yet unexplained manner, and that Jupiter has a large share in the work; while, also, it seems shown that whenever Jupiter is so situated as to be at work most effectively in disturbing the sun, then he is himself most disturbed. Precisely as, if the moon had oceans, the tides raised in those oceans by the earth would be largest at the very time when the tides raised by the moon in *our* oceans were largest; so, also, the action of Jupiter on the sun and the sun's action on Jupiter would seem to wax and wane together.

But we are thus brought to regard Jupiter as himself in some sort a sun. He seems certainly to be subject to processes of disturbance.

comparable with those by which the sun is affected. There is assuredly nothing in the meteorology of our own earth comparable with the association we have been considering above. From no station in the solar system would our earth, watched by assiduous observers, be found to present changes of appearance synchronising with the solar disturbances. Nor, again, would the progress of any changes, apart from those due to the seasons, indicate any influence due to her greater or less proximity to the sun as she circuits her orbit.

If the conception shall appear startling that Jupiter is the scene of some violent forms of action resembling, only much less violent, the processes at work in the sun, yet let it be remembered that there is much in the appearance of Jupiter which cannot readily be otherwise explained. It is very well to compare his belts, for instance, with our wind-zones—our trade and counter-trade regions. Such an explanation sounds highly plausible; and it has so long passed current, that we are apt to forget the circumstance that we have not a particle of evidence in its favour. To get trade-winds or counter trade-winds, we require currents of air travelling, in the first place, north and south, or nearly so; and again, to get such currents we require great differences of temperature, resulting in great disturbances of atmospheric equilibrium. The intense heat of our equatorial and tropical regions may well be understood to cause an indraught of cooler air from regions a thousand miles or so nearer the poles. But if a distance of ten thousand miles and more separated the cooler from the more heated regions, the indraught would be very much feebler. If we had two coiled springs, one a foot long and the other ten feet long, it is clear that a compression by some given amount—say one inch—would affect the shorter very much more than the longer; and, *mutatis mutandis*, the above-considered differences of temperature are very fairly illustrated by this relation. Now, Jupiter being more than ten times greater in all his linear dimensions than the earth, it is clear that we must have just such a diminution of all those effects of indraught or overflow by which we explain our own trade and counter trade-winds. He rotates more swiftly, it is true; but against this may fairly be set the fact that he is five times farther from the sun, and (if other things are equal) must needs receive but a twenty-fifth part of the heat which, falling on the earth, rouses our winds into action. It seems to me amazing that, under these circumstances, the sun should ever have been regarded as the exciting cause of those processes which shape the atmospheric envelope of Jupiter into the bright and dusky zones.

The explanation *obviously* suggested (not necessarily, however, the correct one) is, that the formation of the belts of Jupiter is due to the violent uprush of vapours from vast depths below his visible surface. For vapours thus flung upwards, coming as they would from regions nearer to Jupiter's centre, and therefore moving more slowly,

to regions farther away, and therefore moving more rapidly (precisely as the rim of a wheel moves more rapidly than the middle of a spoke), would be left behind, and, as seen from a distant station, would form a trail, so to speak, lying, as the belts do, parallel to the planet's equator. Nor are we without evidence of the action of some such eruptive forces as are here suggested. For white spots, spoken of by the observers as specks, yet two or three thousand miles across at the least, have been seen from time to time, and but for a time, upon the belts; and these can in no way be interpreted so readily as by supposing them due to explosive action casting up enormous masses of vapour into the higher regions of Jupiter's atmosphere.

Before concluding, I would remind the reader that the evidence here adduced is altogether independent of that which I have brought forward elsewhere. I have shown in my "*Other Worlds*," (1) that the equatorial bright belts both of Jupiter and Saturn are in no sense comparable with our zone of calms or *doldrums*, being persistently equatorial, whereas our zone of calms travels far to the north of the equator in summer, and far to the south in winter; (2) that the amount of light received from Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus is very far in excess of the amount due to the size and position of these orbs—a fact suggesting the theory that a portion of their light is inherent; and (3) that we have evidence of a very strong, nay, all but irresistible nature, to show that even the seeming *figures* of Jupiter and Saturn are liable to change. These and other remarkable circumstances recognised by astronomers, combined with the evidence adduced above, and the striking resemblance of the outer planets to the sun in the matter of mean density, do certainly seem to suggest in a very forcible manner that these outer planets are in a condition very different from that of our own earth; and though it may be going too far to say that they are actually minor or subordinate suns, yet such a view seems likely to be nearer to the truth than that which regards them as habitable worlds like our own.

Regarding Jupiter in this way, we need by no means consider that he is never to be inhabited. The processes we see at work out yonder may be fitting him for the support of myriads of races of living creatures. For anything we know to the contrary, he may be passing through stages which our own earth has long since passed through. In his case the processes of change may take up more time, indeed, but this is fitting when the vastness of his bulk is considered. For it must not be forgotten that light though his substance may be on the average, he has in him the materials for 800 globes such as our earth; that out of his substance every other planet now existing in the solar system might be fashioned, and yet abundant matter be left for making other worlds; that, in fine, in whatever condition he subsists now, or at any future time, he must always be the noblest of all the members of the sun's family.

THE SONG OF ROLAND.

[BEFORE the battle of Hastings, Taillefer, a famous Norman minstrel and champion, advanced on horseback in front of the invading host, and tossing his sword in the air, caught it again as he galloped forward to the charge, and gave the signal for onset by singing *The Song of Roland*, that renowned nephew of Charlemagne's of whom (Sir Walter Scott says) romance tells us so much and history so little.

The following poem is a literal translation from the Basque. It was found by La Tour d'Auvergne, in 1794, in a convent of Font Arabia, and is still preserved among the mountaineers of the Pyrenees, under many variations. It commemorates the combat at the defile of Roncesvalles (here called Altibicar), spoken of by Dante as "*la dolorosa rotta*,"* where, through the treachery of Ganelon, 30,000 brave Gauls, under the command of Charlemagne, were slaughtered, and where Roland fell. There is a savage grandeur in the simplicity, not without art, with which the numbers of the foe, so carelessly reckoned at the opening of the poem, are counted downwards at its close. It gives the gloomy and ominous effect of a muffled drum, or the measured, backward tread of a great multitude.

This song was imitated in 1803 by Alexandre Duval, with a reference to events then passing.

*"Combien sont-ils ? combien sont-ils ?
C'est le cri du soldat sans gloire.
Le héros cherche les périls ;
Sans le péril qu'est la victoire ?
Ayons tous, O braves amis,
De Roland l'âme noble et fière ;
Il ne comptait ses ennemis
Qu'étendus morts sur la poussière."*]

A cry comes from the hills of the Escualdunachi; the Basque gets up, stands before his door, listens, and says, "*Who comes here? What do they want with me?*"

And the dog, who is asleep at his master's feet, is roused, and barks till all the mountains of Altibicar resound.

The noise draws nearer; it comes from the hills of Ibaneta, cleaving the rocks from right to left; it is the dull roar of an advancing army. Our people have already given it answer from the heights; they have blown their horns of buffalo, and the Basque is sharpening his arrows.

"They are coming! they are coming, oh; what a forest of lances! What waving of many-coloured banners in the midst of them! What a flash of gleaming steel! How many of them are there? Count them, my boy; count them well."

* *Inferno*, canto 31.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, and thousands more."

"It is but losing time to count them; let us join our strong arms; let us tear out our rocks and hurl them down upon their heads; let us crush them; let us kill."

What business have these men from the north among our mountains? Why should they come to trouble our peace? When God made the mountains, He did not mean them to be overpassed by men.

Then, the rocks loosened, rush down of their own accord; they fall upon the troops beneath; blood flows, limbs quiver. Oh, what a heap of broken bones! What a sea of blood is there!

Roland lifts the Olifant* to his mouth, and blows it with all his might. The mountains around him are lofty, but high above them the sound of the horn arises; it reverberates from hill to hill.

Charles hears it, and his companions hear it too. "Ah," says the king, "our people are now fighting." But Ganelon (the traitor) makes answer—"Had any other said so, he would have been set down at once as a liar."

Alas for Roland! with great force, with great effort, with great pain, he blows the horn again! Blood flows from his mouth; his head is cloven; still the sound of the horn is carried to a great distance.

Charles hears it just at the moment of his landing; the Duke Naismo hears it, as well as all the French.

"Ah," says the king, "I hear the horn of Roland! I know he would not blow it if he were not overtaken by the enemy." But Ganelon again makes answer, "The sound has nothing to do with fighting. We know the pride of the Count. He is only jousting with his peers; let us mount and ride onwards; why should we delay to set forth? we have yet a long road before us."

But now blood flows faster from the lips of Roland; his brains are bursting from his skull, yet once more he tries to wind his horn. Charles hears it, and the French, his followers, hear it too. "Ah," he says, he and the Duke of Naismo, "this horn hath a lengthened sound! Barons! My heart smites me, they are fighting now, I swear it by God! Let us go back; call the bands together, and let us go to the help of our perishing friends."

Charles bids the trumpets sound. The French come down upon us, clad in mail of steel. The hills are lofty, the darkness thick, the valleys deep, the descents rugged! Before the army and behind it the trumpets bray. King Charles is troubled, as he spurs onwards;

* The famous horn (so named) of Roland, of which Turpin reports, that its sound was heard by Charlemagne at the distance of eight miles.

his white beard shakes upon his breast. Too late! Run, run for it, ye who have yet strength or a horse left. Run, King Charles, with thy plume of black feathers and thy scarlet cloak, run! Thy nephew, thy pride, thy beloved, has bitten the dust below thee; he was brave, but it has brought him little profit.*

And now, Escualdunachi, let us leave the cliffs, let us go down quickly and let fly our arrows at the flying. See how they run! they run! Where is now the forest of lances? Where the many-coloured banners waving in the midst of them? No more flashing of their armour, it is too deeply stained with blood! *How many of them are there?* Count them well, my boy—count them. “Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, —*One! no, there is not one!* mountaineers, it is all over.” Go home quietly with your dog, kiss your wife and children, scour your arrows, and hang them up beside the horn of buffalo; then lie down, and sleep upon it all.

In the night the vultures will come down to feast upon their mangled flesh, and their bones will lie there, and be white for ever.

DORA GREENWELL.

* We must remember that this is the composition of one hostile both to Charlemagne and Roland, the elect heroic pair, the sight of whose companionship in Paradise made Dante glad.

“E al nome’dell’ alto Maccabeo
Vide moverse un altro roteando
E’ letizia era dal paleo
Così per Carlo-magno ed Orlando.”

The name of the great Paladin is honoured, however, not only among the Pyrenees, but in many fragments of Spanish songs, one of which is thus concluded: “Oh, Orlando! hast thou commended, hast thou commended thy soul to God? We have beheld thee, and whoever saw thee in battle, felt himself sweat with fear! Well we know that thou didst slay thy thousands, both among the Moors and our own people. Bernardo, however, thou didst not slay. *Shall those be vanquished, Roland, thunderbolt of war? Honour to the brave, of whatever country! No, Roland, thou shalt be slain, but never vanquished!*”

HANNAH.

A. Kohl.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IV.

It is a mistake to take for granted, as in books and life we perpetually do, that people must always remain the same. On the contrary, most people are constantly changing—growing, let us hope, but still changing—in character, feelings, opinions. If we took this into account we should often be less harsh to judge; less piteously misjudged ourselves. For instance, we resolve always to love our friend and hate our enemy; but our friend may prove false, and our enemy kind and good. What are we then to do? To go on loving and hating as before? I fear we cannot. We must accept things as they stand, and act accordingly. Or—and this is a common case—we may ourselves once have had certain faults, which we afterwards had sense to see and correct; yet those who knew us in our faulty days will never believe this, and go on condemning us for ever—which is a little hard. And again, we may have started honestly on a certain course, and declared openly certain opinions or intentions, which we afterwards see cause to modify, or even to renounce entirely. Time and circumstance have so altered us that we are obliged to give our old selves the lie direct, or else to be untrue to our present selves. In short, we must just retract, in act or word, boldly or weakly, nobly or ignobly, as our natures allow. And though we have been perfectly sincere throughout, the chances are that no one will believe us; we shall be stamped as hypocrites, renegades, or deep designing schemers, to the end of our days. This, too, is hard; and it takes a strong heart and a clear conscience to bear it.

When Hannah Thelluson consented to come to her brother-in-law's house, and he thankfully opened to her its dreary doors, they were two most sorrowful people, who yet meant to make the best of their sorrow, and of one another, so as to be a mutual comfort, if possible. At least this was her intent; he probably had no intent at all beyond the mere relief of the moment. Men—and young men—seldom look ahead as women do.

Now, two people living under the same roof and greatly dependent upon one another, seldom remain long in a state of indifference;

they take either to loving or hating; and these two, being both of them good people, though so very different in character, were not likely to do the latter. Besides, they stood in that relation which of all others most attracts regard, of reciprocally doing good and being done good to. They shared one another's burthens, and gave one another help. Consequently the burthens lightened, and the help increased, every day that they resided together.

Their life was very equable, quiet, and, at first, rather dull. Of course, the widower did not visit, or receive visitors. Occasional family dinners at the Moat-House, and a few morning calls, received and paid, were all that Hannah saw of Easterham society. She had the large handsome house entirely to herself, often from morning to night; for gradually Mr. Rivers went back to his parish duties, which he once used most creditably to fulfil. Consequently, instead of hanging about the house all day, he was frequently absent till dinner-time. This was a great source of satisfaction to Miss Thelluson; at first—let the honest truth be told—because she was heartily glad to get rid of him; by-and-by from sincere pleasure at the good it did him.

"Work always comforts a man," she said to herself, when she saw him come in, fresh from battling with rain and wind, or eager to secure her help and sympathy in some case of distress in the parish, his handsome face looking ten years younger, and his listless manner gaining energy and decision.

"You were right, Aunt Hannah," he would often say, with an earnest thoughtfulness, that was yet not exactly sadness. "To preach to sufferers one needs to have suffered oneself. I shall be a better parson now than I used to be, I hope. On week-days certainly, and perhaps even on Sundays, if you will continue to look over my sermons."

Which, people began to say, were much better than they used to be, and Hannah herself thought so too. She always read them, and, after a while, criticised them, pretty sharply and fearlessly, every Saturday night. On other nights she got her brother-in-law into the habit of reading aloud; first, because it was much the easiest way of passing the evening,—and after being out all day he absolutely refused to go out again, lessening even his visits to the Moat-House whenever he could;—secondly, because soon she came to like it very much. It was like falling into a dream of peace, to sit sewing at Rosie's little clothes (for Aunt Hannah did all she could for her darling with her own hands), silent—she always loved silence—yet listening to Mr. Rivers's pleasant voice, and thinking over, quietly to herself, what he was reading. In this way, during the first three months, they got through a quantity of books, both of prose and poetry, and had grown familiar enough now and then to lay the books down, and take to arguments; quarrelling fiercely at times, until either became accustomed to the

other's way of thinking, and avoided warlike topics, or fought so honourably and well, that the battles ended in mutual respect, and very often in a fit of mutual laughter.

It may be a dreadful thing to confess, but they did laugh sometimes. Ay, even with the moonlight sleeping, or the white snow falling, on Rosa's grave a mile off—Rosa who was with the angels smiling in the eternal smile of God. These others, left behind to do their mortal work, were not always miserable. Rosie began the change, by growing every day more charming, more interesting, more curious, in her funny little ways, every one of which aunt retailed to papa when he came home, as if there had never been such a wonderful baby in any house before.

A baby in the house. Does anybody fully know what that is till he—no, she—has tried it?

Hannah did not. Fond as she was of children, and well accustomed to them, they were all other people's children. This one was her own. On her alone depended the little human soul and human body for everything in life—everything that could make it grow up to itself and the world, a blessing or a curse. A solemn way of viewing things, perhaps; but Hannah was a solemn-minded woman. She erred, anyhow, on the right side. This was the "duty" half of her new existence; the other half was joy—wholly joy.

A child in the house. Say rather an angel; for, I think, heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their inevitable cares. Rosie was, to other people besides her aunt, a very remarkable child—wonderfully sweet, and yet brave even as a baby. She never cried for pain or fretfulness, though she sometimes did for passion; and for sorrow—a strange, contrite, grown-up kind of sorrow—whenever she did anything the least wrong, which was very seldom. She was usually a perfect sunbeam of brightness, wholesomeness, and content. Her delicacy and fragility, which were only that of a flower reared up in darkness, and recovering its healthy colours as soon as ever it is brought into the sun, soon became among the things that had been. Not a child in all Easterham seemed more likely to thrive than Rosie Rivers; and everybody, even at the Moat-House, now acknowledged this, to Miss Thelluson's great glory and delight. Grace's also—unto whom much credit was owing.

Hannah had taken her rather rashly, perhaps—wise people sometimes do, upon instinct, rather rash things. She thought so herself when one day, accidentally asking Grace some apparently trivial question, the girl burst into tears, confessed that she was a married woman, and her husband had run away from her. "But I was married, indeed I was, and his sisters know it!" Which the sisters, who were in fact sisters-in-law, resolutely confirmed; but no more facts could be gained. Nor did Hannah like to inquire

having a feeling that poor women's miseries were as sacred as rich ones. It was an unwelcome discovery—a nurse with a living and, probably, scapegrace husband might prove very inconvenient; still, she had grown fond of the girl, who was passionately devoted to Rosie.

“For Rosie's sake I must keep her, if possible; and for her own sake, poor thing, I cannot bear to send her away. What must I do?”

Rosie's father, to whom she thus appealed—for, despite what he had said, she persistently consulted him in everything—answered decisively, “Let her stay.” So Grace stayed. But Miss Thelluson insisted that she should no longer pass under false colours, but be called Mrs. Dixon; and, finding she had no wedding-ring—her husband, she declared, had torn it from her finger the day he left her—Hannah took the trouble to buy her a new one, and insisted upon her wearing it, saying, “She hated all deceptions of every kind.” Upon which Grace looked up to her with such grateful, innocent eyes, that, Quixotic as her conduct might appear to some people—it did at the Moat-House, where the girls laughed at her immoderately—she felt sure the story was true, and that she should never repent having thus acted.

This was the only incident of the winter, and as week after week passed by, and nothing ill came of it, no runaway husband ever appeared, and poor Grace brightened into the tenderest nurse, the most faithful servant, hardly thinking she could do enough for her mistress and the child, Hannah ceased to think of it, or of anything unpleasant, so busy and contented was she.

More than content—that she had always been—actually happy. True, she had thought her May-time wholly past; but now, as spring began to waken, as she and Rosie began to gather primroses in the garden and daisies in the lanes, it seemed to her as if her youth had come back again. Youth, fresh and full, added to all the experience, the satisfied enjoyment, of middle age. They were like two babies together, she and Rosie, all through this, Rosie's first earthly spring. They crawled together on the sunny grass-plot; they played bo-peep round the oak-tree; they investigated with the deepest interest every new green leaf, and flower, and insect; for she tried to make her child like the Child in the Story without an End—a companion and friend to all living things. And Rosie, by the time she was eighteen months old, with her sweetness, intelligence, and the mysterious way the baby-soul opened out to the wonders and beauty of this our world, had taught her Aunt Hannah quite as much as Aunt Hannah had taught her, and become even a greater blessing than the blessings she received.

“It is all the child's doing,” Hannah said, laughing and blushing, one day, when Mr. Rivers came suddenly in, and found her dancing

through the hall with Rosie in her arms, and singing too, at the top of her voice. "She is the sunbeam of the house. Every servant in it spoils her, and serves her like a little queen. As for me, auntie makes a goose of herself every hour in the day. Doesn't she Rosie? At her time of life, too!"

"What is your time of life? for I really don't know," said Mr. Rivers smiling. "Sometimes you look quite young, and then, again, I fancy you must be fully as old as I am."

"Older. Thirty-one."

"Well, I am thirty; so when you die of old age I shall begin to quake. But tell her not to die, Rosie." And a sad look came across his face, as it still often did. Hannah knew what it meant. "Bid her live, and take care of us both. What in the wide world should we two do without Aunt Hannah!"

And Rosie, with that chance instinct of babyhood, often so touching, patted with her tiny soft hand her aunt's cheek, saying, wooingly, "Nice Tannie, pitty Tannie,"—which had been her first wild attempt at "Aunt Hannah."

"Tannie,"—the name clung to her already, as baby pet-names always do—pressed the little breast to hers in a passion of delight and content, knowing that there was not a creature in the world—no woman certainly—to come between her and her child. *Her* child! Twenty mothers, she sometimes thought,

"Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up the sum"

of that she felt for her motherless darling.

The father stood and watched them both. As Rosie grew older and more winning, he began to take more notice of his little girl, at least when Aunt Hannah was present to mount guard over her, and keep her good and quiet.

"You look quite a picture, you two, Hannah!" (he sometimes called her "Hannah" without the "Aunt.") "You must be excessively fond of that child?"

She laughed; a low, soft, happy laugh. Her feeling for little Rosie was a thing she could not talk about. Besides, its sacredness had a double root, as it were; and one root was in the dead mother's grave.

"The little thing seems very fond of you too, as well she may be," continued Mr. Rivers. "I trust she may yet repay you for all your love. I hope—I earnestly hope—that you and she may never be parted."

A natural thought, accidentally expressed. Hannah said to herself over and over again, that it must have been purely accidental, and meant nothing; yet it shot through her like a bolt of ice. Was there a chance, the dimmest, remotest chance, that she and the child

might be parted? Did he, now that the twelvemonth of mourning had expired, contemplate marrying again,—as Lady Dunsmore had foretold he would. Indeed, in a letter lately—for she still wrote sometimes, and would by no means lose sight of her former governess—the Countess had put the direct question, at which Miss Thelluson had only smiled.

Now, she did not smile. She felt actually uneasy. She ran rapidly over, in her mind, all the young ladies he had seen or mentioned lately—very few; and he seemed to have no interest in any. Still, there might be some one whom she had never heard of: and if so, if he married again, would he requir^e her—of course he would!—to quit the House on the Hill, and leave behind his little daughter?

"I could not! No! I will not," thought she. And after the one cold shiver came a hot thrill, of something more like fierceness than her quiet nature had known for long. "To expect me to give up my child. It would be cruel, barbarous!" And then came a sudden frantic idea of snatching up Rosie in her arms and running away with her, anyhow, anywhere, so as to hide her from her father. "I shall do it—I know I shall! if he drives me to it. He had better not try!"

And hot tears dropped on the little white night-gown which Aunt Hannah was vainly endeavouring to tie. It was Sunday night; and she always sent Grace to church and put the child to bed herself on Sundays. Bitter, miserable tears they were too, but only on account of the child. Nothing more. Afterwards, when she recalled them, and what had produced them, this first uneasy fear which had shot across the calm heaven of her life,—a heavenly life it had grown to be since she had the child,—Hannah felt certain that she could have looked the child's angel, or its mother, in the face; and declared positively they were nothing more.

But the notion of having to part from Rosie, under the only circumstances in which that parting was natural and probable, having once entered her mind, lurked there uneasily, troubling often the happy hours she spent with her darling; for the aunt, wholly engrossed with her charge, had her with her more than most mothers, with whom their children's father holds rightly the first place. Nevertheless, Miss Thelluson did her duty most satisfactorily by her brother-in-law; whenever papa wanted auntie, little Rosie was remorselessly sent away, even though auntie's heart followed her longingly all the while. But she had already learnt her lesson—she never allowed the child to be a trouble to the father.

"Not one man in a thousand cares to be troubled about anything, you may depend upon that," she said one day gaily to the second Miss Rivers, who was now about to be married.

"Who taught you that? my brother? Well, you must have had

plenty of experience of him, faults and all ; almost as much as his wife had," said the sister sarcastically, which made Hannah rather sorry that she had unwittingly betrayed the results of her year's experience at the House on the Hill.

Yes ; she knew her brother-in-law pretty well by this time—all his weaknesses, all his virtues ; better, he told her, and she believed it, than his own sisters knew him. He was so unlike them in character, tastes, and feelings, that she had now ceased to wonder why he chose none of them to live with him and Rosie, but preferred rather his wife's sister, who might a little resemble his wife, as Hannah sometimes vaguely wished she did.

More especially, when the approaching marriage forced him out of his retirement, and he had to officiate in the festivities as eldest brother, instead of poor Austin, whom nobody ever saw or spoke of. Bernard had to act as head of the house, Sir Austin being very frail now ; and he accepted his place and went through his duties with a cheerfulness that Hannah was surprised yet glad to see. If only he could have had beside him the bright, beautiful wife who was gone, instead of a grave sister like herself ! Still, she did her best ; went out with him when he asked her, and at other times stayed quietly at home—half amused, half troubled to find how she, who in the first months of winter almost longed for solitude, now began to find it just a little dull. She was not so glad of her own company as she used to be, and found the evenings, after Rosie's bed-time, rather long. Only the evenings ; of mornings, when Rosie was with her, she felt no want of any kind.

Following the wedding—to which Miss Thelluson was of course asked, and, somewhat unwillingly, went, seeing Mr. Rivers wished it—came many bridal parties, to which she was invited too. Thence ensued a small difficulty—ridiculous in itself, and yet involving much—which, when her brother-in-law urged her to accompany him everywhere, she was at last obliged to confess.

" I can't go," she said laughing—it was much better to make it a jesting than a serious matter. " The real truth is, I've got no clothes."

And then came out another truth, which Mr. Rivers, with his easy fortunes and masculine indifference to money, had never suspected, and was most horrified at—that her salary as governess ceasing, Aunt Hannah had absolutely nothing to live upon. Though dwelling in the midst of luxury, and spending unlimited sums upon housekeeping weekly, the utmost she had had to spend upon herself, since she came to the House on the Hill, was an innocent fifteen-pound note, laid by from last year, the remains of which went in the wedding-gown of quiet grey silk which had replaced her well-worn black one.

" Dreadful !" cried Mr. Rivers. " While you have been doing everything for me, I have left you like a pauper !"

"Not exactly," and she laughed again at his vehement contrition. "Indeed, I had as much money as I wanted; for my wants are small. Remember, I have been for so many years a poor governess."

"You shall never be poor again, nor a governess neither. I cannot tell you how much I owe you—how deeply I respect you. What can I say? Rather, what can I do?" He thought a little, and then said, "The only plan is, you must let me do for you exactly what I would have done for my own sister. Listen, while I explain."

He then proposed to pay her a quarterly allowance, or annuity, large enough to make her quite independent personally. Or, if she preferred it, to make over the principal, in a deed of gift, from which she could draw the same sum, as interest, at her pleasure.

"And, you understand, this is quite between ourselves. My fortune is my own, independent of my family. No one but us two need ever be the wiser. Only say the word, and the matter shall be settled at once."

Tears sprang to Hannah's eyes.

"You are a good, kind brother to me," she said. "Nor would it matter so very much, as if I did take the money I should just make a will and leave it back to Rosie. But I cannot take it. I never yet was indebted to any man alive."

"It would not be indebtedness, only justice," argued he. "You are a practical woman, let me put it in a practical light. I am not giving, only paying—as I should have to pay some other lady. Why should I be more just and liberal to a stranger than to you? This on my side. On yours—What can you do? You are fed and housed, but you must be clothed. You are not a lily of the field. Though"—looking at her as she stood beside him, tall, and slender, and pale—"I sometimes think there is a good deal of the lily about you, Aunt Hannah. You are so single-minded and pure-hearted—and like the lilies,—you preach me a silent sermon many a time."

"Not always silent," said she, yet was pleased at the compliment. He had never made her a pretty speech before. Then too his urging her to remain with him, on the only possible terms on which she could remain—those he proposed—proved that he was not contemplating marriage—at least, not immediately.

All he said was thoroughly kind, generous, and wise; besides, her sound common-sense told her that clothes did not grow upon bushes, and that if she were to continue as mistress of the House on the Hill, it was essential that Rosie's aunt and Mr. Rivers's sister-in-law should not go dressed, as he indignantly put it, "like a pauper." She considered a little, and then, putting her pride in her pocket, she accepted the position of matters as inevitable.

"Very well, Mr. Rivers. Give me the same salary that I received from Earl Dunsmore, and I will take it from you as I did from him.

It will cover all my personal needs, and even allow me, as heretofore, to put by a little for my old age."

"Your old age? Where should that be spent but here—in my house?"

"Your house may not always be——" She stopped: she had not the heart to put into plain words the plain fact that he might marry again—few men were more likely to do so. But he seemed to understand it.

"Oh, Hannah!" he said, and turned away. She was so vexed at herself that she dropped the conversation at once.

Next day Miss Thelluson found on her toilet-table, in a blank envelope, a cheque for a hundred pounds.

At first she felt a strong inclination to throw the money into the fire—then a kind of sensation of gratitude.

"If I had not liked him, I couldn't have touched a half-penny; but I do like him. So I must take it, and try to please him as much as I can."

For that reason, and to do him credit when she went out with him, poor Hannah expended more money and thought over her clothes than she had done for years, appearing in toilettes so good and tasteful, though simple still, that the Moat-House girls wondered what in the world had come over her to make her look so young.

We are always changing within and without, modified more or less, as was said in the beginning of this chapter, by continually changing circumstances. Had any one a year ago shown Hannah her picture, as she often appeared now, in pretty evening dress—she had lovely round arms still, and it was Rosie's delight to catch them bare, and fondle and hug them to her little bosom as "dollies"—Hannah would have said such a woman was not herself at all. Yet it was; and hers, too, was the heart, wonderfully gay and light sometimes, which she carried about through the day, and lay down to sleep with at night, marvelling what she had done that heaven should make her life thus content and glad.

The change was so gradual, that she accepted it almost without recognition. Ay, even when there came an event which six months ago she would have trembled at—the first dinner-party at the House on the Hill, given in honour of the bride.

"I must give it, I suppose," said Mr. Rivers. "You will not mind? I hope it will not trouble you very much?"

"Oh no."

"Be it so then." He walked off, and then came back, saying a little awkwardly, "Of course, you understand that you keep your usual place as mistress here."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

So she sat at the head of his table, and did all the honours as lady of the house. At which some other ladies, country people from a distance—for it was a state dinner-party—looked—just a little sur-

prised. One especially, a malign-looking old dowager, with two or three unmarried daughters, whispered—

“His sister-in-law, did you tell me? I thought she was quite a middle-aged person. Better, perhaps, if she had been. And they live here together—quite alone, you say? Dear me!”

The words were inaudible to Miss Thelluson, but she caught the look, and during the evening, several other looks of the same inquisitorial kind. They made her feel—she hardly knew why—rather uncomfortable. Otherwise, she would have enjoyed the evening considerably. No woman is indifferent to the pleasure of being mistress of an elegant, well-ordered house, where her servants like her and obey her—she doing her duty and they theirs, so that all things go smoothly and well, as they did now. Also she liked to please Mr. Rivers, who was much easier to please than formerly. His old sweet temper, that poor Ross used so fondly to dilate on, had returned; and oh! what a rare blessing is a sweet temper in a house, especially in the head of it. Then, by this time, his sister-in-law understood his ways, had grown used to his very weaknesses, and found they were not so bad after all. He was far from being her ideal, certainly; but who are they who ever find their ideal? And Hannah sighed, remembering her own—the loveliest and most loveable nature she had ever met, or so it had appeared to her in her girlhood’s long-extended dream. But God had taken Arthur home; and thinking of him now, it was more as an angel than as a mortal man.

Looking round on the man she saw now—and they had been a good many lately—she found no one equal to Bernard Rivers. As he took his place again in society, a young widower who had passed from under the blackest shadow of his loss, though it had left in him an abiding gravity, he would have been counted in all circles an attractive person. Handsome, yet not obnoxiously so; clever—though perhaps more in an appreciative than an original fashion; pleasant in conversation, yet never putting himself obtrusively forward, he was a man that most men liked, and all women were sure to admire amazingly. Hannah saw—she could not help seeing—how daughters brightened as he came near, and mothers were extraordinarily tender to him; and, in fact, had he perceived this—which he did not seem to do, being very free from self-consciousness—Bernard Rivers would have run a very good chance of being thoroughly “spoiled.”

He was not yet spoiled, however; it was charming to watch him, and see how innocently he took all this social flattery, which Hannah noticed with considerable amusement, and a sort of affectionate pleasure at thinking that, however agreeable he was abroad, he was still more so at home, in those quiet evenings, now sadly diminished. She wondered sometimes how long they would last, how soon her brother-in-law would weary of her companionship, and seek nearer and fonder ties. Well, that must be left to fate; it was useless speculating. So

she did her best now; and when several times during dinner, he glanced across the table to her and smiled, and also came more than once through the drawing-rooms to look for her, and say a kindly word or two, Hannah was a satisfied and happy woman.

Only—during the pause of a long piece of concerted music by the three remaining Misses Rivers—fancying, she heard Rosie cry, she crept away up-stairs, and finding her sitting up in her crib, sobbing from a bad dream, Aunt Hannah caught her child to her bosom more passionately than usual. And when the little thing clung for refuge to her, and was soothed to sleep again under showers of kisses, Hannah thought rejoicingly that there was one creature in the world to whom she was absolutely necessary, and all in all.

His guests being at length gone, the host stood on his hearth-rug, meditative, even grave.

“Well, Hannah!” he said at last.

She looked up.

“So our dinner-party is safe over. It went off beautifully, I must say!”

“Yes; I think it did.”

“And I am so much obliged to you for all the trouble you must have taken. I do like to have things nice and in order—every man does. Especially as Lady Rivers was there. They think so much of these matters at the Moat-House.”

Hannah, half-pleased, half- vexed, she scarce knew why, answered nothing.

“Yes, it was very pleasant, and the people were pleasant too. But yet I think I like our quiet evenings best.”

“So do I,” Hannah was going to say, and then hesitated, with a curious kind of shyness, for she had been thinking the very same. Wondering also, how long this gay life they now led was to go on, and whether it would end in that climax for which she was always preparing herself—Bernard Rivers taking a second wife, and saying to his sister-in-law, “Thank you; I want you no more. Good-bye!” A perfectly right, natural, and desirable thing too, her reason told her. And yet—and yet—Well! she would, at least, not meet difficulties half-way, but would enjoy her halcyon days while they lasted.

So she sat down with him on the chair he placed for her, one on either side the fire, and proceeded to talk over the dinner and the guests, with other small familiar topics, which people naturally fall into discussing when they are perfectly at home with each other, and have one common interest running through their lives. All their associations now had the easy freedom of the fraternal relation, mingled with a certain vague sentiment, such as people feel who are not really brother and sister; but, having spent all their prior lives apart, require to get over a sort of pleasant strangeness, which has all the charm of travelling in a new country.

In the midst of it, when they were laughing together over some wonderful infantine jest of little Rosie's, there came a knock to the door, and a face looked stealthily in.

Hannah sprang up in terror. "Oh, Grace! What is it? Anything wrong with baby?"

"No, miss, nothing. How wrong of me to frighten you so!" cried the young woman contritely, as Miss Thelluson dropped back in her chair, so pale that Mr. Rivers hastily brought her a glass of wine, and spoke sharply to the nurse.

Grace looked at him with a scared face. "It's true, sir; I hardly know what I'm saying or doing. But never mind! The little one is all right; it's only my own trouble. And I've kept it to myself all day long because I wouldn't trouble her when she was busy over her dinner-party. But oh, miss! will you speak to me now, for my heart's breaking!"

"You should not have minded my being busy, poor girl!" said Hannah kindly. "What is it?" And then, with a sudden instinctive fear of what it was, she added, "But perhaps you would like to go with me into my own room?"

"No, please, I want to speak to the master too. He's a parson, and must know all about it; and it was him that he went to first!"

"My good woman, if you'll only say what 'it' and 'he' refer to; tell me a plain story, and I'll give you the best advice I can, whatever your trouble may be." And Mr. Rivers sat down, looking a little bored—like most men, he had a great dislike to "scenes,"—but still kindly enough. "Tell me, is it anything about your husband?"

Hannah had not given him credit for remembering that fact, or for the patience with which he sat down to listen.

"My husband!" cried poor Grace, catching at the word, and bursting out sobbing. "Yes, you're right, sir, he is my husband, and I shall always believe he is, though he says he isn't, and that I have no claim upon him, no more than any wicked woman in the street. But I was married, Mr. Rivers!" and the poor girl stood wringing her hands, while her tears fell in floods. "He took me to London and married me there, I've got my certificate in my pocket, and when we came back everybody knew it. And a year after my little baby was born, my poor little baby that I never told you of, miss, for fear you should send me away!"

"Is it living?" said Hannah gravely; having listened, as Mr. Rivers did also, to this torrent of grief-stricken words.

"Yes; he is living, pretty lamb! though many a time I have wished he wasn't, after what his father said when he went away. But that might not be true, no more true than what he sent me word yesterday, and I've been nigh out of my mind ever since!"

"What was it? Do keep to the point. I cannot make out the matter if you talk so much," said Mr. Rivers.

Hannah sat silent, waiting for what was coming next. An uneasy feeling, not exactly a fear, but not unlike it, came over her as she recalled the long-ago discussion at the Moat-House about the Dixon family.

Grace gathered herself up and looked her master in the face. She was a sweet-looking little woman, usually reticent and quiet enough, but now she seemed desperate with her wrong.

"Dixon says, sir—that's my husband; he's James Dixon of your parish—that I'm not his wife in law, and he can get rid of me whenever he pleases, only he won't do it if I'll come back and live with him, because he likes me, he says, and all the poor children are crying out for me. But that if I won't come back he shall go and marry another woman, Mary Bridges, of Easterham, that lived as cook with Lady Rivers. He'll put up the banns here next Sunday, he says."

"He cannot. It would be bigamy."

"Bigamy! That's taking a second wife while your first wife's living, isn't it, sir? And I'm living, though I wasn't his first wife; but I suppose that doesn't matter. Oh, why did I ever take him! But it was all for them poor children's sakes; and he was such a good husband to my sister that I thought for sure he'd be a good husband to me!"

Mr. Rivers started. "Stop a minute. Your story is very confused; but I think I take it in now. Is James Dixon the Dixon who once came to me, asking me to marry him to his deceased wife's sister? And were you that person?"

He spoke in a formal, uncomfortable voice; his cheek reddened a little, and he looked carefully away from the corner where Hannah was sitting. She did not move—how could she?—but she felt hot and red, and wished herself anywhere except where she was, and was obliged to remain.

Grace spoke on, full of eager anxiety. "Yes, sir, he did come to you, I know, and you told him, he said, that I was not the proper person for him to marry. But he thought I was, and so did I, and so did all the neighbours. You see, s r"—and in her desperation the poor young woman came close up to her master, "I was very fond of my poor sister and she of me, and when she was dying, she begged me to come and take care of her children. Jim was very glad of it too. And so I went to live with him; it was the most natural thing possible, and—it wasn't wrong, miss, was it?"

Hannah felt she must answer the appeal. She did so with a half-inaudible, but distinct, "No."

"Nobody said it was wrong. Nobody blamed me. And the children got so fond of me, and I made Jim so comfortable, that at last he said he couldn't do without me, and we had better get married at once. Was that wrong, sir?"

"Yes; it was against the law," said Mr. Rivers, in the same cold

tone, looking into the fire, and pushing backward and forward the ring he wore on his little finger—poor Rosa's wedding-ring, taken from her dead hand.

"But people do it, sir? I know two or three in our village as have done it, and nobody ever said a word against them. And, as it was, people did begin to say a deal against me." Grace hung her head a minute, and then lifted it up again in fierce innocence. "But it was all lies, sir. I declare before God it was. I was an honest girl always. I told Jim I wouldn't look at him unless he married me. So he did at last. Look here, sir."

Mr. Rivers took nervously the marriage-certificate, read it over, gave it back again, and still remained silent.

"It's all right, sir? I know it is! He did marry me!"

"Yes—but——"

"And it wasn't true what he said when, after a while, he took to drinking, and we squabbled a bit, that he could get rid of me whenever he liked, and marry somebody else? It wasn't true, sir? Oh, please say it wasn't true, if only for the sake of my poor baby!"

And Grace stood waiting for the answer that to her was life or death.

All this while Miss Thalluson had sat silent, scarcely lifting her eyes from the carpet, except once or twice to poor Grace's face, with keen compassion. Not that the question seemed to concern her much, or that she attempted to decide the wrong or right of it, only the whole case seemed so very pitiful. And she had grown fond of Grace, who was a very good girl, and in feeling and education rather superior to her class.

As for Mr. Rivers, the look in his eyes, which he carefully kept from meeting any other's eyes, was not compassion at all; but perplexity, uneasiness, even irritation; the annoyance of a man who finds himself in a difficult position, which he wishes sincerely he were well out of.

To Grace's frantic question he gave no reply at all. She noticed this, and the form of her entreaty changed.

"You don't think I did wrong to marry him, sir? You are a parson and ought to know. Was it wicked, do you think? My sister—that's Mrs. John Dixon, a very good religious woman, and a Methodist, too, told me no; that the Bible said a man was not to marry his wife's sister in her lifetime, which meant that he might do it after her death."

"Apparently you have studied the subject very closely; closer, I doubt not, than I have," replied Mr. Rivers, in that hard voice of his. Hannah thought it at the time almost cruel; "therefore there is the less need for me to give you any opinion, which I am very reluctant to do."

A blank look came into poor Grace's beseeching eyes. "But, sir, my sister——"

"Mrs. Dixon is a Dissenter, many of whom, I believe, think as she does on this matter, but we Church people can only hold to the Prayer-book and the law. Both forbid such marriages as yours. You being brother and sister——"

"But we weren't, sir; not even cousins. Indeed, I never set eyes on Jim till just before Jane died."

"You being brother and sister," irritably repeated Mr. Rivers, "or the law making you such——"

"But how could it make us when we were not born so?" pleaded poor Grace with a passionate simplicity.

"You being brother and sister," Mr. Rivers said for the third time, and now with actual sternness, "you could not possibly be married. Or if you were married, as you say, it was wholly against the law. James Dixon has taken advantage of this, as I have heard of other men doing; but I did not believe it of him."

Grace turned whiter and whiter. "Then what he says is really true? I am not his wife?"

"I can't help you; I wish I could," said Mr. Rivers, at last looking down upon the piteous face. "I am afraid it is only too true."

"And my baby, my baby! I don't care for myself much! but my baby!"

"If you ask me to tell you the truth, I must tell it. I refused to marry James Dixon because I knew it would be no marriage at all, and could only be effected by deceiving the clergyman, as I suppose was done. Therefore you are not his wife, and your baby is, of course, an illegitimate child."

Grace gave a shrill scream that might have been heard through the house. Lest it should be heard, or from some other instinct which she did not reason upon, Miss Thelluson jumped up, and shut and bolted the door. When she turned back the poor girl lay on the floor in a dead faint.

Hannah took her up in her arms.

"Please help me!" she said to Mr. Rivers, not looking at him. "I think the servants are all gone to bed. I hope they are, it will be much better. Once get her up-stairs and I can look after her myself."

"Can you? Will it not harm you?"

"Oh, no!" and Hannah looked pitifully on the stony face that lay on her lap. "It has been very hard for her. Poor thing! poor thing!"

Mr. Rivers said nothing, but silently obeyed his sister-in-law's orders, and between them they carried Grace up to Miss Thelluson's room. Almost immediately afterwards she heard him close the door of his own, and saw no more of him, or any one, except her charge, till morning.

THE CIVIL LIST.

THE recent agitation against the dowry of the Princess Louise has once more attracted public attention to the Civil List, a subject with which, we suspect, the present generation is not so familiar as was its immediate predecessor. For the settlement of the Pension List in 1887 was the last of a long series of efforts to put the monarch's income on a firm and constitutional footing, and from that time until the announcement of the princess's marriage, nothing has happened to revive interest in the matter. In the interval, however, a great change has taken place in the composition of the constituencies. The traditional ten-pounders have been absorbed by the householders, but the conservative stratum which Mr. Disraeli's political excavations were intended to discover, has not been reached. On the contrary, it would seem that a decided preference for republicanism is entertained by some at least of the new holders of political power.

It has, we know, been denied that the dislike expressed by many working men to the proposed dowry originates in any distrust of monarchical government. Mr. Holyoake tells us that their opposition to the grant is based on an enforced ignorance of the conditions under which the Civil List was settled, and will at once vanish when those conditions are known and appreciated. Educate the artisan, and his antagonism to this and other existing arrangements will cease. However reassuring it may be to be told that this clamour has no deeper root than the pardonable misconception of minds longing for information, but unable to obtain it, we cannot but think that more is implied therein than a want of acquaintance with Blackstone and Hallam. The only men whose antipathy to the dowry could be converted into approval of it by a course of constitutional history, would be the men who already loved the constitution, and would, therefore, admit the validity of the constitutional argument. Now these are certainly not the men whom we should expect to find opposing a grant to the first princess who has set aside unpopular and questionable restrictions. The character of the agitation testifies, in our opinion, to the existence in our large centres of population, of a vague feeling that a republic is more favourable to the prospects of the artisan than a monarchy, which feeling suggests an attack upon royalty in what is considered to be its most vulnerable point—viz., its cost.

Now, we imagine the supporters of monarchical institutions need not have the smallest hesitation in accepting the challenge of their opponents even on this score. They feel, doubtless, that the tendency to bring the question to the test of pounds, shillings, and pence simply, indicates a certain vulgarity of sentiment, and a pitiful neglect of other considerations, with which they can have no possible sympathy. Yet, on the other hand, it is difficult to see how the arguments on which they would rather rely can be expected to have much weight with their disputants. The constitutional plea, the social plea, the potent appeal to the associations which cluster round a throne, all tell little with men who retort that the constitution, or society, or the associations connected with royalty, have done nothing for them. And Blackstone's felicitous dictum that the sovereign is the "visible representative of the majesty of the State," has lost much of its cogency as an argument, at a time when visibility is not one of the prominent attributes of the Crown. It becomes, then, the more important to grapple with the expense argument; in other words, to show that monarchical government is a more economical expedient than a republic. Now the sovereign in this country is possessed—by a title, the same in kind as, but older than, that by which any nobleman holds his estates—of certain landed property. The life interest in this property is surrendered by the monarch for the time being in return for a stated allowance granted by Parliament for the maintenance of the dignity of the Crown. Further, Parliament has agreed to dower the daughters of the sovereign, and to give annuities to his children, by which arrangement each royal marriage must of necessity be announced to the Legislature, which could, of course, refuse a dowry if the contemplated marriage were inimical to the interests of the nation. The practical working of this constitutional contract is that in 1869 the Crown lands produced within £10,000 of the amount issued to her Majesty, and would, if managed on the same principles as a private estate, very soon realise more than the Civil List and the annuities together. On the other hand, Republicanism means a sovereign assembly, and a sovereign assembly involves payment of members, an item of expense in the United States exceeding the Queen's share of the Civil List. It is worth notice that the member of Parliament who moved the refusal of the dowry has on several occasions argued in favour of remunerating the House of Commons for its services. Neither in the cost of the administration, nor in the incidence of taxation, nor in the prevention of fiscal corruption would a republic work so advantageously to the poor man as does our existing monarchical system, while in the abolition of unpaid labour it would introduce the elements of considerable expense.

But our object in this paper is not so much to defend royalty, as to depict briefly the main features of those changes which have resulted in the settlement of the Civil List in its present form.

They only can appreciate the worth of existing arrangements who have traced out the circumstances under which they were made.

In order to gain anything like a clear idea of the conditions under which the Civil List has been settled, we must endeavour to realise the relation which, under the feudal system, the early Norman kings bore to their subjects. It has been often pointed out that feudalism, as introduced into this country, was eminently favourable to the maintenance of the most arbitrary despotism on the part of the king. For the Conqueror, by claiming the homage, not only of his own tenants but of their sub-tenants also, and by so distributing the estates which he conferred upon his followers as to prevent the power of any one from being unduly localised, diminished the authority of the nobles, and so undermined the only opposition he was likely to encounter. Moreover, though prodigal of his grants, the demesne lands retained for himself, and consisting of 1,422 manors, were in value abundantly sufficient to support the throne, while, scattered as they were over every county, they served to bring home to every man's mind that lordship over the soil which William made the cornerstone of his system. The king's landed property, however, formed by no means his only source of income. His exactions were as boundless as his prerogative. As feudal lord, he claimed military service from his vassals, or in lieu thereof a money-commutation, called scutage. The feudal incidents of wardship and marriage were at once profitable and oppressive. As custodian of the temporalities of the Church, he received the income of vacant bishoprics—which frequently remained unfilled, the better to gratify his rapacity—besides the first year's profits and the tenth of the annual value of each spiritual preferment. As proprietor of the soil, he extorted aids of his tenants, while he compelled the towns to purchase a qualified exemption from indiscriminate plunder, by the payment of regular tallages. All wreck was his property, and all treasure-trove; the latter an important source of revenue in times when the absence of all banking facilities necessitated hoarding, and the abounding violence of manners rendered concealment of the hoard indispensable to its security. No one could enter or leave the kingdom without his permission, and he levied therefore a rigorous customs duty on all merchandise. The fines arising from violations of the odious forest laws, or from the courts of law, all belonged to the king. In virtue of his prerogatives of purveyance and pre-emption his servants impressed carriages and horses for the royal household, while "the royal purveyors," to quote Burke's words, "sallied from those vast inhospitable halls, called royal palaces, to purchase provisions with power and prerogative, and bring home the plunder of a hundred markets," the impoverished villagers being paid with tallies, which they often carried in vain to an empty exchequer.

Such was the variety of modes in which the feudal system enabled

the monarch to enrich himself. It may be doubted, however, whether any of his successors derived such benefit from these various channels of profit as the Conqueror himself. His income was computed to amount to £1,060 a day, a sum of money equal in mere weight of silver to £1,200,000 a year of our money. Possessed of enormous landed property himself, and ever on the watch to exact fines and fees on the occasion of any change in the estates of his nobles, he fully embodies the idea of the feudal sovereign, whose kingdom was his estate, and whose subjects were his slaves.

The history of the Civil List is substantially the history of the rise and growth of those influences which limited and ultimately subdued the kingly prerogative. It would be impossible, however, within the limits of this paper, to trace even the outlines of that great struggle between the privileges of the Crown and the liberties of the people, the origin of which was practically coincident with the origin of Parliament. We can only attempt to show how in the course of that struggle the hereditary revenue of the monarch was superseded by definite grants of Parliament, and how gradually a separation was made between his personal and domestic expenditure, and that which he incurred in the defence of the realm and the general administration of the Government.

Of the many causes which contributed to sap the royal prerogative the most prominent was the royal prodigality. The early Norman kings had few worse enemies than themselves. Their demesne lands, acquired by force, were managed with imprudence, and squandered with recklessness. Yet the direct tendency of the feudal system was to enable the monarch to add to his patrimony. By forfeiture and escheat, fresh estates were constantly falling into his hands. By one or other of these incidents nearly every manor in England has, at one time or other since the Conquest, been vested in the Crown. Yet such was the profligate waste of the Crown lands in the eleventh and twelfth centuries that resumptions took place in every reign. Stephen's reign presented a scene of the wildest disorder. Prodigious grants to his supporters on the one hand, and extravagant forfeitures of the lands of his foes on the other, completely unsettled the nation, and occasioned that wretched condition of the poor which the Saxon Chronicle so pathetically laments. Richard I., when raising supplies for his crusade, disposed of many of his estates, and on his return coolly resumed them all. But, notwithstanding these resumptions, the dissipation of the magnificent inheritance which the Conqueror had bequeathed was carried to such an extent that Henry III. complained to his council that the royal lands were insufficient to furnish his table. The barons retorted that his own lavish grants were the cause of this insufficiency, and they added that it was scandalous for the king to give tallies for his own victuals. By their advice Henry seized all the castles and lands belonging to foreigners. The first

Edward endeavoured to add to his lands by more crafty means. The statutes of *quo warranto* having enacted that all who had held possession of their estates before Richard's reign should be confirmed therein, Edward, who was well aware that many titles had been lost, called on all his tenants to show their titles by legal inquest. He found, however, he had roused a spirit with which he could not cope. Asked for his title, Earl Warren threw his sword on the table. "By this sword," said he, "my ancestors with William the Bastard won these lands, and by it I defend them." The king went no further in the matter. Under his son, the greed of Court favourites still further squandered the royal domains. Gaveston alone received the Earldom of Cornwall, the Isle of Man, and several honours, castles, and manors.

While the Crown lands of the monarch were thus steadily falling in value, Magna Carta had also stripped him of many valuable privileges, and so compelled him to resort to subsidies. Thus arose the great constitutional expedient of Parliamentary supply—without doubt the greatest safeguard of liberty which a nation can possess. Even before the rise of the House of Commons, the barons had made the granting of subsidies the occasion for bitter complaints against the king's wastefulness. They had, at times, even gone the length of paying subsidies into the hands of certain members of their own order, who were to ensure their being expended for the sole benefit of the kingdom. With the growth of the House of Commons came the greater development of the principle. The grant of supplies was conditional on the reform of grievances. Parliament had constantly to intervene to save the Crown from the consequences of its own waste. On the death of Richard II., who had been impoverished by the wars of his grandfather, the Legislature proceeded to a resumption of his grants, "in order to ease the Commons of their taxes, and that the king might live on his own." The Wars of the Roses, and the numerous forfeitures consequent thereon, brought almost the whole of the soil of England under the control of the Crown; yet the property was so mismanaged that Henry VI.'s income was only £5,000 a year, while his household cost £24,000.

The interference of Parliament resulted in the resumption of all the grants the king had made.

The avarice of the first of the Tudors retrieved, in some degree, the waste of the Crown lands which the prodigality of his predecessors had occasioned. On his accession, he informed the Houses that, considering "the great forfeitures and confiscations he had at present to help himself, he would not demand any money, whereby those casualties of the Crown might in reason spare the purses of his subjects." Notwithstanding this promise, however, we find that the Commons gave the king the grant of tonnage and poundage—consisting of customs duties on all merchandise—and

some smaller taxes for his life, in accordance with precedent which had existed since the time of Henry V. By his frugal management of the Crown lands, and by his rapacious levying of benevolences or forced loans—the contributions to which were augmented by a merciless assessment, based on the principle that if the taxpayer lived ostentatiously he must pay largely, because his manner of life testified to his means; and if he lived sparingly, his economy had enabled him to accumulate wealth—he left, on his death, a fortune of £1,800,000. The produce of his thrift and insatiable avarice, however, was as nothing when compared with the acquisitions of his successor. The spoliation of the monasteries poured into the exchequer of Henry VIII. a revenue of so enormous an amount that we are hardly surprised to hear the King promising to reign without taxes, and at his own expense support a force of forty thousand men. These specious promises were strangely falsified. The king, whose government at home and wars abroad were conducted with the utmost profuseness, not only squandered the fortune he had inherited and the subsidies he received from Parliament, but, on his death, left an empty exchequer. Elizabeth proved herself, on the whole, economical, although the necessities of the realm compelled, now and then, a resort to forced loans and to monopolies.

The prerogative of the Stuarts, exerted to improve the hereditary revenues, resulted only in dissipating them. Charles I. provoked great dissatisfaction by his efforts to revive the ancient forest laws. He laid out Richmond Park at the cost of the freeholders, and extended the royal domains in Essex and elsewhere by similar deprivations of private property. But as his strife with Parliament stripped him of constitutional supply, the Crown lands were resorted to, and the whole of them, including Hyde Park, were vested in trustees to be sold.

It would have been impossible for an event of such magnitude as the Protectorate of Cromwell, to take place without producing lasting results in the regulation of the monarch's revenue. For the establishment of the Commonwealth completely dislocated all the fiscal arrangements of the State, and so precipitated reforms which would otherwise have taken years to accomplish. During the Civil War, what with the taxes raised by Parliament, and the contributions either voluntarily offered or forcibly levied by the Cavaliers, the strain upon the resources of the nation was immense. With the Protectorate came the sale of the Church lands, of the Crown lands, and the sequestration of the estates of the so-called delinquents. Million after million, indicative of ruined fortunes and domestic misery, flowed into the national exchequer. But meanwhile the old feudal incidents fell into disuse. Wardships, forfeitures, fines, aids, escuages, and the rights of purveyance and preemption, could not survive even the temporary downfall of monarchical government.

They perished on the scaffold of Charles I. Many of them had, in course of time become more irksome to the subject than profitable to the king; others, as preemption, were an anachronism in a state of society into which the spirit of commerce had penetrated. Efforts towards the commutation of these obnoxious exactions had been made in the reign of James I., but the avarice of the king frustrated the negotiations. The Commons had offered a composition of £100,000 a year, but the king asked twice that sum. With that love of fantastic quibbling which characterised him, he argued that there were nine muses and eleven apostles, deducting one not to be named by kings; he, therefore, must receive the intermediate number, or ten-score thousand pounds. The Commons had refused these terms, and no further steps had been taken in the matter until the Treaty of Newport, when Charles I., finding his affairs were becoming desperate, had agreed to the proposals of the Commons. After the Restoration Charles II. felt he could not with decency refuse an offer which, though derogatory to his prerogative, was profitable to his purse. Accordingly an Act was passed abolishing these incidents, and granting to the king in their stead an hereditary excise on beer. Meanwhile Parliament had fixed on £1,200,000 as the ordinary yearly revenue of the Crown, sufficient in times of no particular danger for the public defence and for the maintenance of royalty. For this revenue the Commons provided various resources. Besides the income of the Crown lands—which, thanks to the astute policy of Clarendon, the king had resumed—and the hereditary excise, they granted other excise and customs duties for the king's life, the tax called hearth money, or two shillings for every house, and the profits arising from the Post-office, an institution which the Protector had done much to confirm and improve.

The abolition of these feudal tributes was not, however, the only reform in the settlement of the revenue which the Commons achieved in Charles's reign. In fact, the private vices and the tortuous policy of the king necessitated the interposition of Parliament to an extent which would have been needless if the monarch had been worthy of the confidence of his legislature. But this interposition achieved reforms of no small value, and ultimately paved the way for the greatest reform of all—the expulsion of the Stuarts; a service for the performance of which we are, as Hallam sarcastically observes, in no small degree indebted to the duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, and Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. In 1665 the Commons introduced a clause into a Subsidy Bill, declaring that the amount raised should be applicable only to the purposes of the war. This bold deviation from the traditional system by which the appropriation of supplies was left to the honour or caprice of the monarch, excited at once the apprehension and the anger of the Court party. Similar attempts to control the application of supplies had, it is true, been made in the reigns of

Richard II. and Henry IV., but they had not become precedents. Clarendon resisted the proposal as an attack on the royal prerogative, but the Commons were firm, and the clause was carried. Next year they followed up their success by nominating commissioners to inquire into the application of the year's grants. Again Clarendon's opposition proved unavailing. The revelations of the inquiry justified the fears of its promoters. It was found that money granted for the defence of the nation had been diverted to minister to the luxuries of the Court. Pepys, speaking of this inspection, "which," he says, "doth make the king and Court mad," admits that more than £400,000 had gone into the privy purse during the war.

These reforms gradually led to others. Estimates began to be submitted to the House, which from this time exercised a more close and watchful superintendence over the application of public moneys. Meanwhile, trade in the country steadily improved, and the revenue as steadily rose. The same taxes which had been granted to Charles II., and had been estimated to produce a Civil List of £1,200,000, had been given to his successor, James II., and had realised an average annual income of £1,500,000. The prosperous termination of the Revolution, and the accession of William III., gave the Commons an opportunity of inquiring into the disposition of this large revenue. They found that James's expenditure had exceeded his income by £200,000 a year. His army had cost annually about £700,000; but, after allowing for this expenditure, he had still £1,000,000 a year left, which there were many reasons to suppose had been spent in modes injurious to the liberty of the subject and to the character of the king. The large sums which had been imprest to the Secretary of the Treasury for secret service corroborated these fears. With the view of securing a larger measure of parliamentary control, the Commons resolved upon a most important change. They determined to separate the expenditure necessary for the maintenance of the king's government and family from that incurred in the public defence. £1,200,000 was voted as the annual revenue, one-half of which was to be appropriated to the former purposes, and one-half to the latter. The £600,000 to be applied to what we may now call, with some approach to propriety, the Civil List, was derived from the hereditary revenues and additional excise duties. The conduct of the war against France soon necessitated much larger grants for the army and navy than this arrangement contemplated; but the distinction just mentioned was strictly adhered to, and the principle of a Civil List, of specified amount and limited to the cost of the royal household and civil administration, established. The Civil Lists of Queen Anne and of George I. were settled at the same amount, £700,000. Both sovereigns, however, left debts amounting to £1,000,000 and upwards. In consequence of these deficiencies, Parliament treated George II. with greater liberality, fixing his Civil List at £800,000; it being

determined, however, that if the duties granted to the king fell short of this sum, the deficiency should be voted, but any excess should go to the Crown. For the last ten years of the king's life the surplus of the duties averaged £24,000 a year; and this addition to his income, combined with his natural frugality, enabled him to bequeath to his successor a fortune of £170,000.

Meanwhile, the condition of the Crown lands had excited great uneasiness both in and out of Parliament, Charles II. had, as we have seen, resumed the estates which the Commonwealth had sold; but had resumed only to squander them. Their value, at the Restoration, was reckoned at £220,000. In three years, the king's prodigality had reduced this amount to £100,000, and the process of alienation was continued in spite alike of the remonstrances of the Commons and the indignation of the people. Not even the revolution succeeded in correcting these abuses. William III. regarded the Crown lands as affording a convenient mode of rewarding his adherents. The whole of the lands confiscated in Ireland in consequence of the Rebellion, were bestowed on the Earl of Portland and the Countess of Orkney. A further grant to Lord Portland of land in North Wales, worth £100,000, for a reserved annual rent of 6s. 8d., provoked a most hostile debate in Parliament. "The glory and grandeur of England," said Price, a member of the Commons, and afterwards a baron of the Exchequer, "cannot be upheld by a poor landless crown." Ultimately, the king revoked the grant, and Parliament resumed the Irish forfeitures. Moreover, on the settlement of Queen Anne's Civil List, it being found that the Crown lands barely exceeded in income the rent-roll of a squire, the Houses restrained alienation by enacting that no future lease should exceed three lives, and that a reasonable rent should be demanded. But these precautions proved of little avail. What was needed was not so much the intervention of Parliament as a complete reform in the management of Crown property. The grants of leases, always improvidently and often corruptly; the concession of renewals at the pleasure of the tenants; the tacit sanction of waste and encroachment; such reckless administration as was exemplified by the allowance of land-tax twice over; these were the prominent characteristics of the management of the royal demesnes at the date of the accession of George III.

The desire to remedy these scandalous evils was one of the chief causes which induced George III.'s ministers to advise the surrender of the Crown lands to the public. The king consented, though, doubtless, not without some spasms of remorse at the loss of what, under more prudent management, might have become a most potent defence of the prerogative, and thus admitted the direct control of Parliament over the personal expenditure of the monarch. The gift itself, as Burke observed, was not of much value, but the principle was an important constitutional gain. The proceeds of the Crown

lands were henceforth carried to the "aggregate fund," the parent of our Consolidated Fund, and Parliament granted the king a Civil List of £800,000 a year. In addition to this, he received the casual hereditary revenues, consisting of the Admiralty droits, &c., the hereditary revenues of Scotland, a separate Civil List for Ireland, and the profits of the Duchies, so that his total income reached a million a year. Yet the king was constantly in debt, and this, notwithstanding that he lived in a parsimonious style, attended by but a few servants. Nine years after his accession, the debt on the Civil List was half-a-million, which was defrayed by a vote of the House of Commons. By 1777, fresh debts had accumulated; but in the interval, the alarming increase of the national debt, the publication of the letters of "Junius," and the existence of very wide-spread distress, showed that measures of financial reform were absolutely necessary. In 1780, Burke introduced the subject in a speech as remarkable for its massing of facts as for its stately rhetoric. He showed that the Court was so managed that the people saw "nothing but the operations of parsimony attended with the consequences of profusion." Nothing was saved, yet nothing appeared to be expended. The royal household had "lost all that was stately and venerable in antique manners without retrenching anything of the cumbrous charge of a Gothic establishment." The money appropriated thereto was lavished on sinecurists. The very turnspit was a member of Parliament, and received a handsome salary, while the man who did the work was underpaid on £5 a year.

To one other feature of the Civil List—viz., the Pensions, the attention of reformers was directed with even more anxiety than to the abuses of the household. Nor is this to be wondered at when we recollect how potent an engine of corruption they had been proved to be. Originally, they had been conferred by the Crown, without control and, indeed, without limit, except that imposed by the poverty of the king. Granted in secret, and held only during royal pleasure, they made the recipient simply the creature of the donor. Under the Stuarts, the use of them for political purposes began to develop into a system. During Walpole's administration, the evil assumed larger proportions. At one time it seemed that the battle for constitutional liberty would have to be fought over again. The king no longer attempted to rule without Parliament, but endeavoured to corrupt Parliament itself. Obviously, so far as the liberties of the people are concerned, there is no difference between the abolition of Parliament and the degradation of it to a venal assembly ready to register every decree of the Court. Yet when in George I.'s reign a bill was brought in to compel every member to take oath that he did not hold any Crown pension, the king called it a "villanous bill," while Bishop Sherlock declared "an independent House of Commons to be inconsistent with the Constitution." Nor was downright bribery at all

uncommon. What a vista of corruption is opened up by such a remark as that of Fox, who, when asked during the Duke of Newcastle's premiership to take the leadership of the Commons, said "he never desired to touch a penny of the secret-service money further than was necessary to *enable him to speak to members without being ridiculous.*" Lord Chatham avowed his conviction that a great part of George III.'s Civil List was spent in corrupting members. The king arranged his *levées* and drawing-rooms with an eye to political necessities, and looked after the division list with all the anxiety of a whipper-in. Burke's reforms involved two great principles—ministerial responsibility and limitation of amount. He proposed that the pension list should not exceed £95,000, and that all new names should be reported to Parliament. Moreover, he cut at the root of secret pensions by providing that all pensions should be paid at the Exchequer.

The advent of Lord Rockingham to power resulted in the carrying of Burke's suggestions. A number of useless offices in connection with the Court were abolished, the pensions were limited to £95,000, and the Civil List was divided into eight classes, and raised to £900,000. But not even this increase of income, nor a subsequent addition of £180,000 a year, enabled the king to live within his means. The augmented cost of government, and the expenses incidental to a system which, after all, allowed but little play to the economical desires of the sovereign, caused frequent deficiencies in the Civil List. The debts paid in the course of George's reign nearly reach £4,000,000. Burke's reforms, indeed, fell far short of what was necessary to put the Civil List on a foundation either satisfactory to the nation or just to the king. It was still encumbered with a number of charges, which helped to swell the total, while they were entirely unconnected with the personal comfort of the sovereign, and were really beyond his control. After the report on the Civil List by a Parliamentary committee in 1815, the annuities to the royal family were removed, and an auditor of the Civil List was appointed to control the expenses of the household. Yet we find that the Civil List of George IV. still contained numbers of charges connected with the civil administration. The total of this king's Civil List was £1,220,000, of which £850,000 was voted for England, £207,000 for Ireland—in lieu of the Irish hereditary revenues, which George III. surrendered in 1798—the remainder being derived from the casual hereditary revenues of Scotland and England, which the monarch still retained. Now, of the £850,000 granted for England, upwards of £815,000 was appropriated to the salaries of the Lord Chancellor, the judges, the Speaker, the ambassadors and consuls, the Commissioners of the Treasury, and other officials, whose functions had no relation with the monarch in his personal capacity. George IV., we may observe, left no debts. The spendthrift in youth became a miser in his old age.

The reform of the Civil List was not destined to be completed, however, until it had become a party question. On the accession of William IV., Goulbourn, Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Duke of Wellington's administration, announced that the king had agreed to surrender not only the hereditary revenues which his predecessors had given up, but also the casual revenues. He then proposed a Civil List in which all the evils complained of were substantially continued. All the great officials above enumerated, except the judges, the Speaker, and the consuls, were still charged thereon. Exciting debates followed, and at length a resolution of Sir H. Parnell, to refer the Civil List to a select committee, was carried against the Government by a majority of twenty-nine. The Duke of Wellington resigned, and Lord Grey came into power, with Lord Althorp, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. A revised Civil List was introduced. All salaries not connected with the household were removed to the Consolidated Fund, and the Civil List was divided into five classes, viz., privy purse, salaries, expenses, royal bounty, and pensions, amounting in the aggregate to £510,000. A reference to a committee led only to the recommendation that a reduction of £11,000 should be made in certain salaries. This reduction the king opposed. "If," said he, "according to the new Reform Bill, the people are to govern the Commons, and the Commons are to decide upon the salaries I give my servants, monarchy cannot exist." The ministry acquiesced in the king's wishes, and their Civil List was voted as originally proposed. The cession by the Crown of all its hereditary revenues, and the removal of all charges not of a domestic or personal nature to the Consolidated Fund, placed the Civil List on an equitable and constitutional basis. The Crown lands, no longer the spoil of Court favourites, passed into the hands of an able and responsible management; the sovereign was spared the odium attaching to the possession of an income, which though of enormous amount nominally, was yet so arranged as to comprehend many items which he could neither reduce nor utilize; while Parliament asserted the principles of its own control, and of ministerial responsibility.

The Civil List of Queen Victoria presents only one or two features of novelty. Her Majesty, like her predecessor, ceded all the hereditary revenues, and the list was thus classified:—

Class I. Privy Purse	£60,000
II. Salaries of Household, including the offices of the Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Horse, Mistress of the Robes, Lord Steward, &c.	131,260
III. Expenses of Household, as above	172,500
IV. Royal bounty and charity, gate alms, and special services	13,200
V. Pensions (£1,200 a year).	
VI. Unappropriated money	8,040

£385,000

The total, exclusive of Class V., is less than William IV.'s list by £125,000. This sum is composed of £50,000, the privy purse allowance to Queen Adelaide, and £75,000 for pensions. The latter item demands a word of explanation. As we have mentioned, Burke's Act of 1782 fixed the Pension List for England at £95,000. His reforms, however, left untouched the Irish Pension List, and the pensions on the Scotch hereditary revenues, and the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per-cent. duties, the last named forming a fund, of an anomalous nature, arising from duties levied on West India produce, and originally intended for colonial purposes, but diverted, in Charles II.'s time, to the payment of pensions and charges of a questionable nature. The pensions charged on these lists amounted, in 1820, to £208,000. In ten years the total fell to £181,000; but the discussions on the subject in 1829 proved the necessity of still further reducing the amount available for this purpose. Accordingly Lord Althorp fixed the Pension List, transferred by him into the fifth class of the Civil List, at £75,000 for England, Ireland, and Scotland, the oldest lives to be put upon the Civil List, and the residue to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. On the king's death in 1837 these arrangements ceased. Meanwhile, in 1884, Lord Grey had carried his resolution that "it is the bounden duty of the responsible advisers of the Crown to recommend to his Majesty only such persons as may have just claims on royal benevolence by personal service to the Crown, or who, by useful discoveries of art and sciences, merit the consideration of the sovereign and the patronage of the nation." On the accession of her Majesty the pensions were referred to a select committee. Their investigations showed that previous agitation had purged the Pension List of its worst evils. The committee struck off only £2,500, and the rest were charged on the Consolidated Fund. Her Majesty was empowered to grant pensions not exceeding £1,200 in each year, the names of the grantees being submitted to Parliament—a provision the wisdom of which was attested by the cancellation, a few years ago, of the pension too hastily granted to the so-called poet Close by Lord Palmerston. Twelve hundred a year, therefore, represents the amount now set apart by the nation for the reward of those who have deserved well of their country in science, art, and literature. Doubtless the spread of knowledge, the art of printing, &c., have improved the position of men of letters. Scholars need not nowadays obtain licences from the authorities of their universities to beg, as they were wont to do. A reading public is a better patron than a Mæcenas, however generous. But none the less is there ample scope for the distribution of the national bounty. An age remarkable for its material prosperity, and for its abundant production of that union of common sense and conceit, the practical man, is apt to bestow scant remuneration on abstract studies. Yet it is of the highest importance that the few men in any age who are com-

petent to grapple with abstract questions should not be deterred from their pursuit because of the hopelessness of obtaining adequate recompense for their mental outlay.

Besides the voted Civil List, the Queen receives the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which has always been regarded as a private inheritance of the sovereign, distinct altogether from the ordinary hereditary income. Created originally a palatinate by Edward III. for Henry Plantagenet, the first Duke of Lancaster, it was maintained separate from the Crown property till the fall of the house of Lancaster, when it was merged into the ordinary revenues. The Protector, however, thinking it a suitable means for providing special resources for the monarchy he hoped to found, severed it once more. Previously to the commencement of the present reign, the administration of the duchy was characterised by all the improvidence which had wasted the Crown lands, and which had prompted Burke's observation that "a landed estate is the very worst the king can possess." In 1837 the net income handed over to the Privy Purse, was less than £9,000, in 1869 it exceeded £31,000.

The fruits of good management are, however, still more apparent in the case of the Duchy of Cornwall. The heir-apparent to the Crown is, as is pretty generally known, Duke of Cornwall by birth, and Prince of Wales by creation. The income of the duchy vests in him at the instant of birth, "as if," says Blackstone, "minority could no more be predicated of him than of the monarch himself." Before the accession of the Queen, the revenues of the duchy had always been appropriated to the Crown, until the heir-apparent attained his majority. Her Majesty, however, surrendered them to the country. Under the management of the Prince Consort, the income of the duchy increased fourfold; but the nation gained the full advantage of this providence, for the sum of £100,000 a year having been decided upon as an adequate income for the Prince of Wales, the Consolidated Fund was only charged with an annuity of £40,000, the duchy supplying the rest.

Reverting to the voted Civil List as given above, we may note that the division of the total into classes, each of which has a certain sum appropriated to itself, really limits the income at the absolute disposal of the monarch, to the Privy Purse £60,000, and the savings which may result from economy practised in Classes II. and III., the balances on those classes, if any, being paid to the keepers of the Privy Purse at the conclusion of each year. The nation does not hand £885,000 a year to Her Majesty to spend as she pleases, but after granting her £60,000 absolutely, disposes of the residue in such a mode as to ensure the maintenance of a stately household. But such a plan allows of but scant provision for emergencies. Hence the nation undertakes to make distinct arrangements for the Royal family, by granting dowries to the daughters and annuities to the children.

As we have mentioned already, this arrangement gives Parliament a practical veto on any Royal marriage by enabling it to withhold the dowry.

Such are the conditions of the constitutional contract which the country has entered into with its monarch. The practical working of that contract, as shown in the finance accounts for 1869, may be thus briefly summarised. The Civil List and the annuities to the Royal family amounted to £486,000, the receipts from the Crown lands and the casual hereditary revenues reached £405,859, giving a balance against the Crown of £80,000. If royalty did nothing more for us than save us the expense and heartburning and corruption which accompany the quadrennial election of a president in the United States, a much larger sum would be cheaply spent. To refuse to dower a thoroughly desirable marriage, under such circumstances as those under which the dowry is asked, would be a deliberate breach of contract, prompted by a spirit of parsimony at once sordid and unjust.

ALFRED S. HARVEY.

DANTE'S "PARADISE."

[PERHAPS of the three parts of the "Divina Commedia" the "Paradiso" is the least dwelt upon by English students of the great Italian poet. It has the just reputation of being the part most difficult of comprehension in the whole poem. Those who attempt to read it are deterred from doing so by the allegories and metaphors which, frequently employed throughout the work, occur in almost every line of the "Paradiso;" by the arrangement of the heavenly spheres according to the now exploded Ptolemaical system; and, above all, by the theological and philosophical expositions which, it must be admitted, are not entirely free from the scholasticism prevalent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

These appear to be some of the reasons why the "Paradiso," considered by Italian critics the greatest effort of Dante's mind, is so little appreciated by foreigners.

With the exception of Cary, whose translation and whose notes are admitted by all to be equally good throughout the poem, the English commentators and essayists upon the "Divina Commedia," after criticising in the most able and elaborate manner the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio," scarcely mention the "Paradiso," and thus convey the impression that it is inferior to the preceding portions of the poem. Take, for example, Lord Macaulay in his "Criticism on the Principal Italian Writers." He points out the best passages, dwells upon the beauty of the style, the unity and consistency of the poem, its minute details and powerful descriptions; but only with reference to the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio." When he comes to the "Paradiso" he dismisses the subject in a few lines: "But among the beatified he [Dante] appears as one who has nothing in common with them, as one who is incapable of comprehending, not only the degree, but the nature of their enjoyment." And further on: "When we read Dante, the poet vanishes. We are listening to the man who has returned from 'the valley of the dolorous abyss.' We seem to see the dilated eye of horror, to hear the shuddering accents with which he tells his fearful tale." *

No mention is made of the reverse side of the marvellous picture presented to us by Dante, the spheres of eternal bliss, the ceaseless songs of praise, the heavenly hope, the blessed consolation of which he treats in the "Paradiso," and which the Italian critics, in their

* "The Miscellaneous Writings of Lord Macaulay," vol. i. pp. 62, 63.

enthusiastic admiration, declare to be a kind of foretaste of the joys of *il vero Paradiso*.

The object of this paper is to endeavour to remove some of the difficulties which are to be encountered in the study of the "Paradiso," to give, if possible, a clue to the allegory which lies concealed in the poem, and thus to guide the reader to its manifold beauties.

With this end in view this paper has been carefully compiled from the best Italian commentators and writers upon the subject—from a Commentary upon the "Paradiso" by Biagoli, a Dissertation upon the same subject by Il Padre Berti, a Life of Dante by Cesare Balbo, Maffei's "Letteratura Italiana," and the latest and most compendious Commentary upon the "Divina Commedia," published by Pietro Fraticelli in 1868.]

"Qual alto seggio
T'abbia assegnato Dio ne le sue glorie,
Alighiero, non so. So che la tua
Italia ti locò nel più sublime.
So ch'ella sempre t'oblio nei giorni
De la viltà: ma ai dì de la speranza
Legge il tuo libro; e ormai più non t'oblia." *

BEFORE proceeding to the close study of the "Paradiso" we must pause one moment to consider the links which connect it with the two preceding portions of the "Divina Commedia." For the poem is framed on a plan of perfect symmetry, and one train of thought runs through it all. It must then be borne in mind that, among a variety of minor allegories, the two chief interpretations which the poem is capable of are these:—

1. Political, or, as Dante himself calls it, Historical; and it is in truth an autobiographical narrative of historical events of Dante's age (1265—1321), chiefly those of his own country, but embracing also other nations, so far as they were connected with Italy, with constant allusions to ancient history, and that of the middle ages up to his own time. This is the first aspect which the poem presents to the reader.

2. Moral. The "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" were intended by the poet to be representations of the active life of man. To trace the allegory from its beginning, Dante—that is to say, man, or a human being, endowed with reasoning faculties, mental and physical capacities of feeling, and the liberty of choice—having lost his way in the forest of human passion, vainly endeavours to escape from it and to climb the steep hill of virtue, but is hindered chiefly by three vices—envy, avarice, and pride. This is all related in the first canto of the "Inferno." He is so repeatedly foiled in his attempts that he is about to abandon the enterprise in despair, when Virgil, representing moral philosophy, appears to him. Virgil rescues Dante from the

* "Canti di Alcardo Alcardi," p. 119.

wood, and because he had fallen so far from virtue that it is necessary to show him the fearful consequences of vice, takes him down the Abyss of Hell, where he points out the certain punishment which overtakes each crime. This is the symbol of human reason directing the liberty of will and indicating the ruin which would result from the gratification of the natural appetites and passions.

In the "Purgatorio" Virgil conducts Dante up a steep and painful ascent, hardest in the beginning, but becoming gradually easier till it ends in the terrestrial Paradise at the summit. Thus moral philosophy or reason exercises its sway over the mind of man in another way, by the desire for good, showing him that in order to attain this good he must mortify his evil inclinations and correct his faults; and this, although difficult and painful at first, becomes easier by degrees, until at length he finds that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." As the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" are allegorical representations of the active life of man, so the "Paradiso" would represent the contemplative life, the rest which the soul must find in God—to use Dante's own beautiful expression, "*Nel vero in che si queta ogn' intelletto.*"* Dante takes for his guide in Paradise Beatrice, the lady whom he loved so passionately when on earth, and in whose honour the "*Divina Commedia*" was written, because, as he himself says, "*Spero dire di lei quello, che mai non fu detta d'alcuna.*" In order, then, to render her due honour, he makes her to be the allegorical representation of the "*Scienza Divina*," or theology, endowing her with heavenly wisdom.

As moral philosophy applied to the mind of man cannot stretch beyond a certain point, but must give place to a higher knowledge—that is to say, theology—so Virgil cannot accompany Dante beyond the two first stages of his journey, but must yield his function of guide to Beatrice, in order to fit Dante's mind for the proper appreciation of the glories of Paradise.

With all the penetration and subtlety of an Italian mind, Dante perceived that only by degrees could he fathom, figuratively speaking, the depths of evil, or attain to the summit of perfection. Thus with the same art which led him to descend by degrees through the worst vices of the human race in their allotted place of punishment, till he reached their author at the bottom of the abyss; so, having previously purified his mind from all material corruptions in the cleansing fires of Purgatory, with a soul possessed of active and contemplative faculties, with science for his ladder, and theology for his guide, he passes from sphere to sphere in his "Paradise" until at length he reaches the culminating point of perfection, the "beauty of that holiness," in which with all the fervour of a deeply religious mind he longs to worship the vision of divine glory. Here, as Cary admirably renders the original—

* *Par. xxviii., l. 108.*

"Vigour failed the towering fantasy :
But yet the will roll'd onward like a wheel
In even motion, by the love impelled,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars." *

In the "Paradiso," the religious preponderates over the political or historical aspect of the poem ; but it is impossible, and, indeed, a mistake, to attempt to define too clearly where the one ends and the other begins, they are so closely intertwined that they are often merged entirely one in the other. Still, with the exception of the three cantos which Dante devotes to the historical account of his ancestor Cacciaguida, and one or two other episodes, the "Paradiso," true to the allegory which it is intended to convey, contains, for the most part, profound dissertations upon theology and philosophy.

That it was intended for minds of a more meditative class, who would not need the stirring incidents of the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio," with the historical interest attaching to them, Dante himself announces at the outset of the poem in the figurative language which he delighted to employ, having first warned the careless and superficial reader not to attempt to understand this part of the "Divina Commedia"—

"O voi che siete in piccioletta barca,
Desiderosi d'ascoltare, seguiti
Dietro al mio legno che cantando varca,
Tornate a riveder li vostri liti :
Non vi mettete in pelago ; che forse,
Perdendo me, rimarreste smarriti.
* * * * *
Voi altri poeti, che drizzate il collo
Per tempo al pan degli angeli, del quale
Vivesi qui, ma non si vien satollo,
Metter potete ben per l'alto sale
Vostro naviglio, servando mio solco
Dinanzi all' acqua che ritorna eguale." †

To this latter order of student, and more especially to those who

* Cary's "Dante," par. xxxiii. 131—135.

† "All ye, who in small bark have following sailed,
Eager to listen, on the adventurous track
Of my proud keel, that singing cuts her way,
Backward return with speed, and your own shores
Revisit ; nor put out to open sea,
Where losing me, perchance ye may remain
Bewilder'd in deep maze . . .
* * * * *

Ye other few, who have outstretched the neck
Timely for food of angels, on which here
They live, yet never know satiety ;
Through the deep brine ye fearless may put out
Your vessel ; marking well the furrow broad
Before you in the wave, that on both sides
Equal returns."

CARY'S *Dante*, par. ii.

consider the two sciences, philosophy and theology, as only two different methods of arriving at the same conclusion, two different roads to one end, the "Paradiso" will always afford food for meditation of the highest order. And here the rare moderation which the author displays in keeping within the bounds of human capacity is worthy of especial remark. Having respect to the profound nature of his subject, he does not attempt to penetrate into hidden matters, or strive to comprehend what is purposely veiled from our eyes.

He is nevertheless determined that his poem shall contain all the sciences of the age, and therefore he founds it upon three systems, of which it is intended to be the exposition—philosophy, theology, and astronomy. With regard to philosophy, both natural and moral, that of Aristotle only was studied in the schools at that time. Dante was first instructed in it by his master, Brunetto Latini; he afterwards pursued these studies in the schools at Bologna, and never ceased adding to them during all the long years of his exile from his country. The fruits of his immense research appear in the "Divina Commedia," but chiefly in the two first parts; in the "Paradiso," however, philosophy gradually disappears, or rather expands into theology, the natural result of its teaching, and there this last and highest science finds its widest scope and attains its full development. Dante dwells upon the great truths of the Christian religion—the creation, the fall of man, the incarnation, the redemption and satisfaction, and the resurrection of the body; he reasons upon them with an accuracy and with a depth of thought which drew from the learned Salvini, in his letter to Redi, the following encomium:—

"Se volete saper la vita mia,
Studiando io sto lungi da tutti pli uomini;
Ed ho imparato più Teologia
In questi giorni, che ho siletto Dante
Che nelle Scuole fatto io non arria."

Aptly rendered by Cary—

"And dost thou ask what themes my mind engage?
The lonely hours I give to Dante's page;
And meet more sacred learning in his lines,
Than I had gained from all the school divines."

Perhaps in some respects this may be considered the most remarkable feature in the poem, considering the time in which the author lived. So far as the other sciences were concerned Dante was able, with the assistance of the schools, to dive into their greatest depths and reproduce them in clear and concise forms in one of the noblest epic poems that ever was composed. But with theology it was different. Although it was professedly taught in the schools with the other sciences, it was then the policy of the Roman Church to keep men in profound ignorance. Any attempt at reasoning would have been fatal to many of her pretensions, and it was therefore imme-

diately suppressed at the expense of justice and humanity. In her sordid love of gain, even the exposition of the fundamental dogmas of the religion which she professed to teach were neglected.

"Per questo [says Dante], l'Evangelio e i dottor magni
Son derelitti ; e solo ai Decretali
Si studia ai, che appare a' lor vivagni,
A questo intende 'l papa e i cardinali ;
Non vanno i lor pensieri a Nazzalette,
Là dove Gabriello aperse l'ali." *

It is therefore a source of perpetual wonder that, in those days of compulsory ignorance upon this subject, Dante should have been able to place his finger upon the real cause of the shortcomings of the Roman Church. With a reasoning and philosophical mind, he discerned then what liberal-minded members of the Roman communion have only lately discovered—that the combination of the spiritual and temporal power was never intended, that the exercise of the spiritual power was crippled and thwarted by worldly motives attached to temporal possessions, which choked up the fountain of the Church's life and poisoned its source. In some of the most famous passages of the "Paradiso" Dante protests against the corrupt state of the Roman Church, and this we find put into forcible language by a modern poet, who, apostrophising Dante, observes :—

"Tu saettasti il Vaticano, e i sacri
Sardanapali da l'altar, ingordi
De la caduca signoria del mondo,
Inesorato giustizier." †

Should the present crisis at Rome (October, 1870) have a favourable issue—that is to say, if indeed the resignation of the temporal power, so long possessed and so flagrantly misused, should, without diminishing the spiritual authority of the Patriarch of the Western Church, result in the reform of the Roman Church, upon the pattern of primitive and Catholic teaching—Dante's grand idea of her position, and of the influence which she ought to exercise on the temporal affairs of the world, when uncontaminated by their touch, will be realised, and a far nobler future may be in store for her than when, in her palmiest days of worldly prosperity, her throne was established upon ignorance and crimes.

We now reach the last of the three systems which form the groundwork of the poem—namely, astronomy. Here, still pur-

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"For this,
The gospel and great teachers laid aside,
The decretals, as their stuff margins show,
Are the sole study. Pope and cardinals
Intent on these, ne'er journey but in thought
To Nazareth, where Gabriel ope'd his wings."

CARY'S *Dante*, par. c. ix. 129 to 134.

† "Canti di Aleardo Aleardi," p. 118.

suing his system of explaining invisible things by things visible, Dante, by means of the material heavens, endeavours to represent to our minds the unseen world of bliss. Perhaps of all the allegories and metaphors which have ever been employed for the purpose of turning away our mind from the world and giving them a glimpse of heavenly things, the elaborate composition of the Italian poet, when carefully studied, is the most successful. The beautiful choice of language, the carefully selected metaphors, the vivid imagery suggested by a brilliant Italian imagination, all these at first surprise our minds into the belief of the wonderful conception presented to them, and the illusion once formed is preserved with consummate art. All the science the world was then capable of is brought in to convince our reason, and make a solid foundation on which to erect the fanciful and marvellous conceit. Even the method of progress through the heavenly spheres is adapted to strengthen at once the allegory and the illusion. Beatrice is drawn upwards by fixing her eyes first upon the sun, and afterwards, as she continues her ascending course, she lifts them higher and higher up to the throne of God, and Dante, by fixing his eyes upon hers, which at every stage of their progress seem to shine with increased brilliancy, is caught up together with her.

Dante marvels at their rapid flight, and it is explained to him by Beatrice in the following remarkable passage :—

"Le cose tutte quante
Hann 'ordine tra loro : e questo è forma,
Che l'universo a Dio fa somigliante.
Qui veggion l'alte creature l'orma
Dell' eterno valore, il quale è fine,
Al quale è fatta la toccata norma.
Néll' ordine ch' io dico sono accline
Tutte nature per diverse sorti
Più al principio loro, e men vicine :
Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' essere : e ciascuna
Con istinto a lei dato che la porti."*

That is to say, every created thing is destined for a distinct end, to which it gradually tends. With man this destination is heaven. It is, therefore, as natural a consequence as that the smoke should

* "Among themselves all things
Have order ; and from hence the form, which makes
The universe resemble GOD. In this
The higher creatures see the printed steps
Of that eternal worth, which is the end
Whither the line is drawn. All natures lean,
In this their order, diversely ; some more,
Some less, approaching to their primal source.
Thus they to different havens are moved on
Through the vast sea of being, and each one
With instinct given, that bears it in its course."

CARY'S *Dante*, par. c. i. 104—109.

mount upwards, that when freed from all hindrances such as sin, and the material incumbrances of the body which confine him to earth, his spirit should ascend to God who gave it.

To return to the astronomical side of the "Paradiso." It is scarcely necessary to observe that the Ptolemaical system of astronomy was the only one known in Dante's age.* The "Paradiso" is, therefore, made to correspond exactly with that arrangement of the heavenly bodies. The earth is placed below, in the centre of the universe, and round it revolve, in perpetually increasing and ascending circles, the planets—the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Beyond these he places the starry sphere, or sphere of fixed stars; then the crystalline sphere, called also "il primo mobile," being the primary cause of motion of the other planets; and, last of all, the empyrean, which, in the opening stanzas of the "Paradiso," Dante tells us, partakes more largely of the light of God's immediate presence, and is termed the "cielo quieto," or immutable sphere.

It would have been impossible, taking into consideration the limited knowledge of the age, with its imperfect system of astronomy, to have formed a grander idea of the heavens than that which Dante unfolds to us. Its perfect symmetry is even more manifest when we consider its allegorical and scientific meaning. Proceeding from the centre to the circumference, and gradually increasing in width and in height, the revolving spheres represent the various stages of heavenly bliss, showing the gradations by which the highest may be obtained; and it is a curious fact that this metaphor was entirely adopted by the Jesuit preacher, Il Padre Segneri, in the seventeenth century. In his famous "Quaresimale," the sermon upon the text, "Domine bonum est nos hic esse," treats of the joys of heaven—"Al cielo, al cielo, fedeli miei devotissimi, al cielo, al cielo," are the opening words; and then, after pointing out to his congregation the "curioso viaggio che avete da fare nello spazio minore d'un ora," he exactly adopts the Dantesque arrangement of the spheres.†

It is hardly necessary to cite one of our most eminent divines to prove the truth of what Dante advances with respect to doctrine, although, with the characteristic difference between an English and an Italian mind, he does not attempt to describe the means by which these degrees of bliss will be established. Bishop Bull, in his sermon upon "the different degrees of bliss in heaven, observes: "There shall be degrees of bliss and glory in Christ's heavenly kingdom, and the more we abound in grace and good works here, the more abundant shall our reward be hereafter."‡ Still more modern preachers have

* For further particulars respecting the Ptolemaical system, see Lewis's "Astronomy of the Ancients," chap. iv. sec. 10.

† Segneri "Quaresimale." Predica x. s. iv.

‡ Bishop Bull's Sermons. Sermon vii., p. 127.

urged that "as the righteous may go from strength to strength here, so hereafter they may go from glory to glory, as one star differeth from another star in glory," which exactly coincides with the prevailing idea of the "Paradiso."

Dante's powerful mind and fertile imagination, not content with this one interpretation of his subject, took pleasure in working out also another theory, elaborately scientific. He makes the stages of good, whereby we ascend to perfection in the heavenly spheres, correspond with the various sciences which we use as steps in the acquisition of wisdom. Thus the seven first heavens answer to the "Trivio" and "Quadrivio," the seven sciences taught in the schools at that time. Grammar to the lunar sphere, logic to the planet Mercury, rhetoric to the planet Venus, arithmetic to the Sun, music to the planet Mars, geometry to the planet Jupiter, astrology to the planet Saturn. In the "Trivio" were comprised the three first sciences, which were looked upon as the minor sciences; in the "Quadrivio" the four last. The remaining spheres were allotted in the following manner:—Physics and metaphysics to the starry sphere; moral philosophy to the crystalline sphere (or "primo mobile"); theology to the empyrean. The reasons for this fanciful and curious arrangement are to be found in the "Convito," and, briefly stated, are these. There are three analogies between the planets and the sciences:—

1. Both revolve round an immovable centre. Each of the movable spheres revolves upon its own axis, which remains fixed, and each science presupposes a subject which is the centre of its learning and research.

2. The second similitude lies in the light cast by the one and the other. Each sphere illuminates visible things, and each science throws additional light upon intelligible things.

3. Both conduce to the ultimate perfection of things. All philosophers agree in thinking that the heavenly bodies conduce to perfection in the generation of material things. In like manner it is by the aid of science that we are able to penetrate so far into speculative truth, in the attainment of which lies our ultimate perfection.

As we advance from one science to another in the pursuit of knowledge, the doubts and uncertainties which obscure our intellects vanish like the clouds before the sun. Dante employs the most delicate and transparent metaphor to describe this gradual unfolding of our minds to the truth, in representing the increased beauty of the expression and smile of his guide, Beatrice, as they mount from sphere to sphere. The light in her eye being the light which wisdom casts upon the mind, and the beauty of her smile the persuasions which wisdom employs, by pointing to the inward contentment and satisfaction arising from the acquisition of knowledge. This, moreover, has a double application when we consider that Beatrice is the impersonification of

theology; and the metaphor which represents her increasing in beauty and perfection as she continues her upward flight into the Divine Presence, is intended to convey the idea that the nearer we approach the ineffable subject of our contemplation through the study of theology, the greater the peace and calm satisfaction which diffuse themselves in our souls.

Such is the brief outline of the general scope and plan of the "*Paradiso*." It can, however, only faintly indicate its real beauty, having skimmed but lightly over the surface of the vast depths of thought contained in the poem.

It is the opinion of the Italian critics that the versification and style of the "*Paradiso*" cannot fail to inspire the reader with a delight that surpasses all belief; and it is only necessary to remove some of the difficulties which have hitherto veiled its meaning to verify the words of another famous Italian poet, that

"Il vero condito in molli versi
I più schivi, allettando, ha persuaso."

C. M. PHILLIMORE.

A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

At the beginning of the year of grace, 1848, a young literary friend and fellow-student of the writer's, having travelled partly on foot and partly otherwise across Belgium and France, and down through Italy, seeing Rome and Naples by the way, took a passage per Malta steamer; and after being safely conveyed through the old classical dilemma, but nautical bagatelle, of Scylla and Charybdis, was landed at the ancient city of Syracuse, or, more modernly, Siragoza. Having, as is the fashion with youthful idealists just now, published a maiden volume containing one considerably large mystical poem referring to times unknown, and various smaller lyrics breathing of the present, sufficiently musical, E—— had only escaped the Scylla of obscurity to be thrown on the Charybdis of a certain critical notice, which to a sensitive mind was perhaps more disagreeable. He was, therefore, probably the more inclined to undervalue the dangers commemorated by Virgil, as well as the actual difficulties of a tour through countries at that time on the eve of unprecedented changes still developing. It was a great refreshment to get rid of all the conventional and literary monotonies of home, and bury oneself in realities, vividly unfolded on every hand, in forms varying at each new step, like the shapes in a kaleidoscope, made up of the same elements, but endlessly combined. With all the force of classical associations, he had satisfied his eyes by gazing on glorious remnants of the past, that translated dead languages of Greek and Latin into the living universal characters of human emotion, and that realised the shadowy chronicles of history. At the same time had he found those who dwelt amongst fragments and relics all brooding over new desires, themselves almost startled with the longing for change; and the young poet's romance of the Past did not prevent his optimism from sympathising with an expectation of the Future which seemed to have spread over Europe like an epidemic. As terrible to rulers and traditional systems as the plague, that persevering old coaster of the Mediterranean, they seemed as anxious to establish quarantine against the one as against the other. And when, at Syracuse, the broad blue reach of that ancient sea, consecrated to liberty and the working out of national destinies for the world, for the first time burst upon him as far as the eye could extend eastward, every broad wave rolling into the harbour seemed to bring with it a resistless might of

freedom, and a testimony to the fates of man. Never ebbing and never flowing, more beautiful than other seas, it had the august permanence of an idea, which, though requiring ages to be worked out, remains steadfastly before the inward sight; beyond it, along the distant line of waters, still at noonday appeared to hang the eastern radiance. The enthusiastic apostrophe of Byron, after his pilgrimage, recurred to him—

“Once more upon the ocean—yet once more!”—

and our young traveller longed to get free for awhile from all temporary details and encumbrances of land, to meditate *there* upon all he had seen and prognosticated, by the light of reason and imagination. Greece, too, the source of manhood and nursery of beauty, lay hidden by these rolling waves; while, still farther yet, the Oriental sky, even as in the days of Abraham and Ishmael, encircled its camels, tents, and palm-trees.

A large and noble two-decker was lying at anchor off the mouth of the fine harbour of Syracuse, somewhere about the place probably where Archimedes, with his immense burning-glasses, set the Roman besieging fleet on fire. The British ensign hung from her mizen-peak, however, significant of a good deal of important history since then transacted; and for the first time in his life E—— felt the thrill of national pride which a Briton, cosmopolite though he may be, cannot help experiencing at sight of the flag which “has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.” He cannot reach the edge of the wide waters without falling upon some token of his mother-land’s protecting power. The vessel was, he found, her Majesty’s ship of the line *Sansdoute*, whose French name, as is frequently the case, indicated at the same time British success against its hereditary foe; the *Sansdoute* having been either taken from the French or built upon a captured model, and theoretical construction not seeming to be the point in which the latter need yield the palm to their rivals. The boats of the eighty-gun ship were at the watering-place, a recess on one side of the town, pleasantly fringed by trees; but from her general appearance, the absence of her upper yards, the peculiar trimness of every spar and line, with the green look of her anchor-cable, and the manner in which she lay towards her buoy, a sailor would have said she had been there a considerable time. Ships of war, in time of peace, and in the Mediterranean, are proverbially indisposed to leave any port they may have contrived to get into. As for the *Sansdoute*, her captain, first lieutenant, and all the “idlers,” went almost every day shooting snipe in the low marshy ground near Syracuse; riotous parties of her seamen, with “*Sansdoute*” in bright letters on front of their liberty-hats, were mixed with the indolent groups of natives through the streets, who seemed to have nothing to do but choose out the sunniest or the shadiest spots, according to

their fancy, and eat figs or macaroni when they could get them. Midshipmen on mules, careering up and down the narrow lanes at the highest pace their animals could be stirred up to by spur and cudgel, alternated with sauntering monks not at all too proud to receive alms; so that town and ship appeared to be well met. In a day or two E—— had seen most of the memorable things about Syracuse—the ancient Amphitheatre, half cut out of rock; the Temple of Minerva, turned into a cathedral; the whispering cavern, called the Ear of Dionysius, which on one side listens still to the empty hollow where the tyrant's captives pined, and on the other to the murmuring waves and the blasts from the Mediterranean. The street which Plato entered in procession, and the quay where he embarked as a fugitive to be sold into slavery, lay below. Our traveller found the fountain of Arethusa still springing, but Sicilian girls were washing their clothes and gossiping beside it; bright-coloured garments spread on the wall to dry looked more vivid amidst the blue Italian air, and fluttered up in the evening breeze from the land.

Next morning E——, having nothing more to do, strolled out into the country to gather papyrus and consider his next movements. On his way he was overtaken by a sporting party from the *Sansdoute*, and the officers, seeing he was an Englishman, accosted him. He had no sooner turned round and replied, than he and one of the naval officers, who was second lieutenant of the *Sansdoute*, mutually recognised each other as old schoolfellows and later acquaintances, although E—— had not remembered the name of Graves's last ship. In a short time they were all on the best of terms; E—— was furnished with a spare fowling-piece, and shared in the sport and other amusements. On their return together to the town, when the second lieutenant had made known his friend's literary distinction and his present wish of seeing Greece and the Mediterranean, there was a unanimous invitation for him to share the ward-room mess. The next destination of the *Sansdoute*, when she did sail, was expected to be off the Dardanelles; and if the captain gave his consent, why there was no difficulty in the matter. Captain —— was not a literary man himself, but he read the *United Service Magazine*, Captain Marryat, and "Don Juan," besides being a gentleman, and able to afford a good table. Accordingly, when he heard that E—— was not only an M.A. but a poet, he sent to his hotel, by the second lieutenant, a most polite message of invitation to dinner, along with the offer of a cot on board her Majesty's ship *Sansdoute* on her sailing for Constantinople, which would be immediately after the arrival of some Government official or other from Gibraltar.

On the succeeding day E—— began to feel the time hang a little heavy on his hands, not being so skilled in gentlemanly idling as his naval friend, who, with all the experience of an old midshipman, proposed a boat-cruise along shore, and a select water-party for shooting,

fishing, bathing, swimming, smoking, and doing nothing, out of sight of the *Sansdoute's* lofty quarter-deck. After having spent the day in this cheerful and characteristic manner, they returned in the evening towards town. February though it was, in that region of summer the air had been hot all day, with a dead calm which rendered the sail of the boat useless; and as their Sicilian boatmen pulled slowly round the point, the gentle currents on the surface of the water were basking in the rays of the descending sun, while the Mediterranean lay broad and of a clear pale blue behind to the cloudless east. The sun was going down through a vista of clouds, broken into a thousand flakes, and burning like melted gold, in the west above Syracuse; dazzling rays, like spokes in the one wheel of a swift chariot, shot up over the flat tops and airy white walls of the town, and through the masts of shipping in the port, which was unusually crowded by late east winds and succeeding calm. To the left hand stretched the low line of flat marsh country, and on the right the mouth of the harbour, with its pier and its broken line of wooden stakes, half worn and crusted with weeds and shells; beside which lay the battered, sea-green hulk of some old dismasted vessel. In front towered up the huge hull of the *Sansdoute*, so vivid, strong, and stately, against the faint harbour with its blended forms and quaint tokens of decay; and in spite of the gorgeous light spread over these, all behind her the distant shipping looked like so many knots of reeds in the marsh, and the houses and spires like children's playthings. It was the spirit of the sea with all odds against that of the land, and the party in the boat gave vent to a unanimous "Hurrah! the old *Sansdoute* for ever, and a sea-going wind!" The eighty-gun ship, however, lay in the very same position as when they had left her, her head from shore, without a tide to swing it round as in an Atlantic roadstead; the open gun-ports on her main and lower-deck tiers seemed to drink the air for coolness, and her upper spars appeared on fire with the sunset. The buoy over her anchor, and a larger one opposite the harbour mouth, lay quietly on their shadows without dipping, and the full blaze of evening slanted past them. In the shadow of the ship the keen eddies of the surface looked green, then glanced into the sun; nothing appeared on her decks except the sentries at the gangway, and the heads of two or three seamen looking over her hammock-nettings. A steamer beyond, which had recently come in, was dwarfed by comparison with the stately *Sansdoute*, whose ensign hung still motionless from her gaff. The sun dipped large and crimson behind the houses of Syracuse, a flash came out of one of the man-of-war's ports, and the sound of the evening gun boomed away to landward. As the boat approached the shore, though it was yet calm for a mile out, the north-western land-breeze was seen ruffling the waters of the Mediterranean outside, and the sea at a distance shaded off from bright blue into a horizon of deep purple. The Sicilian boatmen rested on

their oars, and, while they crossed themselves devoutly, muttered the first words of a vesper prayer. As the young poet watched the circles from the tinkling drops, and felt immersed in the luxury of an Italian twilight in the Mediterranean, they were startled by another gun from the *Sansdoute*. A blue flag, with a white square in its centre, was flying from her foretop-gallant masthead.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lieutenant Graves, "the Blue Peter! Why, the ship's going to sail!"

"By the powers, and she is!" said the Irish surgeon.

"Round with her, and put us aboard," said the lieutenant to the boatmen. "Oh, by-the-bye, E——," continued he next moment, "you've your traps to get. We must wait for you; but look sharp, for Heaven's sake, and we'll be in time to catch her by the time the anchor's apeak."

In twenty minutes, accordingly, they were scrambling up the side of the *Sansdoute*, just as the eighty-gun ship, with topsails set, was cast clear of her anchorage and began to move slowly away from shore. The topgallant sails, royals, flying-jib, and spanker, all unfolded together, and were sheeted swiftly home, without a sound but the chirping of ropes in the blocks; the broad courses fell as she felt the breeze, and spread bellying out over her white decks, till the water plashed under her bow, and the gleaming wake astern lengthened out towards the dusk along by Syracuse. The eastern moon, looking as large almost as the wheel of the *Sansdoute*, rose right opposite her figure-head, in the clear sky over against the last bloody streaks that died out behind the church spires of the receding harbour; and classical associations made it look like the silver axis of that mighty chariot whose golden arc had just disappeared, driving once more unequal with the fiery haste of Phaëton, Apollo's unhappy son. When the bright disk had climbed again into sight between the headsails of the ship, the broad forefront of her immense canvass swelled into the first gush of moonshine; the rest was covered with soft depth of shadow, except where a still whiter light, shaped into so many crescents by the form of the sails, pierced through their openings, and undulated across the deck, the spars, and uppercloths behind. The breeze freshened, and the figure-head of the eighty-gun ship—a female form stepping forward, and pointing with one naked arm, while she drew her robe around her with the other, and half looked back—rose out of the dark mouldings of the bow like a white Nereid showing the track over the azure ways to the lost land of antiquity. The proud enchantment of the scene, in that first watch at sea, was unutterable. E—— walked the larboard quarter-deck with his friend the second lieutenant, stopping at every turn to look along through the ship's spars, and up into the complicated tracery of her rigging, as she bowed ever and anon slightly over; he could feel both the reality of the present and the imaginative solemnity of the past, for it was as

if modern power and mechanical skill went with him to shed light upon the mysterious grace and wisdom of early time.

In the morning watch, at seven bells, E—— found the *Sansdoute* dashing gallantly to the south-east, with a brisk breeze on her larboard beam that made even the huge mass of the two-decker lean over, and gave a pleasant slope to her decks. She had just cleared out of a squall with rain, which saved the trouble of washing decks, and the clued-up topgallant sails and royals were being sheeted home again. The Mediterranean now wholly extended its wide circle round her, of a deep purple ; but there was no need of going to the compass to see how she headed ; one-half of the horizon was edged by a keen rim of light, a silvery and liquid radiance, beyond which the sky was visibly growing more transparent every moment. On the larboard bow it appeared absolutely about to burst into flame, and some threads of gold in a crucible, while the mist of the recent squall sank smitten into purple in the west. The crimson arch of the sun shot above the water, every wavetop glittered ruby-colour ; the hollows rose up, bearing a shadow of purple amethyst, and exchanged it for the ruddy glow ; their edges shone with the fairy green of emerald, and little rainbows danced and vanished with the spray from the ship's forefoot. But as the sun mounted higher and higher, losing his morning pomp, like heralds and courtiers falling into the train behind, then the customary blue of its peculiar tint spread over the whole broad circle, and the waves swelled up to their feathery white crests in the hue of opal. To a sailor's eye, as E—— discovered, the clear, sparkling colour of the Mediterranean was quite distinguishable from the deeper and inherent blue of tropical seas, whose pale sky, more *light* than colour, embraces them in vivid contrast, giving the huge immensity of ocean with palpable awfulness to the eye. Here the ethereally-pure atmosphere ascended in *shape* above the deep, but scarcely differed in *hue* from the element that seemed to reflect every change in it ; now, indeed, it was the sky, with its beautiful intensity, that had the profound look of ocean drawn up into its central vault, whilst the sea had the surface-light of heaven mirrored on its bosom. In the east it was the clearer and spiritual Greek of twilight and dawn ; while to the west, in the young poet's fancy, came out the passionate depth, the voluptuous flush of Italian sense ; and such fantasy of sacred blue or daring red as the old masters loved for their pictures, was contrasted in their very skies with the colder and chaster serenity of the pagan sculptors. He seemed to feel, comparing the evening with the morning, how Dante and Raphael were so different from Sophocles and Praxiteles.

All this time nobody except the captain knew why the *Sansdoute* had sailed so suddenly, or where and for what she was going. The steamer which brought the orders came from Malta instead of Gibraltar, and it was rumoured about decks that the admiral, with

leeward, yet opposite to the coast of ancient Crete, bore up to shape a course for the entrance of the Archipelago.

For the next day and a half, with the breeze mostly on her larboard beam or quarter, the ship-of-war ran up the waters of that memorable sea. It was usually, however, so hazy at a distance that E—— in vain looked out to catch a glimpse of some far-off headland which might belong to Lacedæmon or Argolis ; and often a blue cloud relieved from the horizon was for the moment translated into some classic cape, on which the gleam of sunshine mimicked the ruined fragments of a Temple of the Winds, or pillars sacred to Neptune. At night the look-out men on the fore-yard were unusually watchful, and were hailed by the officer of the watch every quarter of an hour ; the master, an old Mediterranean navigator, had the charts at his finger-ends, pointing out the ship's place. The *Sansdoute* began to stretch on long tacks up amongst the Cyclades, and as the weather cleared, ever and anon, she was leaning over on the brisk waves with her head towards some indistinct promontory, or azure mountain, that grew sharper out from its faint atmosphere into light and shadow, —when, presto ! the provoking order passed along to “go about.” At times they seemed to have got within some land-locked bay, where the shores, rising on each hand into peaks and shoulders, promised the sight of some white-walled city, sheltered at the end, its green olives mingling with the flat-topped buildings, and a rock crowned by a citadel, perhaps, beyond. The dim ravines wrinkled the mountain-breasts more deeply, the shadows of white clouds were seen quietly stealing down, the very woods, the rocks, and the gleaming sea-beach became distinct ; but then the distant land suddenly opened, the bare sky looked between the head sails of the ship ; and, bending loftily over as she lost the lee-side, her foaming track grew quicker, the spray leapt against the burst of blue light, while the *Sansdoute* stood through into a new expanse of dancing waves. Thus did she run with a fair wind, her broad topsails swelling full, and maincourse hauled up, along the bending coast of Paros, where the marble quarries, from which Greek sculptors hewed the gods and heroic man, could now and then be seen by the telescope, gleaming out of some mountain slope ; and dark rocks crowned by the bare winter olive trees stood for a moment against the sky, where the edge of the Mediterranean was washing up beneath. Then, too, the island of Delos hove up on the larboard bow, black as ink with the gloom of a squall, which sent the stately two-decker tossing to seaward on its dark surges ; while a couple of crazy-looking Levant brigs, dingy and unsightly enough to see in the grey mist, were scudding with mere rags of sail towards the shelter of a point. It was the sacred Delos, where the yearly trireme came from Athens to pay honour to the god ; the bark during whose absence Socrates could be spared the cup of hemlock, to discourse in prison with his friends concerning

immortality ; and which, when it was welcomed with shouts into the Piræus, and crowned with garlands, was the signal for his words to cease, as the sun dropped behind the hills of Attica.

One morning early, the dawn was just breaking purely over the sea astern ; the enchanting colours of the Archipelago already seemed to rise again, like an element asleep all night, from the hollow of every purple-sided wave to its crest, and the waters glittered in all their beauty ; when our voyager—who had been silently watching what appeared to be a large azure cloud on the starboard bow, half-hidden by the fore-tack and chequered by the shrouds and knotted ratlines—uttered an exclamation of surprise. The sharp summit of a distant mountain, tipped with snow, had caught the morning radiance, and shone like a star above the blue mass. It was land ; but a thin shroud of ragged and misty vapour actually spread across it, and now seemed the two wings of some golden-crowned phantom ascending from the deep.

“What land is that, Mr. Wilkes ?” inquired E—— of the master, who was looking at it from the quarter-deck along with the second lieutenant.

“’Tis the island of Samos, sir,” said the master, who was a rough-spun old seaman, like sailing-masters in general. “A bad berth for a lee-shore, with a Levanter coming down on you, and you close-hauled to weather that same point, as I’ve found myself before now.”

“Samos, we used to call it in the Greek class at school, you know, E——,” remarked the lieutenant.

“Samos !” ejaculated the young poet, breathlessly, “where Pythagoras was born—and the goddess Juno—and where—”

“Belay there, E——,” said the lieutenant, “if you don’t want Wilkes to go down in a fright and call the captain.”

“Well, but look for a moment at that cloud, Graves !” said the poet. “See, it has risen slowly out of the mist, and looks like a figure stretching its arm over the sea, while the sunlight strikes on its head like gold !”

“Yes,” said the officer. “What of it ? So it does.”

“What a coincidence ! Do you remember the story of King Polycrates of Samos, who was always so fortunate that he wanted to have some ill-luck, and threw his precious ring into the sea. Shortly after a fisherman brought it back, having found it in one of his fish ; and the guest of the King was so terrified that he embarked at once and left him, as one reserved for some dreadful fate. Polycrates, too, was crucified in the end by a Persian satrap. Couldn’t you fancy, now, that yonder cloud was the King of Samos, with the faces of his guest and courtiers watching him solemnly from the mist ?”

His friend laughed at this characteristic imagination, and the master stared, now at the island, and now at the poet. He pricked up his ears, however, and opened his weather eye, at E——’s next observation.

"By the way," said the latter, "this was the station of the Athenian fleet in the war against all Peloponnesus, with Persia and Syracuse to boot."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the master. "Might I ask how long ago was that, sir?"

"Considerably above two thousand years."

The master gave vent to a long whistle. "They couldn't have many ships in them days, sir."

"A hundred triremes or so must have been cruising off these very shores."

"*Triremes?*" inquired Mr. Wilkes, "what sort of craft may they be?" and his astonishment grew incredulous on being informed they were three-deckers "Three or four times the British navy, sir?"

"They were only long galleys," continued E——, "each with three stairs of oars slanting one behind the other, fifteen or so altogether of a side, and very different, I daresay, from the height of the *Sans-doute*, Mr. Wilkes?"

"Curious!"

He went on. "It was here the most remarkable events in ancient naval history occurred. The city of Athens at home suddenly veered from a republic to aristocratic government, but the other half of Athens was here, and it stood out on the sea for popular liberty."

"Something like the Mutiny at the Nore and Spithead, probably," said the lieutenant.

"Exactly. They were fighting for life against military Sparta, backed by a general alliance; and yet they were on the point of sailing home to Athens and destroying their own country."

"Sailors' rights for ever!" said the officer, laughing, "and the old blue sea."

"I was a boy at the time," said the master, brightening up at the idea of soundings in such a dark matter, "but I remember it at Spithead. The first ship to refuse getting up anchor was the——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Wilkes," said the lieutenant, "take a turn with that piece of old junk, we know the yarns! Well, what did they do after all, E——?"

"Alcibiades all of a sudden left the enemy, hoisted his flag once more, as you say, on board a first-rate trireme, made a speech to the captains on his quarter-deck, and they went out soon after against the hostile fleet."

"*Alcibides?*" inquired Mr. Wilkes; "and was he an admiral of note, then?"

"Yes," said Lieutenant Graves; "a fellow that always beat, whatever he did, but somehow always either cruising ashore or in disgrace—just half-way between Sir Sidney Smith and Lord Cochrane."

"There you're on known waters again, Mr. Graves," said the

master. "Why, you'd have me to believe, though, that everything's happened somehow or another before. Like an old skipper I knew, would keep telling you, at aught strange, how it 'ad turned out 'dentially the same exactly twenty thousand six hundred years ago, and he had a hand in it!"

"Well," resumed the poet, full of the subject, as the bright waves undulated before him, and the heights of Samos were stealing out by degrees to the swift course of the ship, "one day the Peloponnesian fleet, of sixty triremes, was cruising round a point up the Dardanelles, off their port of Cyzicus, watching a race between two galleys, or practising the Attic mode of breaking the line. The island of Præconnesus loomed dark to windward, and a squall came on with heavy rain, as Xenophon has recorded in his flowing Greek. The Spartan admiral, as usual, put out oars and made for harbour, when the weather suddenly cleared, and the glittering beaks of sixty-six Athenian triremes were seen coming down over the blue waves of the Propontis from seaward, the spray flashing from their sharp prows, and their long sweeps spreading on each side. Mindarus had scarce decided whether to fight or fly, when he perceived twenty more gliding along with both sail and oar, between him and the land, to cut him off from Cyzicus. He ran in double column for the shore, in order to get out and form the Lacedæmonian phalanx, as the Spartans were always rather soldiers afloat than seamen; but they were just hauling up their stranded vessels amongst the spray and the confusion, when the owls'-heads of the Attic triremes glared high above the Peloponnesian sterns, and Alcibiades in his brazen armour leaped at the head of his men from deck to deck. Swords flashed against each other, and the bloody tumult mingled along the foaming beach, till Mindarus was slain, the Spartans fled, and Alcibiades, hoisting his masts again, led out the whole hostile fleet in triumph to sea. Like the French after Trafalgar, they had not one ship to put with another, and Athens ruled the waters alone. As for the Syracusans, they burnt theirs to ashes, rather than fall into the hands of their bitterest foe."

"Danes, Dutch, French, and Spanish over again, you see, Wilkes," observed the second lieutenant.

"By George!" said the master, "'tis a rum yarn! But, howsoever, the decks are washed down, and there's the captain's steward. Bo'sun's-mates, pipe down, there, to breakfast!"

The captain now came on the quarter-deck, and walked the star-board side by himself. The hills of Samos were opening clearly out, and on the blue slope of one, E—— beheld with ecstasy, for the first time, the white pillars of a ruined temple gleaming to the sun. Inexpressibly beautiful they looked, amidst the deep-coloured purple void of an Ionian sky—last remnants of the fame of tutelary Juno, called, as the master informed E——, "*the Columes*." Beyond them, as the ship stood swiftly on, appeared to her lofty poop the scattered fragments of ancient Samos, and then the white houses of Cora, the

principal city of the island. Some Greek fishing-boats, with their red-capped crews, were dancing merrily in before the breeze; but suddenly, on rounding a point, rose up the huge hull of a line-of-battle ship, her topsails just being sheeted home, her head casting to seaward after weighing anchor. The triple tier of ports along her chequered broadside, and the blue admiral's flag at her mizen, directly indicated her Britannic majesty's ninety-gun ship *Orion*. The attendant frigate was already standing to sea in the north-western board. The *Orion* signalled the *Sansdoute*, and both ships were shortly after bearing away upon the larboard tack towards the straits betwixt Scio and the Asiatic coasts.

Next morning the three British men-of-war lay at anchor in the Gulf of Smyrna, whose white mass of buildings spread before them in the narrow curve of the bay—its gaudy flags, its numerous shipping, and its old castle on the hill above, all steeping in the clear, cloudless heat of an Eastern heaven. Far behind stretched villages, woods, and palm-trees into the atmosphere of pure light that seemed to leave nothing unexposed—every distant outline cut against the pale horizon as in a transparency. The sea-breeze was dying away, and the deep-blue ripples, plashing gently on every vessel in the harbour, began to sink into an oily calm; the heat grew every moment more oppressive, the glare of walls at a distance, and of canvas overhead, wearied the eye, and awnings were rigged on every quarter-deck. But something else seemed to arrest the attention of the naval captains, who were on board the flagship watching the motions of five large men-of-war at anchor on the other side of the roadstead. They had the French tricolour hanging at their mast-heads—the squadron for which Sir —— had been on the look-out, but whose presence at Smyrna he was not fully aware of till daybreak. A large steam-frigate was in sight coming up the Gulf, and the heavy strokes of her paddle-wheels already began to be heard over the hot stillness of the bay. In three-quarters of an hour she came to in the middle of the anchorage, hoisted French colours, and sent out a boat containing several officers to the largest of their men-of-war, a three-decker, distinguished by an admiral's flag. At noon Sir ——'s barge went ashore, followed by the other captains' gigs; our friend E—— was favoured with a place in that of the *Sansdoute*. Groups of the Smyrniest merchants were assembled near the various consulates and about the quays, speculating on the important news expected from France, and which had evidently, from sundry tokens of excitement, been communicated to the naval squadron. This was apparently spreading to the French merchant vessels in port; shouts were heard from their crews, boats went backwards and forwards, and in a short time every peak and mast-head, every vacant line of rigging, was ornamented with colour; the tricolour predominated over all, and was repeated again and again fore and aft. All their seamen appear to have got a liberty-day, for they came up the quays and

town in a body, bearing the tricolour on high, and shouting, "Vive la République!" "A bas les Bourbons!" "La Liberté, la Fraternité, et l'Egalité!"

A grim and solemn silence, however, in the meantime continued on the decks of the French men-of-war; the officers on shore and in the *Sansdoute* could see with their glasses similarly-engaged officers on their quarter-decks; it was almost like knocking your telescope into a gentleman's eye, and feeling inclined to beg pardon, till he suddenly returns the compliment. The British boats on their return passed slowly under the quarter galleries of the French line-of-battle ship, and the two admirals exchanged compliments, refraining, however, from allusion to the great topic or the news of the day. In a short time the evening breeze had begun to come gently off the land, and the French squadron was seen to be weighing in succession to go out. First two frigates, then a beautiful fifty-gun ship, a seventy-four, and lastly the three-decker, set their topsails, cast round to seaward, and stood slowly away for the opening of the Gulf, spreading every stitch of canvas. Each ship in passing opposite the British anchorage fired a grand salute, hoisting the tricolour at every point, with the order of the colours reversed, and a loud shout of "Vive la République!" came from the whole crew at their stations.

"There's man-o'-war discipline for you!" said several of the British officers to each other.

"Gentlemen," said Captain —— to those beside him, "Louis Philippe has abdicated—France is a Republic once more!"

"Well now, sir," observed Mr. Wilkes, the master of the *Sansdoute*, to Lieutenant Graves, alluding to the piece of history communicated by the poet in sight of Samos—"Well now, I didn't quite know what to make of that said yarn your author friend gave us; but as wonders don't seem never to cease, I don't see but what happens to-day might 'a happened two thousand years ago—ay, or twenty thousand, for that matter! I suppose now them Parleyvoos will be for sailing next without captains! But mutiny never prospers at sea nor ashore; an' as we beat 'em by discipline afore, why we'll beat them by discipline again."

The stately forms of the distant French ships appeared in a group against the yellow radiance of sunset, the cool dusk of an Oriental night was already settling over Smyrna, when, as the evening gun was fired from the flag-ship, E—— came on deck to take a walk with his friend, and talk over the remarkable event which was then convulsing Europe from one end to another. The young poet's anticipations of the future were large and sanguine; but with the Eastern stars above, and the gleaming waters spread liquid towards ancient Greece, while they remembered there tenderly the good things of their own land, these prophecies seemed, both from the past and from the inward soul of man, to be upheld and justified.

THE TEUTON BEFORE PARIS.

(From a Forthcoming Work.)

THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

A DEPUTY FROM THE CITY.

CHANCELLOR.

YIELD up again those stolen provinces !
Take counsel ! be the prince of peacemakers !
For, let me say it in thy private ear,
As one who knows thee nobler than thy cause,
There is no other hope for France than this
We proffer. We have bought this thing with blood ;
Be wise, and yield it—lest with bitterer blood
We buy the dearest flesh and blood of Gaul,
And welding it as clay unto our will
Pour into it a new and Teuton soul.

DEPUTY.

The threat is empty, for the soul is God's,
A thing no man can take away or give.
These souls are French, they have thriven on French air :
Rather than swell your triumph with their lives,
They would return to Him from whom they came.

CHANCELLOR.

Why, let them go ! The way to Him is short,
Nor very tedious ; tho' it seems a way
Ye French love little, loving so much more
The windy breath with which ye flout your foe.
Why, friend, we are no word-mongers, we twain ;
Yet here, like market-women cheapening fish,
We wrangle at each other to no end.
I tell thee (shall I swear by anything ?
I know your nation loveth a round oath !)—
I tell thee we are fixed as adamant,
Inexorable as the sea, and strong
To exact our wish as is the thunderbolt
That for a moment in the rain-cloud burns
Before it strikes the affrighted reapers down.
Two powers have wrestled—one is overthrown—
How should the thrown man with his broken back
Clutch to his heart the prize of victory,
Mouth to the sun and moon and stars for aid,
Scream havoc to the winds, summon the hosts
Of earth and heaven to strike the victor down ?
There is a victory in being vanquish'd
Ye little understand. Did ever school-boy
Howl so when whipt ? The world scream'd not so loud

When, like a swarm of locusts, like a cloud
Of fiery pestilence, from the west to the east
Ye overran the bleeding continents,
And sowed in one man's miserable name
The crop all living men are reaping now.

DEPUTY.

If I conceive thee, 'tis no sin of ours
That ye avenge on the fair head of France,
No crime of yesterday or yesteryear,
No deeds of live men walking in the sun,
But things long buried with the scourge of God
In that forsaken island where he sleeps.

CHANCELLOR.

They would not lie, man!—from that lonely grave
They have arisen again and yet again,—
Até like, not to be laid by any charm,
But sacrifice red steaming up to God
From France, the altar in whose name he slew.

DEPUTY.

Yet Cæsar's triumphs were avenged on Cæsar:
Remember Katzbach! Leipsig! Waterloo!

CHANCELLOR.

O we remember! The colossus fell,
And from the throne of every living King
A shadow passed; yet still with hungry eyes
The hordes he had led glared hate across the Rhine,
Till from the charnel-house of that great name
Uprose in his due time the wordy Man
Of Silence; round his feet the brute hosts leapt;
And smiling a smooth smile he glanced the way
They hunger'd. We were scattered, and we crouch'd
Under the Austrian eagle. Then one day,
A plain man, a deep fellow with a will,
Rose, saying, "Craft for craft. The bird of prey
Hovers too much above the German Rhine—
'Ware Hawk! till he is trapt, there is no sleep
For any of us poor creatures who love peace!"
Then lo! the Vulture cried, "I am a Dove!"
And croak'd the hoarse cry of Democracy.
And when the soul of Italy arose,
The Vulture struck the Austrian Eagle down,
While all earth's kingdoms shook; then stretching his claws
He hovered o'er the imperial walls of Rome
And warned the victor back. Then that same man
I spake of, looking very humbly on,
Thought "Craft for craft! The Frenchman wins by craft,
Not boldly, as the old French Eagle won!
What Marshal Forwards to Napoleon was,
Let me become to this the Man of Lies;
With his own weapons let me vanquish him,

First in the secret chamber, then with steel
Out in the light of the world !” So said, so done.
Close to the Dotard Austrian for a time
We crouch’d ; but we were gathering strength and ire,
And one by one with the new Teuton soul
We fell’d the scatter’d people of the Rhine.
Then came the time to cast the Austrian off.
’Twas done, we struck ; your foul bird scream’d in vain ;
And lo ! with that one blow we felt our strength
Flow from the soul and grow invincible. . . .
There was a pause. . . . We saw the enemy
Hovering afar, and ever gathering
And darkening the mighty River’s bank ;
And year by year we waited for the storm
We knew must break upon our heads at last.
It came—no bigger than the prophet’s hand—
Then the tornado blowing from the west,
So that the world cried, “ God help Germany ! ”
And so God sent a wind out of the east,
And all the storm and wrack and thunder-bolts
Gathered in tumult o’er the Rhine. Behold !
One from the east, the other from the west,
Tornado met tornado. One huge crash—
’Twas o’er ! the west recoil’d in blood and fire,
Leaving the poor singed Vulture on the ground,
Struck by the lightning, screaming, broken wing’d,
Flapping to rise in vain. On went the storm,
Driven less by sheer volition than the wind
God sent to drive it east ; and still it sweeps,
Still the earth groans and darkens under it,
And still, as Canute cried unto the sea,
Thou criest, “ Pause ! ” What, like a summer cloud
Recoil, and leave ye fresher for our rain ?
True, we have slain the evil-omen’d Bird,
And in so far have bless’d, not punish’d France,
Who follow’d his flat cry ;—but mark me, friend,
The sworn foe of the Teuton is the Celt,
Not the mere instrument their evil hands
Could find whene’er they itch’d for butchery—
For birds of prey abound, and it is easy
To fashion leaders for such hosts as yours.
But this time we will cram ye in a pen
High as the Vosges, deeper than the Rhine,
So that tho’ all the brutes of earth should call,
Tho’ all the wild free beasts should roar their best,
France pent within the prison of her own fields,
Shall, like a tame thing, only roar again.

DEPUTY.

Yet think of mercy.

CHANCELLOR.

We are merciful.

The Teuton before Paris.

DEPUTY.

Take pity.

CHANCELLOR.

We are very pitiful.
 Our women wail and weep in every house,
 Our babes are fatherless, our maiden flowers
 Wither unplucked on every village way.
 Who says we are not pitiful?

DEPUTY.

The head
 That wrong'd you is a serpent's head, and, bruised,
 Is writhing underneath your armèd heel;
 The blood of both the Teuton and the Celt
 Be on that head,—but we are innocent;
 Uplift the knife from the poor lambs of France,
 Spare them, for Christ's sake—let me shepherd them
 To some sad fold of peace!

CHANCELLOR.

How call ye them?
 Lambs? Lambs many-tooth'd and most omnivorous.
 But yesterday they fed on our fair fields,
 These lambs of yours, and what they fed upon
 Left blood-stains on their mouths—ay, and in blood
 They waded, gently driven for their drink.
 Lambs? We shall draw the teeth of these same lambs,
 Lest in a little season they may find
 Another wolf to lead them.

DEPUTY.

My tongue fails,
 And my heart sickens—courtesy is rank,
 When I must listen to such words as these,
 And pick my feeble speech for France's sake!

CHANCELLOR.

Pick nothing! Speak thy thought as man to man;
 And criticise. I adore criticism.

DEPUTY.

It is all in vain. Ye are too fiercely bent
 On blood and most unhallowèd revenge.

CHANCELLOR.

How now? Why, these are words for women. True,
 I am a bugbear to the ancient dames
 Of Europe, and the nations in their dread
 Picture me cloven-footed; but do not thou,
 A wise man in thy generation, echo
 The stale, flat talk of fools! Am I a vampire
 That I should love this blood? I love mine ease—
 My wine—my mistress—all earth's tasty things.

In moderation—tho' I never suffer
The cup to cloud my reason and my soul,
Nor sell my manhood for a strumpet's kiss
As ye have done in France. Yet I believe
There are worse hues than that of blood, and Life
More pitiful than Death; and I indeed
Am your physician, tho' ye know me not.
Sick, body and soul, ye have polluted earth,
Ye have sown abroad that beauteous leprosy
Whereof your artists and your poets die,
And now in one supreamer nobler hour
Your revellers, from the lupanar called,
Instead of sickening of a long disease
And rotting in the arms of harlotry,
Have passed in bloody martyrdom to God;
And now the bitterest tears your eyes can weep
Will not too freely purge your heated orbs
Of their adulterous mist of lust and lies.
These are worse things than dying! Things I deem
More pitiful than Death! Instead of these,
We gave ye sudden conscience flasht from grief,
Fire for your Phrynes, and a naked sword!

DEPUTY.

Then I, in France's name, for France's sake,
Reject the shallow puritanic lie,
And calling God to witness, hurl ye back
The taunt and smile. The stale flat talk of fools
Offends thy sense, yet how thou echoest it!—
While ye ride rough-shod thro' the beauteous world,
Like Cromwell's English troopers singing hymns,
Not that your hearts are full of God at all,
But that it helps your feet to march in tune,
While to the God of David ye intone,
Seeking the greenest ever even in God.
We Frenchmen, subtly, delicately wrought,
Feel Him so keenly in the sense and soul,
Catch with so swift a sense of fragrancy
The divine truths of being, that our lives
Become too rich for your rough utterance.
Fairer of spirit and more exquisite,
Subtler of sense, more sensual if thou wilt,
We tremble in the beautiful world God made;
Yea, loving Beauty for her own fair sake,
Perceiving her so marvellously fair,
In her we find an impulse and an end
Beyond your stale and flat morality.
Wherefore we seek to shape our very lives
To beauty and to music, which ye deem
The harlot's privilege and stock-in-trade;
We plant within our simplest daily needs
Spiritual greatness and divine desire;
We stir to every wind of ecstasy;

We love no truth that is not beautiful;
 Since Beauty is the highest truth of all,
 The sum and end of human destiny.

CHANCELLOR.

The glory of a strong man is his strength,
 But ye . . . why ye are triflers,—tho' I own
 I like your novels—they are pleasant reading,
 Most toothsome to the after-dinner taste.

DEPUTY.

O hear me! If a sneer could kill a race,
 Then had ye Teutons died of Europe's sneer!
 As ye abide so shall the French abide.
 To you no delicate hue of law divides
 Beauty from harlotry, for ye are dull,
 And turn your hard-grain'd Gretchens to their use
 As tamely as ye sow and reap your corn;
 And unto you all rapturous sights and sounds,
 All married interchange of sense and soul,
 Are perilous, for ye fear the very Sun
 May come upon your kitchen Danaës,
 And breed you bastards in your own despite.
 Nay, ye fear Beauty as some witch whose eyes
 May hold you like Tannhauser in the hills.
 While ye have trumpeted God's wrath abroad,
 While ye have driven his strength into men's hearts,
 As did the kings of ancient Israël,
 We, we whom ye despised, have whispered low
 God's secret; we have made the hand of Art
 More reverent, human voice and instrument
 More delicate, all sense of sight and sound
 More cunning; one by one we have laid bare
 The slender links that bind the soul of man
 To all fair things whence it has grown and blown;
 And we have guided you in your own despite:
 For if ye sing, ye sing more tenderly,
 And if ye dream, ye dream more beautifully,
 And if ye pray, perchance unconsciously,
 Ye blend into your prayer some beauteous sense
 Unknown, until we Frenchmen sought it out.
 All this we have done, and more, for Beauty's sake,
 And this, forsooth, ye christen "harlotry!"
 Ye are as Israël, and ye know no God
 Unless He thunders; ye perceive no strength
 Save when ye look upon a hurricane;
 Your dry blood turns all beauty back to use,
 By a coarse huswife's sampler fashioning
 All gentle woofs of loveliness and youth,
 Forgetting beauty blossoms out of use,
 Not use from beauty, but from perfect use
 The perfect flower of beauty crowning all.
 Ye walk within a garden, and with care

Water your shrubs of hardy sentiment,
And train your creeping virtues, but ye frown
If the birds sing too loud, the blossoms scent
Too richly ; ye speak, think, act, live, walk, fight,
As if the beauteous world wherein ye dwell
Were leagued against ye, and confederate
To seize ye as the woman in the Book
The man of strength, and rob ye of your hair ;
And in the very light of women's eyes
Ye worthies see no grade between the stare
Of lawful women sadly giving suck,
And what, forsooth, ye christen "harlotry."

CHANCELLOR.

A Jeremiad out of Babylon !
Ades defending Hades ! Pardon me ;
Perchance, good sir, the truth hangs midway now
Between our issues, possibly ye seek
Mere Art too much, and we too little. Well !
Let us return—yield the Rhine provinces !

DEPUTY.

What more ?

CHANCELLOR.

The rest is easy. These come first.

DEPUTY.

And I have answer'd. It can never be.

CHANCELLOR.

Never ? Why, they are ours to have and hold.

DEPUTY.

To take is not to give. We give them not.
We will appeal to Europe, to the world ;
We will call out with one imploring voice,
Waking the sleeping Conscience of the earth !

CHANCELLOR.

Call. Scream. Have ye not call'd and screamed ?—as loud
As underneath your sallow Avatar
We call'd of old ?

DEPUTY.

Ye did not call in vain !

CHANCELLOR.

No ; for our cause was righteous ! Furthermore,
All backs, like ours, had felt that scourge of God.
But now 'tis otherwise, for ours, indeed,
Hath been a peaceful hand, and not a gauge,
A mailed glove, lying from day to day—
A grim reminder and a daily threat—
Unlifted on the council-board of kings.

We play no tyrant, but iconoclast ;
 And further, let me whisper in thine ear,
 That were we thrice as bloody as ye deem,
 The nations are too wise to risk the touch
 Of that strong hand, which, like Bellerophon's,
 Hath slain the hugest monster of the time.

DEPUTY.

They will not tamely see so foul a wrong.
 We will call England—

CHANCELLOR.

Do not waste your breath :
 England hath pined away into a voice.

DEPUTY.

Italy ! Austria ! Russia ! Shall not God
 Conjure a soul in one or all of these ?

CHANCELLOR.

Too late. The days of chivalry are o'er.
 On this side Time there is no hope for France
 Save swift submission to her certain doom,—
 Confinement in her mighty prison-house
 West of the Vosges, o'er whose jagged walls
 Let her glare thirsty at the flowing Rhine ;
 Thither, indeed, she comes not anymore
 In pomp of war or smile of amity.
 Call ? Let her call till thunder echoes her !
 But verily, friend, that thunder will be ours,—
 Such as now beats at yonder City's gates,
 Startling the timid eyelids of the dawn.
 See ! Fire and Death fill all the dreadful air.
 Harken, our guns are serenading now
 Her who was late the Mistress of the world.
 Speak ; save her ; save her miserable sons
 Fighting in vain against the hurricane.
 No longer dally idly with your doom,
 As ye were won't to do with women's hair ;
 Speak, and speak quickly, lest ye wholly die !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SAINT PAULS.

MAY, 1871.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALBO FORBES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLEY AT OXFORD.

I HAVE no time in this selection and combination of the parts of my story which are more especially my history, to dwell upon that portion of it which refers to my own life at Oxford. I was so much of a student of books while there, and had so little to do with any of the men except Charley, that save as it bore upon my intellect, Oxford had little special share in what life has made of me, and may in the press of other matter be left out. Had I time, however, to set forth what I know of my own development more particularly, I could not pass over the influence of external Oxford, the architecture and general surroundings of which I recognized as affecting me more than anything I had yet met, with the exception of the Swiss mountains, pine-woods, and rivers. It is, however, imperative to set forth the peculiar character of my relation to and intercourse with Charley, in order that what follows may be properly understood.

For no other reason than that my uncle had been there before me, I went to Corpus Christi, while Charley was at Exeter. It was some days before we met, for I had twice failed in my attempts to find him. At length, one afternoon, as I entered the quadrangle to make a third essay, there he was coming towards the gate with a companion.

When he caught sight of me, he advanced with a quick yet hesitating step—a step with a question in it: he was not quite sure of me. He was now approaching six feet in height, and of graceful, though not exactly dignified carriage. His complexion remained as pale and his eyes as blue as before. The pallor flushed and the blue

sparkled as he made a few final and long strides towards me. The grasp of the hand he gave me was powerful, but broken into sudden almost quivering relaxations and compressions. I could not help fancying also that he was using some little effort to keep his eyes steady upon mine. Altogether, I was not quite satisfied with our first meeting, and had a strong impression that if our friendship was to be resumed, it was about to begin a new course, not building itself exactly on the old foundations, but starting afresh. He looked almost on the way to become a man of the world. Perhaps, however, the companionship he was in had something to do with this, for he was so nervously responsive, that he would unconsciously take on for the moment any appearance characterizing those about him.

His companion was a little taller, and stouter-built than he; with a bearing and gait of conscious importance, not so marked as to be at once offensive. The upper part of his face was fine, the nose remarkably so, while the lower part was decidedly coarse, the chin too large, and the mouth having little form, except in the first movement of utterance, when an unpleasant curl took possession of the upper lip, which I afterwards interpreted as a doubt disguising itself in a sneer. There was also in his manner a degree of self-assertion which favoured the same conclusion. His hands were very large, a pair of merely blanched plebeian fists, with thumbs much turned back—and altogether ungainly. He wore very tight gloves, and never shook hands when he could help it. His feet were scarcely so bad in form; still by no pretence could they be held to indicate breeding. His manner where he wished to conciliate, was pleasing; but to me it was overbearing and unpleasant. He was the only son of Sir Giles Brotherton of Moldwarp Hall. Charley and he did not belong to the same college, but unlike as they were, they had somehow taken to each other. I presume it was the decision of his manner that attracted the wavering nature of Charley, who with generally active impulses, was yet always in doubt when a moment requiring action arrived.

Charley having spoken to me, turned and introduced me to his friend. Geoffrey Brotherton merely nodded.

"We were at school together in Switzerland," said Charley.

"Yes," said Geoffrey, in a half-interrogatory, half-assenting tone.

"Till I found your card in my box, I never heard of your coming," said Charley.

"It was not my fault," I answered. "I did what I could to find out something about you, but all in vain."

"Paternal precaution, I believe," he said, with something that approached a grimace.

Now, although I had little special reason to love Mr. Osborne, and knew him to be a tyrant, I knew also that my old Charley could not have thus coolly uttered a disrespectful word of him; and I had

therefore a painful though at the same time an undefined conviction that some degree of moral degeneracy must have taken place before he could express himself as now. To many, such a remark will appear absurd, but I am confident that disrespect for the preceding generation, and especially for those in it nearest to ourselves, is a sure sign of relaxing dignity, and, in any extended manifestation, an equally sure symptom of national and political decadence. My reader knows, however, that there was much to be said in excuse of Charley.

His friend sauntered away, and we went on talking. My heart longed to rest with his for a moment on the past.

"I had a dreary time of it after you left, Charley," I said.

"Not so dreary as I had, Wilfrid, I am certain. You had at least the mountains to comfort you. Anywhere is better than at home, with a meal of Bible oil and vinegar twice a day for certain, and a wine-glassful of it now and then in between. Damnation's better than a spoony heaven. To be away from home is heaven enough for me."

"But your mother, Charley!" I ventured to say.

"My mother is an angel. I could almost be good for her sake. But I never could, I never can get near her. My father reads every letter she writes before it comes to me—I know that by the style of it; and I'm equally certain he reads every letter of mine before it reaches her."

"Is your sister at home?"

"No. She's at school at Clapham—being sand-papered into a saint, I suppose."

His mouth twitched and quivered. He was not pleased with himself for talking as he did.

"Your father means it for the best," I said.

"I know that. He means *his* best. If I thought it *was* the best, I should cut my throat and have done with it."

"But, Charley, couldn't we do something to find out, after all?"

"Find out what, Wilfrid?"

"The best thing, you know;—what we are here for."

"I'm sick of it all, Wilfrid. I've tried till I'm sick of it. If you should find out anything, you can let me know. I am busy trying not to think. I find that quite enough. If I were to think, I should go mad."

"Oh Charley! I can't bear to hear you talk like that," I exclaimed; but there was a glitter in his eye which I did not like, and which made me anxious to change the subject.—"Don't you like being here?" I asked, in sore want of something to say.

"Yes, well enough," he replied. "But I don't see what's to come of it, for I can't work. Even if my father were a millionaire, I couldn't go on living on him. The sooner that is over, the better!"

He was looking down, and gnawing at that tremulous upper lip. I felt miserable.

"I wish we were at the same college, Charley!" I said.

"It's better as it is," he rejoined. "I should do you no good. You go in for reading, I suppose?"

"Well, I do. I mean my uncle to have the worth of his money."

Charley looked no less miserable than I felt. I saw that his conscience was speaking, and I knew he was the last in the world to succeed in excusing himself. But I understood him better than he understood himself, and believed that his idleness arose from the old unrest, the weariness of that never satisfied questioning which the least attempt at thought was sure to awaken. Once invaded by a question, Charley *must* answer it, or fail and fall into a stupor. Not an ode of Horace could he read without finding himself plunged in metaphysics. Enamoured of repose above all things, he was from every side stung to inquiry which seldom indeed afforded what seemed solution. Hence, in part at least, it came that he had begun to study not merely how to avoid awaking the Sphinx, but by what opiates to keep her stretched supine with her lovely woman-face betwixt her fierce lion-paws. This also, no doubt, had a share in his becoming the associate of Geoffrey Brotherton, from whose company, if he had been at peace with himself, he would have recoiled upon the slightest acquaintance. I am at some loss to imagine what could have made Geoffrey take such a liking to Charley; but I presume it was the confiding air characterizing all Charley's behaviour that chiefly pleased him. He seemed to look upon him with something of the tenderness a coarse man may show for a delicate Italian greyhound, fitter to be petted by a lady.

That same evening Charley came to my rooms. His manner was constrained, and yet suggested a whole tide of pent-up friendship which, but for some undeclared barrier, would have broken out and overflowed our intercourse. After this one evening, however, it was some time before I saw him again. When I called upon him next, he was not at home, nor did he come to see me. Again I sought him, but with like failure. After a third attempt I desisted, not a little hurt, I confess, but not in the least inclined to quarrel with him. I gave myself the more diligently to my work.

And now Oxford began to do me harm. I saw so much idleness, and so much wrong of all kinds about me, that I began to consider myself a fine exception. Because I did my poor duty—no better than any honest lad must do it—I became conceited; and the manner in which Charley's new friend treated me, not only increased the fault, but aided in the development of certain other stems from the same root of self-partiality. He never saluted me with other than what I regarded as a supercilious nod of the head. When I met him in company with Charley and the latter stopped to speak to me, he would

walk on without the least change of step. The indignation which this conduct aroused drove me to think as I had never thought before concerning my social position. I found it impossible to define. As I pondered, however, a certainty dawned upon me rather than was arrived at by me, that there was some secret connected with my descent, upon which bore the history of the watch I carried, and of the sword I had lost. On the mere possibility of something, utterly forgetful that, if the secret existed at all, it might be of a very different nature from my hopes, I began to build castles innumerable. Perceiving of course that one of a decayed yeoman family could stand no social comparison with the heir to a rich baronetcy, I fell back upon absurd imaginings; and what with the self-satisfaction of doing my duty, what with the vanity of my baby manhood, and what with the mystery I chose to believe in and interpret according to my desires, I was fast sliding into a moral condition contemptible indeed.

But still my heart was true to Charley. When, after late hours of hard reading, I retired at last to my bed, and allowed my thoughts to wander where they would, seldom was there a night on which they did not turn as of themselves towards the memory of our past happiness. I vowed, although Charley had forsaken me, to keep his chamber in my heart ever empty, and closed against the entrance of another. If ever he pleased to return, he should find he had been waited for. I believe there was much of self-pity, and of self-approval as well, mingling with my regard for him; but the constancy was there notwithstanding, and I regard the love I thus cherished for Charley as the chief saving element in my condition at the time.

One night—I cannot now recall with certainty the time or season—I only know it was night, and I was reading alone in my room—a knock came to the door, and Charley entered. I sprang from my seat and bounded to meet him.

“At last, Charley!” I exclaimed.

But he almost pushed me aside, left me to shut the door he had opened, sat down in a chair by the fire, and began gnawing the head of his cane. I resumed my seat, moved the lamp so that I could see him, and waited for him to speak. Then first I saw that his face was unnaturally pale and worn, almost even haggard. His eyes were weary, and his whole manner as of one haunted by an evil presence of which he is ever aware.

“You are an enviable fellow, Wilfrid,” he said at length, with something between a groan and a laugh.

“Why do you say that, Charley?” I returned. “Why am I enviable?”

“Because you can work. I hate the very sight of a book. I am afraid I shall be plucked. I see nothing else for it. And what will the old man say? I have grace enough left to be sorry for him. But he will take it out in sour looks and silences.”

"There's time enough yet. I wish you were not so far ahead of me: we might have worked together."

"I can't work, I tell you. I hate it. It will console my father, I hope, to find his prophecies concerning me come true. I've heard him abuse me to my mother."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so of your father, Charley. It's not like you. I can't bear to hear it."

"It's not like what I used to be, Wilfrid. But there's none of that left. What do you take me for? Honestly now?"

He hung his head low, his eyes fixed on the hearth-rug, not on the fire, and kept gnawing at the head of his cane.

"I don't like some of your companions," I said. "To be sure I don't know much of them!"

"The less you know, the better! If there be a devil, that fellow Brotherton will hand me over to him—bodily, before long."

"Why don't you give him up?" I said.

"It's no use trying. He's got such a hold of me. Never let a man you don't know to the marrow pay even a toll-gate for you, Wilfrid."

"I am in no danger, Charley. Such people don't take to me," I said, self-righteously. "But it can't be too late to break with him. I know my uncle would—I could manage a five-pound note now, I think."

"My dear boy, if I had borrowed——. But I have let him pay for me again and again, and I don't know how to rid the obligation. But it don't signify. It's too late anyhow."

"What *have* you done, Charley? Nothing very wrong, I trust."

The lost look deepened.

"It's all over, Wilfrid," he said. "But it don't matter. I can take to the river when I please."

"But then you know you might happen to go right through the river, Charley."

"I know what you mean," he said, with a defiant sound like nothing I had ever heard.

"Charley!" I cried, "I can't bear to hear you. You can't have changed so much already as not to trust me. I will do all I can to help you. What have you done?"

"Oh, nothing!" he rejoined, and tried to laugh: it was a dreadful failure. "But I can't bear to think of that mother of mine! I wish I could tell you all; but I can't. How Brotherton would laugh at me now! I can't be made quite like other people, Charley! You would never have been such a fool."

"You are more delicately made than most people, Charley,—'touched to finer issues,' as Shakspeare says."

"Who told you that?"

"I think a great deal about you. That is all you have left me."

"I've been a brute, Wilfrid. But you'll forgive me, I know."

"With all my heart, if you'll only put it in my power to serve you. Come, trust me, Charley, and tell me all about it. I shall not betray you."

"I'm not afraid of that," he answered, and sunk into silence once more.

I look to myself presumptuous and priggish in the memory. But I did mean truly by him. I began to question him, and by slow degrees, in broken hints, and in jets of reply, drew from him the facts. When at length he saw that I understood, he burst into tears, hid his face in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Charley! Charley! don't give in like that," I cried. "Be as sorry as you like; but don't go on as if there was no help. Who has not failed and been forgiven!—in one way if not in another."

"Who is there to forgive me? My father would not. And if he would, what difference would it make? I have done it all the same."

"But God, Charley——" I suggested, hesitating.

"What of him? If he should choose to pass a thing by and say nothing about it, that doesn't undo it. It's all nonsense. God himself can't make it that I didn't do what I did do."

But with what truthful yet reticent words can I convey the facts of Charley's case? I am perfectly aware it would be to expose both myself and him to the laughter of men of low development who behave as if no more *self-possession* were demanded of a man than of one of the lower animals. Such might perhaps feel a certain involuntary movement of pitifulness at the fate of a woman first awaking to the consciousness that she can no more hold up her head amongst her kind: but that a youth should experience a similar sense of degradation and loss, they would regard as a degree of silliness and effeminacy below contempt if not beyond belief. But there is a sense of personal purity belonging to the man as well as to the woman; and although I dare not say that in the most refined of masculine natures it asserts itself with the awful majesty with which it makes its presence known in the heart of a woman, the man in whom it speaks with most authority is to be found amongst the worthiest; and to a youth like Charley the result of actual offence against it might be utter ruin. In his case, however, it was not merely a consciousness of personal defilement which followed; for, whether his companions had so schemed it or not, he supposed himself more than ordinarily guilty.

"I suppose I must marry the girl," said poor Charley, with a groan.

Happily I saw at once that there might be two sides to the question, and that it was desirable to know more ere I ventured a definite reply.

I had grown up, thanks to many things, with a most real although

vague adoration of women; but I was not so ignorant as to be unable to fancy it possible that Charley had been the victim. Therefore, after having managed to comfort him a little, and taken him home to his rooms, I set about endeavouring to get further information.

I will not linger over the affair—as unpleasant to myself as it can be to any of my readers. It had to be mentioned, however, not merely as explaining how I got hold of Charley again, but as affording a clue to his character and so to his history. Not even yet can I think without a gush of anger and shame of my visit to Brotherton. With what stammering confusion I succeeded at last in making him understand the nature of the information I wanted, I will not attempt to describe—nor only the roar of laughter which at length burst bellowing—not from himself only, but from three or four companions as well to whom he turned and communicated the joke. The fire of jests, and proposals, and interpretations of motive which I had then to endure, seems yet to scorch my very brain at the mere recollection. From their manner and speech, I was almost convinced that they had laid a trap for Charley, whom they regarded as a simpleton, to enjoy his consequent confusion. With what I managed to find out elsewhere, I was at length satisfied, and happily succeeded in convincing Charley, that he had been the butt of his companions, and that he was far the more injured person in any possible aspect of the affair.

I shall never forget the look or the sigh of relief which proved that at last his mind had opened to the facts of the case.

"Wilfrid," he said, "you have saved me. We shall never be parted more. See if I am ever false to you again!"

And yet it never was as it had been. I am sure of that now.

Henceforth, however, he entirely avoided his former companions. Our old friendship was renewed. Our old talks arose again. And now that he was not alone in them, the perplexities under which he had broken down when left to encounter them by himself were not so overwhelming as to render him helpless. We read a good deal together, and Charley helped me much in the finer affairs of the classics, for his perceptions were as delicate as his feelings. He would brood over a Horatian phrase as Keats would brood over a sweet pea or a violet; the very tone in which he would repeat it would waft me from it an aroma unperceived before. When it was his turn to come to my rooms, I would watch for his arrival almost as a lover for his mistress.

For two years more our friendship grew; in which time Charley had recovered habits of diligence. I presume he said nothing at home of the renewal of his intimacy with me: I shrunk from questioning him. As if he had been an angel who had hurt his wing and was compelled to sojourn with me for a time, I feared to bring the least shadow over his face, and indeed fell into a restless observance

of his moods. I remember we read "Comus" together. How his face would glow at the impassioned praises of virtue! and how the glow would die into a gray sadness at the recollection of the near past! I could read his face like a book.

At length the time arrived when we had to part, he to study for the bar, I to remain at Oxford another year, still looking forward to a literary life.

When I commenced writing my story, I fancied myself so far removed from it, that I could regard it as the story of another, capable of being viewed on all sides, and conjectured and speculated upon. And so I found it so long the regions of childhood and youth detained me. But as I approach the middle scenes, I begin to fear the revival of the old torture; that from the dispassionate reviewer, I may become once again the suffering actor. Long ago I read a strange story of a man condemned at periods unforeseen to act again and yet again in absolute verisimilitude each of the scenes of his former life: I have a feeling as if I too might glide from the present into the past without a sign to warn me of the coming transition.

One word more ere I pass to the middle events, those for the sake of which the beginning is and the end shall be recorded. It is this—that I am under endless obligation to Charley for opening my eyes at this time to my overweening estimate of myself. Not that he spoke—Charley could never have reproved even a child. But I could tell almost any sudden feeling that passed through him. His face betrayed it. What he felt about me I saw at once. From the signs of his mind, I often recognized the character of what was in my own; and thus seeing myself through him, I gathered reason to be ashamed; while the refinement of his criticism, the quickness of his perception, and the novelty and force of his remarks, convinced me that I could not for a moment compare with him in mental gifts. The upper hand of influence I had over him I attribute to the greater freedom of my training, and the enlarged ideas which had led my uncle to avoid enthralling me to his notions. He believed the truth could afford to wait until I was capable of seeing it for myself; and that the best embodiments of truth are but bonds and fetters to him who cannot accept them as such. When I could not agree with him, he would say with one of his fine smiles, "We'll drop it then, Willie. I don't believe you have caught my meaning. If I am right, you will see it some day, and there's no hurry." How could it be but Charley and I should be different, seeing we had fared so differently! But alas! my knowledge of his character is chiefly the result of after-thought.

I do not mean this manuscript to be read until after my death; and even then, although partly from habit, partly that I dare not trust myself to any other form of utterance, I write as if for publication—even then, I say, only by one. I am about to write what I should

not die in peace if I thought she would never know; but which I dare not seek to tell her now for the risk of being misunderstood. I thank God for that blessed invention, Death, which of itself must set many things right; and gives a man a chance of justifying himself where he would not have been heard while alive. But lest my manuscript should fall into other hands, I have taken care that not a single name in it should contain even a side look or hint at the true one. *She* will be able to understand the real person by almost every one of them;

CHAPTER XXV.

MY WHITE MARE.

I PASSED my final examinations with credit, if not with honour. It was not yet clearly determined what I should do next. My goal was London, but I was unwilling to go thither empty-handed. I had been thinking as well as reading a good deal; a late experience had stimulated my imagination; and at spare moments I had been writing a tale. It had grown to a considerable mass of manuscript, and I was anxious, before going, to finish it. Hence, therefore, I returned home with the intention of remaining there quietly for a few months before setting out to seek my fortune.

Whether my uncle in his heart quite favoured the plan, I have my doubts, but it would have been quite inconsistent with his usual grand treatment of me to oppose anything not wrong on which I had set my heart. Finding now that I took less exercise than he thought desirable, and kept myself too much to my room, he gave me a fresh proof of his unvarying kindness. He bought me a small gray mare of strength and speed. Her lineage was unknown; but her small head, broad fine chest, and clean limbs, indicated Arab blood at no great remove. Upon her I used to gallop over the fields, or saunter along the lanes, dreaming and inventing.

And now certain feelings, too deeply rooted in my nature for my memory to recognize their beginnings, began to assume colour and condensed form, as if about to burst into some kind of blossom. Thanks to my education and love of study, also to a self-respect undefined yet restraining, nothing had occurred to wrong them. In my heart of hearts I worshipped the idea of womanhood. I thank Heaven, if ever I do thank for anything, that I still worship thus. Alas! how many have put on the acolyte's robe in the same temple, who have ere long cast dirt upon the statue of their divinity, then dragged her as defiled from her lofty pedestal, and left her lying dishonoured at its foot! Instead of feeding with holy oil the lamp of the higher instinct, which would glorify and purify the lower, they feed the fire of the lower with vile fuel, which sends up its stinging smoke to becloud and blot the higher.

One lovely spring morning, the buds half out, and the wind blowing

fresh and strong, the white clouds scudding across a blue gulf of sky, and the tall trees far away swinging as of old, when they churned the wind for my childish fancy, I looked up from my book and saw it all. The gladness of nature entered into me, and my heart swelled so in my bosom that I turned with distaste from all further labour. I pushed my papers from me, and went to the window. The short grass all about was leaning away from the wind, shivering and showing its enamel. Still, as in childhood, the wind had a special power over me. In another moment I was out of the house and hastening to the farm for my mare. She neighed at the sound of my step. I saddled and bridled her, sprung on her back, and galloped across the grass in the direction of the trees.

In a few moments, I was within the lodge gates, walking my mare along the gravelled drive, and with the reins on the white curved neck before me, looking up at those lofty pines, whose lonely heads were swinging in the air like floating but fettered islands. My head had begun to feel dizzy with the ever-iterated, slow, half-circular sweep, when just opposite the lawn stretching from a low wire fence up to the door of the steward's house, my mare shied, darted to the other side of the road, and flew across the grass. Caught thus lounging on my saddle, I was almost unseated. As soon as I had pulled her up, I turned to see what had startled her, for the impression of a white flash remained upon my mental sensorium. There, leaning on the little gate, looking much diverted, stood the loveliest creature, in a morning dress of white, which the wind was blowing about her like a cloud. She had no hat on, and her hair, as if eager to join in the merriment of the day, was flying like the ribbons of a tattered sail. A humanized Dryad!—one that had been caught young, but in whom the forest-sap still asserted itself in wild affinities with the wind and the swaying branches, and the white clouds careering across! Could it be Clara? How could it be any other than Clara? I rode back.

I was a little short-sighted, and had to get pretty near before I could be certain; but she knew me, and waited my approach. When I came near enough to see them, I could not mistake those violet eyes.

I was now in my twentieth year, and had never been in love. Whether I now fell in love or not, I leave to my reader.

Clara was even more beautiful than her girlish loveliness had promised. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Philip Sidney; eyes of which I have said enough; a nose more delicate than symmetrical; a mouth rather thin-lipped, but well curved; a chin rather small I confess;—but did any one ever from the most elaborated description acquire even an approximate idea of the face intended? Her person was lithe and graceful; she had good hands and feet; and the fairness of her skin gave her brown hair a duskier look than belonged to itself.

Before I was yet near enough to be certain of her, I lifted my hat, and she returned the salutation with an almost familiar nod and smile.

"I am very sorry," she said, speaking first—in her old half-mocking way, "that I so nearly cost you your seat."

"It was my own carelessness," I returned. "Surely I am right in taking you for the lady who allowed me, in old times, to call her Clara. How I could ever have had the presumption I cannot imagine."

"Of course that is a familiarity not to be thought of between full-grown people like us, Mr. Cumberlande," she rejoined, and her smile became a laugh.

"Ah, you do recognize me then?" I said, thinking her cool, but forgetting the thought the next moment.

"I guess at you. If you had been dressed as on one occasion, I should not have got so far as that."

Pleased at this merry reference to our meeting on the Wengern Alp, I was yet embarrassed to find that nothing more suggested itself to be said. But while I was quieting my mare, which happily afforded me some pretext at the moment, another voice fell on my ear—hoarse but breezy and pleasant.

"So, Clara, you are no sooner back to old quarters than you give a rendezvous at the garden-gate—eh, girl?"

"Rather an ill-chosen spot for the purpose, papa," she returned laughing, "especially as the gentleman has too much to do with his horse to get off and talk to me.

"Ah! our old friend Mr. Cumberlande, I declare!—Only rather more of him!" he added, laughing, as he opened the little gate in the wire fence, and coming up to me shook hands heartily. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Cumberlande. Have you left Oxford for good?"

"Yes," I answered—"some time ago."

"And may I ask what you're turning your attention to now?"

"Well, I hardly like to confess it, but I mean to have a try at—something in the literary way."

"Plucky enough! The paths of literature are not certainly the paths of pleasantness or of peace even—so far as ever I heard. Somebody said you were going in for the law."

"I thought there were too many lawyers already. One so often hears of barristers with nothing to do, and glad to take to the pen, that I thought it might be better to begin with what I should most probably come to at last."

"Ah! but, Mr. Cumberlande, there are other departments of the law which bring quicker returns than the bar. If you would put yourself in my hands now, you should be earning your bread at least within a couple of years or so."

"You are very kind," I returned heartily, for he spoke as if he meant what he said; "but you see I have a leaning to the one and not to the other. I should like to have a try first, at all events."

"Well, perhaps it's better to begin by following your bent. You may find the road take a turn, though."

"Perhaps. I will go on till it does though."

While we talked, Clara had followed her father, and was now patting my mare's neck with a nice, plump, fair-fingered hand. The creature stood with her arched neck and small head turned lovingly towards her.

"What a nice white thing you have got to ride!" she said. "I hope it is your own."

"Why do you hope that?" I asked.

"Because it's best to ride your own horse, isn't it?" she answered, looking up naively.

"Would you like to ride her? I believe she has carried a lady, though not since she came into my possession."

Instead of answering me, she looked round at her father, who stood by smiling benignantly. Her look said—

"If papa would let me."

He did not reply, but seemed waiting. I resumed.

"Are you a good horsewoman, Miss—Clara?" I said, with a feel after the recovery of old privileges.

"I must not sing my own praises, Mr.—Wilfrid," she rejoined, "but I *have* ridden in Rotten Row, and I believe without any signal disgrace."

"Have you got a side-saddle?" I asked, dismounting.

Mr. Coningham spoke now.

"Don't you think Mr. Cumbermede's horse a little too frisky for you, Clara? I know so little about you, I can't tell what you're fit for.—She used to ride pretty well as a girl," he added, turning to me.

"I've not forgotten that," I said. "I shall walk by her side, you know."

"Shall you?" she said, with a sly look.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "your grandfather would let me have his horse, and then we might have a gallop across the park."

"The best way," said Mr. Coningham, "will be to let the gardener take your horse, while you come in and have some luncheon. We'll see about the mount after that. My horse has to carry me back in the evening, else I should be happy to join you. She's a fine creature, that of yours."

"She's the handiest creature!" I said—"a little skittish, but very affectionate, and has a fine mouth. Perhaps she ought to have a curb-bit for you, though, Miss Clara."

"We'll manage with the snaffle," she answered, with, I thought, another sly glance at me, out of eyes sparkling with suppressed merriment and expectation! Her father had gone to find the gardener, and as we stood waiting for him, she still stroked the mare's neck.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold," I said, "without your bonnet?"

"I never had a cold in my life," she returned.

"That is saying much. You would have me believe you are not made of the same clay as other people."

"Believe anything you like," she answered carelessly.

"Then I do believe it," I rejoined.

She looked me in the face, took her hand from the mare's neck, stepped back half-a-foot, and looked round, saying—

"I wonder where that man can have got to. Oh, here he comes, and papa with him!"

We went across the trim little lawn, which lay waiting for the warmer weather to burst into a profusion of roses, and through a trellised porch entered a shadowy little hall, with heads of stags and foxes, an old-fashioned glass-doored bookcase, and hunting and riding-whips, whence we passed into a low-pitched drawing-room, redolent of dried rose-leaves and fresh hyacinths. A little pug-dog, which seemed to have failed in swallowing some big dog's tongue, jumped up barking from the sheepskin mat, where he lay before the fire.

"Stupid pug!" said Clara. "You never know friends from foes! I wonder where my aunt is."

She left the room. Her father had not followed us. I sat down on the sofa, and began turning over a pretty book bound in red silk, one of the first of the *annual* tribe, which lay on the table. I was deep in one of its eastern stories when, hearing a slight movement, I looked up, and there sat Clara in a low chair by the window, working at a delicate bit of lace with a needle. She looked somehow as if she had been there an hour at least. I laid down the book with some exclamation.

"What is the matter, Mr. Cumbermede?" she asked with the slightest possible glance up from the fine meshes of her work.

"I had not the slightest idea you were in the room."

"Of course not. How could a literary man with a Forget-me-not in his hand, be expected to know that a girl had come into the room?"

"Have you been at school all this time?" I asked, for the sake of avoiding a silence.

"All what time?"

"Say, since we parted in Switzerland."

"Not quite. I have been staying with an aunt for nearly a year. Have you been at college all this time?"

"At school and college. When did you come home?"

"This is not my home, but I came here yesterday."

"Don't you find the country dull after London?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Did they give you riding lessons at school?"

"No. But my aunt took care of my morals in that respect. A girl might as well not be able to dance as ride now-a-days."

"Who rode with you in the park? Not the riding-master?"

With a slight flush on her face she retorted,

"How many more questions are you going to ask me? I should like to know that I may make up my mind how many of them to answer."

"Suppose we say six."

"Very well," she replied. "Now I shall answer your last question and count that the first. About nine o'clock, one——day——"

"Morning or evening?" I asked.

"Morning of course—I walked out of——the house——"

"Your aunt's house?"

"Yes, of course, my aunt's house. Do let me go on with my story. It was getting a little dark,——"

"Getting dark at nine in the morning?"

"In the evening, I said."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you said the morning."

"No, no, the evening;—and of course I was a little frightened, for I was not accustomed——"

"But you were never out alone at that hour,—in London?"

"Yes, I was quite alone. I had promised to meet—a friend at the corner of—— You know that part, do you?"

"I beg your pardon. What part?"

"Oh——Mayfair. You know Mayfair, don't you?"

"You were going to meet a gentleman at the corner of Mayfair—were you?" I said, getting quite bewildered.

She jumped up, clapping her hands as gracefully as merrily, and crying—

"I wasn't going to meet any gentleman. There! Your six questions are answered. I won't answer a single other you choose to ask, except I please, which is not in the least likely."

She made me a low half-merry half-mocking courtesy and left the room.

The same moment, her father came in, following old Mr. Coningham, who gave me a kindly welcome, and said his horse was at my service, but he hoped I would lunch with him first. I gratefully consented, and soon luncheon was announced. Miss Coningham, Clara's aunt, was in the dining-room before us. A dry, antiquated woman, she greeted me with unexpected frankness. Lunch was half over before Clara entered—in a perfectly fitting habit, her hat on, and her skirt thrown over her arm.

"Soho, Clara!" cried her father; "you want to take us by surprise—coming out all at once a town-bred lady, eh?"

"Why, where ever did you get that riding-habit, Clara?" said her aunt.

"In my box, aunt," said Clara.

"My word, child, but your father has kept you in pocket-money!" returned Miss Coningham.

"I've got a town-aunt as well as a country one," rejoined Clara, with an expression I could not quite understand, but out of which her laugh took only half the sting.

Miss Coningham reddened a little. I judged afterwards that Clara had been diplomatically allowing her just to feel what sharp claws she had for use if required.

But the effect of the change from loose white muslin to tight dark cloth was marvellous, and I was bewitched by it. So slight yet so round, so trim yet so pliant—she was grace itself. It seemed as if the former object of my admiration had vanished, and I had found another with such surpassing charms that the loss could not be regretted. I may just mention that the change appeared also to bring out a certain look of determination which I now recalled as having belonged to her when a child.

"Clara!" said her father in a very marked tone; whereupon it was Clara's turn to blush and be silent.

I started some new subject, in the airiest manner I could command. Clara recovered her composure, and I flattered myself she looked a little grateful when our eyes met. But I caught her father's eyes twinkling now and then as if from some secret source of merriment, and could not help fancying he was more amused than displeased with his daughter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RIDING LESSON.

By the time luncheon was over, the horses had been standing some minutes at the lawn-gate, my mare with a side-saddle. We hastened to mount, Clara's eyes full of expectant frolic. I managed, as I thought, to get before her father, and had the pleasure of lifting her to the saddle. She was up ere I could feel her weight on my arm. When I gathered her again with my eyes, she was seated as calmly as if at her lace-needlework, only her eyes were sparkling. With the slightest help, she had her foot in the stirrup, and with a single movement had her skirt comfortable. I left her, to mount the horse they had brought me, and when I looked from his back, the white mare was already flashing across the boles of the trees and Clara's dark skirt flying out behind like the drapery of a descending goddess in an allegorical picture. With a pang of terror I fancied the mare had run away with her, and sat for a moment afraid to follow, lest the sound of my horse's feet on the turf should make her gallop the faster. But the next moment she turned in her saddle, and I saw a face alive with pleasure and confidence. As she recovered her seat, she waved her hand to me, and I put my horse to his speed. I

had not gone far however before I perceived a fresh cause of anxiety. She was making straight for a wire fence. I had heard that horses could not see such a fence, and if Clara did not see it, or should be careless, the result would be frightful. I shouted after her, but she took no heed. Fortunately however, there was right in front of them a gate, which I had not at first observed, into the bars of which had been wattled some brushwood. "The mare will see that," I said to myself. But the words were hardly through my mind, before I saw them fly over it like a bird.

On the other side, she pulled up, and waited for me.

Now I had never jumped a fence in my life. I did not know that my mare could do such a thing, for I had never given her the chance. I was not, and never have become what would be considered an accomplished horseman. I scarcely know a word of stable-slang. I have never followed the hounds more than twice or three times in the course of my life. Not the less am I a true lover of horses—but I have been their companion more in work than in play. I have slept for miles on horseback, but even now I have not a sure seat over a fence.

I knew nothing of the animal I rode, but I was bound at least to make the attempt to follow my leader. I was too inexperienced not to put him to his speed instead of going gently up to the gate; and I had a bad habit of leaning forward in my saddle, besides knowing nothing of how to incline myself backwards as the horse alighted. Hence when I found myself on the other side, it was not on my horse's back, but on my own face. I rose uninjured, except in my self-esteem. I fear I was for the moment as much disconcerted as if I had been guilty of some moral fault. Nor did it help me much towards regaining my composure that Clara was shaking with suppressed laughter. Utterly stupid from mortification, I laid hold of my horse, which stood waiting for me beside the mare, and scrambled upon his back. But Clara, who with all her fun, was far from being ill-natured, fancied from my silence that I was hurt. Her merriment vanished. With quite an anxious expression on her face, she drew to my side saying—

"I hope you are not hurt?"

"Only my pride," I answered.

"Never mind that," she returned gaily. "That will soon be itself again."

"I'm not so sure," I rejoined. "To make such a fool of myself before *you*!"

"Am I such a formidable person?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "But I never jumped a fence in my life before."

"If you had been afraid," she said, "and had pulled up, I might have despised you. As it was, I only laughed at you. Where was the harm? You shirked nothing. You followed your leader. Come along, I will give you a lesson or two before we get back."

"Thank you," I said, beginning to recover my spirits a little ;
"I shall be a most obedient pupil. But how did you get so clever, Clara ?"

I ventured the unprotected name, and she took no notice of the liberty.

"I told you I had had a riding-master. If you are not afraid, and mind what you are told, you will always come right somehow."

"I suspect that is good advice for more than horsemanship."

"I had not the slightest intention of moralizing. I am incapable of it," she answered in a tone of serious self-defence.

"I had as little intention of making the accusation," I rejoined.
"But will you really teach me a little ?"

"Most willingly. To begin, you must sit erect. You lean forward."

"Thank you. Is this better ?"

"Yes, better. A little more yet. You ought to have your stirrups shorter. It is a poor affectation to ride like a trooper. Their own officers don't. You can tell any novice by his long leathers, his heels down and his toes in his stirrups. Ride home, if you want to ride comfortably."

The phrase was new to me, but I guessed what she meant ; and without dismounting, pulled my stirrup-leathers a couple of holes shorter, and thrust my feet through to the instep. She watched the whole proceeding.

"There ! you look more like riding now," she said. "Let us have another canter. I will promise not to lead you over any more fences without due warning."

"And due admonition as well, I trust, Clara."

She nodded, and away we went. I had never been so proud of my mare. She showed to much advantage, with the graceful figure on her back, which she carried like a feather.

"Now there's a little fence," she said, pointing where a rail or two protected a clump of plantation. "You must mind the young wood though, or we shall get into trouble. Mind you throw yourself back a little—as you see me do."

I watched her, and following her directions, did better this time, for I got over somehow and recovered my seat.

"There ! You improve," said Clara. "Now we're pounded, except you can jump again, and it is not quite so easy from this side."

When we alighted, I found my saddle in the proper place.

"Bravo !" she cried. "I entirely forgive your first misadventure. You do splendidly."

"I would rather you forgot it, Clara," I cried ungallantly.

"Well, I will be generous," she returned. "Besides, I owe you something for such a charming ride. I *will* forget it."

"Thank you," I said, and drawing closer would have laid my left hand on her right.

Whether she foresaw my intention, I do not know ; but in a



"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE"

moment she was yards away, scampering over the grass. My horse could never have overtaken hers.

By the time she drew rein and allowed me to get alongside of her once more, we were in sight of Moldwarp Hall. It stood with one corner towards us, giving the perspective of two sides at once. She stopped her mare, and said—

“There, Wilfrid! What would you give to call a place like that your own? What a thing to have a house like that to live in!”

“I know something I should like better,” I returned.

I assure my reader I was not so silly as to be on the point of making her an offer already. Neither did she so misunderstand me. She was very near the mark of my meaning when she rejoined—

“Do you? I don’t. I suppose you would prefer being called a fine poet, or something of the sort.”

I was glad she did not give me time to reply, for I had not intended to expose myself to her ridicule. She was off again at a gallop towards the Hall, straight for the less accessible of the two gates, and had scrambled the mare up to the very bell-pull and rung it before I could get near her. When the porter appeared in the wicket—

“Open the gate, Jansen,” she said. “I want to see Mrs. Wilson, and I don’t want to get down.”

“But horses never come in here, Miss,” said the man.

“I mean to make an exception in favour of this mare,” she answered.

The man hesitated a moment, then retreated—but only to obey, as we understood at once by the creaking of the dry hinges, which were seldom required to move.

“You won’t mind holding her for me, will you?” she said, turning to me.

I had been sitting mute with surprise both at the way in which she ordered the man, and at his obedience. But now I found my tongue.

“Don’t you think, Miss Coningham,” I said—for the man was within hearing, “we had better leave them both with the porter, and then we could go in together? I’m not sure that those flags, not to mention the steps, are good footing for that mare.”

“Oh! you’re afraid of your animal, are you?” she rejoined. “Very well.”

“Shall I hold your stirrup for you?”

Before I could dismount, she had slipped off, and begun gathering up her skirt. The man came and took the horses. We entered by the open gate together.

“How can you be so cruel, Clara?” I said. “You *will* always misinterpret me! I was quite right about the flags. Don’t you see how hard they are, and how slippery therefore for iron shoes?”

“You might have seen by this time that I know quite as much about horses as you do,” she returned, a little cross, I thought.

"You can ride ever so much better," I answered; "but it does not follow you know more about horses than I do. I once saw a horse have a frightful fall on just such a pavement. Besides, does one think *only* of the horse when there's an angel on his back?"

It was a silly speech, and deserved rebuke.

"I'm not in the least fond of *such* compliments," she answered.

By this time we had reached the door of Mrs. Wilson's apartment. She received us rather stiffly, even for her. After some commonplace talk, in which, without departing from facts, Clara made it appear that she had set out for the express purpose of paying Mrs. Wilson a visit, I asked if the family was at home, and finding they were not, begged leave to walk into the library.

"We'll go together," she said, apparently not caring about a tête-à-tête with Clara. Evidently the old lady liked her as little as ever.

We left the house and entering again by a side door, passed on our way through the little gallery, into which I had dropped from the roof.

"Look, Clara, that is where I came down," I said.

She merely nodded. But Mrs. Wilson looked very sharply, first at the one, then at the other of us. When we reached the library, I found it in the same miserable condition as before, and could not help exclaiming with some indignation,

"It is a shame to see such treasures mouldering there! I am confident there are many valuable books among them, getting ruined from pure neglect. I wish I knew Sir Giles. I would ask him to let me come and set them right."

"You would be choked with dust and cobwebs in an hour's time," said Clara. "Besides, I don't think Mrs. Wilson would like the proceeding."

"What do you ground that remark upon, Miss Clara?" said the housekeeper in a dry tone.

"I thought you used them for firewood occasionally," answered Clara, with an innocent expression both of manner and voice.

The most prudent answer to such an absurd charge would have been a laugh; but Mrs. Wilson vouchsafed no reply at all, and I pretended to be too much occupied with its subject to have heard it.

After lingering a little while, during which I paid attention chiefly to Mrs. Wilson, drawing her notice to the state of several of the books, I proposed we should have a peep at the armoury. We went in, and, glancing over the walls I knew so well, I scarcely repressed an exclamation: I could not be mistaken in my own sword! There it hung, in the centre of the principal space—in the same old sheath, split half way up from the point! To the hilt hung an ivory label with a number upon it. I suppose I made some inarticulate sound, for Clara fixed her eyes upon me. I busied myself at once with a gorgeously hilted scimitar, which hung near, for I did not wish to

talk about it then, and so escaped further remark. From the armoury we went to the picture-gallery, where I found a good many pictures had been added to the collection. They were all new, and mostly brilliant in colour. I was no judge, but I could not help feeling how crude and harsh they looked beside the mellowed tints of the paintings, chiefly portraits, amongst which they had been introduced.

"Horrid!—aren't they?" said Clara, as if she divined my thoughts; but I made no direct reply, unwilling to offend Mrs. Wilson.

When we were once more on horseback, and walking across the grass, my companion was the first to speak.

"Did you ever see such daubs!" she said, making a wry face as at something sour enough to untune her nerves. "Those new pictures are simply frightful. Any one of them would give me the jaundice in a week, if it were hung in our drawing-room."

"I can't say I admire them," I returned. "And at all events they ought not to be on the same walls with those stately old ladies and gentlemen."

"Parvenus," said Clara. "Quite in their place. Pure Manchester taste—educated on calico-prints."

"If that is your opinion of the family, how do you account for their keeping everything so much in the old style? They don't seem to change anything."

"All for their own honour and glory! The place is a testimony to the antiquity of the family of which they are a shoot run to seed—and very ugly seed too! It's enough to break one's heart to think of such a glorious old place in such hands. Did you ever see young Brotherton?"

"I knew him a little at college. He's a good-looking fellow."

"Would be, if it weren't for the bad blood in him. That comes out unmistakably. He's vulgar."

"Have you seen much of him then?"

"Quite enough. I never heard him say anything vulgar, or saw him do anything vulgar, but vulgar he is, and vulgar is every one of the family. A man who is always aware of how rich he will be, and how good-looking he is, and what a fine match he would make, would look vulgar lying in his coffin."

"You are positively caustic, Miss Coningham."

"If you saw their house in Cheshire! But blessings be on the place!—it's the safety-valve for Moldwarp Hall. The natural Manchester passion for novelty and luxury finds a vent there, otherwise they could not keep their hands off it; and what was best would be sure to go first. Corchester House ought to be secured to the family by Act of Parliament."

"Have you been to Corchester then?"

"I was there for a week once."

"And how did you like it?"

"Not at all. I was not comfortable. I was always feeling too well bred. You never saw such colours in your life. Their drawing-rooms are quite a happy family of the most quarrelsome tints."

"How ever did they come into this property?"

"They're of the breed somehow—a long way off though. Shouldn't I like to see a new claimant come up and oust them after all! They haven't had it above five-and-twenty years, or so. Wouldn't you?"

"The old man was kind to me once."

"How was that? I thought it was only through Mrs. Wilson you knew anything of them."

I told her the story of the apple.

"Well I do rather like old Sir Giles," she said, when I had done. "There's a good deal of the rough country gentleman about him. He's a better man than his son, anyhow. Sons will succeed fathers though, unfortunately."

"I don't care who may succeed him, if only I could get back my sword. It's too bad with an armoury like that to take my one little owe-lamb from me."

Here I had another story to tell. After many interruptions in the way of questions from my listener, I ended it with the words—

"And—will you believe me?—I saw the sword hanging in that armoury this afternoon—close by that splendid hilt I pointed out to you."

"How could you tell it among so many?"

"Just as you could tell that white creature from this brown one. I know it, hilt and scabbard, as well as a human face."

"As well as mine, for instance?"

"I am surer of it than I was of you this morning. It hasn't changed like you."

Our talk was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman on horseback approaching us. I thought at first it was Clara's father, setting out for home, and coming to bid us good-bye; but I soon saw I was mistaken. Not however until he came quite close, did I recognize Geoffrey Brotherton. He took off his hat to my companion, and reined in his horse.

"Are you going to give us in charge for trespassing, Mr. Brotherton?" said Clara.

"I should be happy to take you in charge on any pretence, Miss Coningham. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Here he looked in my direction.

"Ah!" he said, lifting his eyebrows, "I thought I knew the old horse! What a nice cob *you've* got, Miss Coningham!"

He had not chosen to recognize me, of which I was glad, for I hardly knew how to order my behaviour to him. I had forgotten nothing. But, ill as I liked him, I was forced to confess that he had greatly improved in appearance—and manners too, notwithstanding his behaviour was as supercilious as ever to me.

"Do you call her a cob, then?" said Clara. "I should never have thought of calling her a cob.—She belongs to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Ah!" he said again, arching his eyebrows as before, and looking straight at me as if he had never seen me in his life.

I think I succeeded in looking almost unaware of his presence. At least so I tried to look, feeling quite thankful to Clara for defending my mare: to hear her called a cob was hateful to me. After listening to a few more of his remarks upon her, made without the slightest reference to her owner, who was not three yards from her side, Clara asked him, in the easiest manner—

"Shall you be at the county ball?"

"When is that?"

"Next Thursday."

"Are you going?"

"I hope so."

"Then will you dance the first waltz with me?"

"No, Mr. Brotherton."

"Then I am sorry to say I shall be in London."

"When do you rejoin your regiment?"

"Oh! I've got a month's leave."

"Then why won't you be at the ball?"

"Because you won't promise me the first waltz."

"Well—rather than the belles of Minstercombe should—ring their sweet changes in vain, I suppose I must indulge you."

"A thousand thanks," he said, lifted his hat, and rode on.

My blood was in a cold boil—if the phrase can convey an idea. Clara rode on homewards without looking round, and I followed, keeping a few yards behind her, hardly thinking at all, my very brain seeming cold inside my skull.

There was small occasion as yet, some of my readers may think. I cannot help it—so it was. When we had gone in silence a couple of hundred yards or so, she glanced round at me with a quick sly half-look, and burst out laughing. I was by her side in an instant: her laugh had dissolved the spell that bound me. But she spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said, with a slow interrogation.

"Well, Miss Coningham?" I rejoined, but bitterly, I suppose.

"What's the matter?" she retorted sharply, looking up at me, full in the face, whether in real or feigned anger I could not tell.

"How could you talk of that fellow as you did, and then talk so to him?"

"What right have you to put such questions to me? I am not aware of any intimacy to justify it."

"Then I beg your pardon. But my surprise remains the same."

"Why, you silly boy!" she returned, laughing aloud, "don't you know he is, or will be, my feudal lord. I am bound to be polite to him. What would become of poor grandpapa if I were to give

him offence? Besides, I have been in the house with him for a week. He's not a Crichton; but he dances well. Are you going to the ball?"

"I never heard of it. I have not for weeks thought of anything but—but—my writing, till this morning. Now I fear I shall find it difficult to return to it. It looks ages since I saddled the mare!"

"But if you're ever to be an author, it won't do to shut yourself up. You ought to see as much of the world as you can. I should strongly advise you to go to the ball."

"I would willingly obey you—but—but—I don't know how to get a ticket."

"Oh! if you would like to go, papa will have much pleasure in managing that. I will ask him."

"I'm much obliged to you," I returned. "I should enjoy seeing Mr. Brotherton dance."

She laughed again, but it was an oddly constrained laugh.

"It's quite time I were at home," she said, and gave the mare the rein, increasing her speed as we approached the house. Before I reached the little gate, she had given her up to the gardener who had been on the look out for us.

"Put on her own saddle, and bring the mare round at once, please," I called to the man, as he led her and the horse away together.

"Won't you come in, Wilfrid?" said Clara kindly and seriously.

"No, thank you," I returned; for I was full of rage and jealousy. To do myself justice, however, mingled with these was pity that such a girl should be so easy with such a man. But I could not tell her what I knew of him. Even if I *could* have done so, I dared not; for the man who shows himself jealous must be readily believed capable of lying, or at least misrepresenting.

"Then I must bid you good evening," she said, as quietly as if we had been together only five minutes. "I am *so* much obliged to you for letting me ride your mare!"

She gave me a half-friendly, half-stately little bow, and walked into the house. In a few moments the gardener returned with the mare, and I mounted and rode home in anything but a pleasant mood. Having stabled her, I roamed about the fields till it was dark, thinking for the first time in my life I preferred woods to open grass. When I went in at length I did my best to behave as if nothing had happened. My uncle must, however, have seen that something was amiss, but he took no notice, for he never forced or even led up to confidences. I retired early to bed, and passed an hour or two of wretchedness, thinking over everything that had happened—the one moment calling her a coquette, and the next ransacking a fresh corner of my brain to find fresh excuse for her. At length I was able to arrive at the conclusion that I did not understand her, and having given in so far, I soon fell asleep.

THE PAUPERS' PENSION DAY.

THERE is a country workhouse, situated somewhere between Lambeth and Launceston, noted for the liberality and completeness of all its arrangements. The allowance of bread to the inmates is a quarter of an ounce more per diem than in any neighbouring workhouse, and the same startling beneficence is practised with the "skilly." True, they receive two ounces less meat per week than the indigent occupants of most similar institutions;—but then, the extravagant allowance of cheap bread and "skilly!" The guardians of this enchanting paradise for paupers are an estimable body of gentlemen. I know them well, and have that profound respect for them which right-minded, right-thinking individuals *must* have for all exalted personages. I have known them, on occasions, to spend the money of the rate-payers with the most charming simplicity, and in utter ignorance of the cold world's views of "business," and to treat with unmitigated contempt the clamouring of misguided, unfeeling, and uninformed radicals for "economy."

By an act of especial favour, I was allowed to be present at the ordinary weekly meeting of these much maligned gentlemen, and I entered the board-room with a feeling of awe akin to that we always experience on entering an ancient abbey, a venerable church, or a prison. The board-room is a long and lofty apartment, divided into two equal parts, each having a separate entrance. The upper portion is a sort of platform, richly carpeted, and, surrounding a long table standing upon this eminence, are easy-chairs with horse-hair cushions. At the top and bottom of the table are the seats of the chairman and vice-chairman. On the walls were hanging portraits of several imposing and virtuous-looking past-chairmen of the Board—to most of which, judging physiognomically, the lines of Southey might have been appropriately appended:—

“He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the Creed;
Bowed to no idols, but his money bags;
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house;
Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monument
To honour his dead father; did no murder;
Was too old-fashioned for adultery;
Never picked pockets; never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.”

The lower part of the room was devoted, at the time of our entrance,

to the use of the clerk and the relieving-officers, and some five or six of the latter were present, going through their books and accounts. Near the clerk's desk was a bar, before which the prisoners—no, no, the paupers, were customarily brought with fear and trembling into the dreadful PRESENCE of their high and mighty betters, to hear their sentence pronounced.

Several shivering paupers were waiting outside in the cold entrance-hall at ten o'clock, the hour of meeting, but only a few guardians were present—some three or four, who I noticed fussily canvassed their brother guardians as they dropped in. At a quarter to eleven they mustered pretty strongly; for a sharp contest was expected at eleven, that being about the time when would be discussed the question as to who should be the relieving-officer for No. 5 district, in the place of the late unfortunate functionary, whom the Poor-Law Board had cruelly discharged for the trifling and excusable errors of embezzlement and forgery—the guardians themselves having previously declined to dismiss or prosecute the man, on the extremely probable ground that he had meant only to borrow the money for a few years, and would, most likely, if allowed to remain in office at his present low salary of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, besides pickings from provision contractors, &c., repay it when he came into the enjoyment of his fortune of thirty pounds, just “given, devised, and bequeathed” to him by an uncle, a horse-dealer, who two years before was a bankrupt, and who was expected by the wise guardians to die in the course of a twelvemonth; but not being exceedingly aged—forty, I think—the heartless Poor-Law Board refused to sanction the resolution continuing the man in the service, and peremptorily ordered his dismissal. After hurling defiance at her Majesty's Poor-Law Board, and after having been grossly insulted by her Majesty's Poor-Law Board insisting upon its injunction being obeyed, it was ultimately, reluctantly, resolved to advertise for another relieving-officer for district No. 5. As I hinted just now, there was a considerable attendance of guardians on the present occasion, as, indeed, there always is on “patronage-days,” and the business was commenced by the chairman taking his chair, the vice-chairman his chair, and the guardians their chairs. Scanty minutes of the previous meeting were hurriedly read by the clerk and hurriedly signed by the chairman, who, being busily engaged in signing a lot of cheques, very likely knew as much of the matter to which he attached his signature as the members of Parliament of the petitions ordered to lie “on the table.”

The chairman was a very fat clergyman, the vice-chairman was a very thin clergyman, the former being so corpulent that when elected to his present office a new chair had to be expressly provided for him, the old one not being sufficiently capacious to hold his huge form. His face ever wore a dark purple hue, probably because of his

asceticism, although some ill-natured people insinuated that he was more ascetic than ascetic. By what rule, if any, he was chosen president of that august assembly we have been unable to discover, certainly not for his fitness for the office. He was slovenly in dress, offensively pompous in manner, even towards his colleagues, and undignified in everything. Notwithstanding that he was a great stammerer, he was continually trying to crack jokes, but miserably failed in the attempt; and, although one or two members of the Board dutifully laughed at the jokes, several others undutifully laughed at the joker. He was a prime fellow, any one could see *that*, and when on being introduced to him he offered me, with the greatest condescension, a single finger to shake, I was enraptured.

The vice-chairman was a withered dandy, 'with false black hair, false white teeth, false grey whiskers, a false right leg, and—so some said—a false bad heart, although his appearance would lead you to suppose him own brother to that identical saint of whom it was said—

“When he was cold, in lieu of a surtout
The good man would wrap himself up in his virtue,”

and feel comfortably warm on all such occasions. We need scarcely say that he was an ardent advocate of economy, and a steadfast believer in cooked statistics.

The guardians are scarcely worth particularising: you meet their counterparts in the board-room of most rural unions. One benevolent-looking brewer, one cow-keeper, two butchers, two shoemakers, one baker, three publicans, who would be able to read a few of the poor-laws and regulations after twelve months' tuition, two more clergymen, who, being neighbours, and having nothing else to do, were always quarrelling, half-a-dozen farmers, who murdered the Queen's English, three market gardeners, ditto, one coal merchant, a couple of grocers, the same number of builders, several “gentlemen”—retired shopkeepers principally, who had probably made their money by long prices, short measure, light weight, and heavy adulteration—and one dissenting deacon, who appeared very grave, and very restless, and very uncomfortable.

After a desultory conversation, the principal business of the day was introduced, and at the request of the chairman every one but the guardians was ordered out of the room. On our being readmitted, the defaulting relieving-officer was called before the board, and complimented upon the admirable manner in which he had discharged his duties. They were loth, exceedingly loth, to part with him, and the guardians had just decided upon presenting him with a substantial token of their approbation. The chairman then, in a speech meant to be facetious, presented him with a purse of one hundred sovereigns. The unfortunate creature of adverse circumstances replied, with tears in his eyes, that so long as he possessed and merited the good opinion

and esteem of the generous guardians, he should be perfectly satisfied that his conduct was irreproachable.

"We think it right to inform you," said the vice-chairman, "that the Poor-Law Board, on being applied to respecting the unlucky affair which deprives the guardians of your valuable services, advised us to prosecute you, and on our replying that we declined to do anything of the sort—not only because of your general good character, but also because a majority of us are of opinion that in signing the baker's receipts and withholding the money from him and another tradesman, you meant nothing dishonourable—I say that on declining to prosecute, the Poor-Law Board commanded, really commanded us—however ridiculous it may appear—to dismiss you instantly."

"Like their impudence to dictate to us," sneered the chairman.

"Of course you will be required to refund the money as soon as you can," remarked the vice.

"I shall be able to pay it now, sir," snivelled the delinquent, "through the great kindness of the noble-hearted guardians."

"Just so, although we are afraid you will suffer by the loss of your situation."

"Yes, sir, I shall, sir; but you are very kind, gentlemen all."

"I should think so," muttered the discontented dissenting deacon.

"To our last letter," said another guardian, "the Poor-Law Board returns answer that it thinks we are greatly to blame for not prosecuting you."

"Nonsense; the Poor-Law Board is a humbug," growled an impatient farmer. "Hang the Poor-Law Board."

"If we have done wrong, it has been an error, nothing more," whined another.

"If we have erred, we have erred on the side of mercy," piously observed the chairman, with whom this sentence, with occasional slight alterations, was a favourite remark.

"Hear, hear!" sighed several of the noble-hearted.

"I think you may now go," said the chairman to the late relieving-officer;—"time presses."

"Yes, we think you may go," echoed the vice-chairman.

And, uttering fervent prayers for the future welfare of his munificent and magnificent patrons, the ill-treated, discharged officer tearfully took the hint, the money, and his departure.

"The next business," remarked the chairman, on the information of the clerk, "is the election of a relieving-officer in place of the unfortunate man who has just quitted the board-room. For the information of those gentlemen who were absent last week, and this day fortnight, the clerk had better read the advertisement soliciting applications for the post."

The clerk hereupon read the following:—

"BLANK UNION.

"The Guardians of the Blank Union require the services of a relieving-officer for No. 5 district, and will proceed with the election of a suitable person on the 15th instant. An unmarried man, or a man without encumbrance preferred. Persons desiring the appointment must send their applications, together with testimonials of ability, &c., to me at my office on or before the 14th instant. The person appointed must not be under twenty-five years of age nor over forty-five, and must be able to keep his books and accounts in the manner prescribed by the Poor-Law Board. Salary £80 per annum, with prospect of an increase. Security required. Candidates must attend at the union workhouse at eleven o'clock on the day of election, Thursday, the 15th instant. No application will be received after ten minutes to four on the afternoon of Wednesday the 14th instant.

"By order of the Board,

"SIMON SHAVEM, *Clerk.*"

This advertisement tempted no less than nineteen men of divers sorts and conditions to compete for the prize; and their applications, with numerous testimonials, the clerk laid upon the table for the consideration of the guardians, not one of whom looked at them. Each of the noble-hearted had previously made up his mind for whom to vote, and as there had been an active and very vigorous canvass, both by the candidates themselves and by special friends and guardians on their behalf, only the three most likely applications were read. The names of all were read by the chairman:—

"John Jones—no proposer." "Thomas Smith—no proposer;" and so down the list until he read the name of Richard Robinson, when there was a slight movement of expectation, and one of the guardians representing the agricultural interest, briefly proposed him as a fit and proper person for the post of relieving-officer. Richard Robinson was verbosely seconded by a representative of the shoemaking interest. One of the publicans proposed that John Brown be appointed; and one of the market-gardeners seconded the proposal. One of the clergymen submitted, amid cries of "Hear, hear!" "He's the man!" &c., for consideration and election the name of William Williams; and a second publican said, "I seconds it." The contest therefore lay between Messrs. Robinson, Brown, and Williams, and the guardians were invited to state what they knew of each of these gentlemen, and the relations were both amusing and instructive—amusing the different estimates of character; instructive the lives, virtues, and failings of the three.

"I knows Richard Robinson," said Mr. Mangold, his proposer. "I've known him for a dozen years, about. Let me see now, is it

quite a dozen years? I am sure I don't know, Mr. Chairman, but I remember the first time I ever saw him was when he comed to my house to buy a sack of 'taters. He's a 'tater merchant, and he sells a mighty lot of 'taters, that he does, and no mistake—ten sacks a week, I should think. A most worthy and respectable man, gents; got a hoss and cart, and keeps a pig; a steady, sober, deserving man, Mr. Chairman, never saw him drunk but once in my life."

"Was he quite drunk, Mr. Mangold?" inquired the chairman.

"I'm almost afeard as how he was, sir; but I think 'twas excusable. You see, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, he'd been to market and bought a lot of 'taters amazin' cheap, so he gets a glass on the strength of it, and a-comin' home he sees some ducks a-swimmin' on the river, and he was so good-tempered, and felt so benevolent and foolhardy like, that he says to hisself, says he, 'Poor critters,' says he, 'they'll all be drowned, poor things, I'll save 'em,' and splash he went into the water arter 'em, and if it hadn't been for Bill Tomkins and Jack Wilkins, as were coming by at the time, I wouldn't answer for the consequences. I come 'by just as they was a-takin' him home, but I haven't seen him drunk sence."

"I should like to know what politics he is," said a stumpy man, with hair like a blacking-brush.

"Same as myself," replied Mr. Mangold.

"Blue?"

"Yes, blue."

"Then he won't suit me." And drop went the little man into his chair, like a shot.

"I don't think we can import politics into the election," the chairman ruled; "though I, for one, do not see why any guardian present should not ask whatever question he thinks proper."

"Hear, hear!" from all parties.

"I imagine, Mr. Chairman," said the seconder of Mr. Robinson, "that Mr. Stumpy isn't everybody." Here the speaker gazed triumphantly at the meeting, as if challenging and defying contradiction. "My friend Mr. Stumpy thinks he won't suit us because he's a blue. Mr. Stumpy should know, Mr. Chairman—and, if he doesn't, he's old enough, and ought to—that a man may be a good relieving-officer, and yet be a blue."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Stumpy scornfully.

"No, no!" roared a chorus of guardians.

"Yes, yes!" roared another chorus.

"No, no!" repeated the blue faction.

"Yes, yes!" reiterated the buff party.

And all the blue guardians jumped to their feet, and all the buff guardians jumped to theirs, and the members of each section stood seewling at their opponents, speechless from passion.

"Really, gentlemen," said the chairman, who was too heavy to

jump from his seat, but managed after a great deal of groaning and exertion to gain his feet; "really, gentlemen, this conduct is perfectly absurd. I shall leave the chair unless order is at once restored. We shall get as disreputable a name as the St. Pancake's guardians, gentlemen, if you do not control your passions."

"Passion!" exclaimed several guardians, recovering their speech.

"I hope you don't mean to say that I was in a passion, Mr. Chairman," said an ardent buffite, the perspiration trickling from his forehead.

"Nor I! nor I!" cried a dozen voices.

"Now that harmony is restored we will proceed with the business. Let us conduct our meetings respectably and peaceably, and if we err, let us err on the side of charity. Has any guardian anything further to say on behalf of Richard Robinson? No. All you who think that Richard Robinson is a fit and proper person for the relieving-officership of No. 5 district will please signify the same in the usual manner."

Eighteen hands were held up.

"On the contrary." Twenty hands were shown.

"It is decided by a majority of two that Richard Robinson is *not* a fit and proper person for the office of relieving-officer for No. 5 district."

Several of Richard Robinson's friends here took their departure.

"The next name proposed is that of John Brown. We shall be glad to know something about him."

"Well, gentlemen," said the publican, his proposer, "I've known Mr. Brown for the last ten years, and he's a man as 'as seen better days, gentlemen. Well, ten years ago, gentlemen, when I first knew him, he was a tip-top sawyer, gentlemen; lavender-coloured kid gloves, gentlemen; white hat with a black band, gentlemen; and he smoked scented cigars by the dozen, gentlemen. Well, he couldn't, I suppose, gentlemen, keep up all this without money, gentlemen——"

"I don't see, Mr. Chairman," interrupted Mr. Stumpy, "that all this rigmarole has anything to do with the matter in hand. I vote that we proceed."

The attention of Mr. Brown's proposer was then called to the question before the meeting, [several of the guardians who usually dined at one o'clock being unusually vociferous.

"Well, gentlemen, I leave Mr. Brown in your hands, gentlemen; he's a man, gentlemen, as 'as known better days, gentlemen; he's got a wife and seven children, gentlemen; and what I say is he ought to be supported, gentlemen."

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Stumpy, "with your permission I should like to ask one question. Is the man Brown buff or blue?"

Said the proposer, "I rather think he's a blue."

"Then I'm sure he won't do," rejoined Mr. Stumpy, rhyming instead of reasoning.

"Mr. Chairman," said the market-gardener who had seconded the nomination of Mr. John Brown, "before we dismiss this case I think we ought to give it great consideration. Mr. Brown, as before observed, is the father of seven children; and as that eminent man, Lord Bacon—who, I believe, lives at St. Albans—said the other day in one of his speeches printed in a book I was looking at the other day, that he that hath a wife and several children has given a fortune to hospitals. Now, sir, in the present day we want men who can give fortunes to hospitals——"

"Sir, sir," said one of the clergymen, closing a book over which he had been trying to sleep, "I must protest against this murdering of my Lord Bacon."

This was enough for the poor market-gardener. He thought he had unwittingly committed some great crime, as indeed he had, and he sat down utterly discomfited.

A red-faced guardian here interposed, and suggested that John Brown should be tried for a month, and if he performed the duties to the satisfaction of the clerk, his appointment to be permanent.

"Is he a teetotaller?" quietly inquired a red-nosed gentleman, sitting near the end of the table.

"Certainly not," replied the publican, his proposer.

"Well, gentlemen," said the red-nosed man, "to my positive knowledge John Brown has been intoxicated no less than three times during the past month. Can we wonder, then, that the promoters and upholders of the diabolical liquor-traffic should come here and openly propose, as a fit and proper person for the office of relieving-officer for No. 5 district—a district where poverty, drunkenness, vice, and crime abound—where disease, in consequence of the atrocious liquor-traffic, is making hideous strides—a man who once used to wear fine clothes and lavender-coloured kid-gloves, and lost them all through drink—that vile and wretched drink, which makes millions miserable—which saps the foundation of man's constitution, and the constitution of the state—which fills our hospitals and prisons with its deluded victims—which causes lunatic-wards and workhouses to be built and supported at the cost of the abstaining ratepayers—which sucks the life-blood of its votaries—which murders millions upon millions of men, women, and helpless children—which, like the deadly Upas-tree, poisons its thousands, and makes John Brown drunk—I say, Mr. Chairman——"

"Question! question!" bellowed the publicans and their adherents, little prepared for this amazing display of oratory.

"I think this is the question," replied the red-nosed man. "If you would discuss it, instead of sitting here talking about such a petty matter as the appointment of a relieving-officer for No. 5 dis-

trict, when such immense numbers of your fellow-creatures are yearly sent by the devil's drink to lunatic-asylums, to workhouses, to prisons, to hell !”

“ Would that he were there too ! ” whispered the chairman, for the amusement of those nearest him.

“ I therefore move, Mr. Chairman, that we go no further into this affair to-day. The nominee of a publican !—never, never ! ”

The one-o'clock diners, who were a majority of the Board, and had nearly all decided to vote for William Williams, cried “ Hear, hear ! ” while one or two fussy gentlemen, who had not yet had an opportunity of airing their eloquence, sprang to their feet, shouting, “ Mr. Chairman ! Mr. Chairman ! ”

“ Those who are in favour of John Brown will please signify the same in the usual manner. ”

“ I protest, Mr. Chairman, ” said one of the fussy ones—a big man with a little voice, and who looked like an overgrown schoolboy—“ I protest against the claims of any man for your suffrages, even such a man as John Brown, a political opponent, being shelved in this illegal, unjust, ungentlemanly, and unconstitutional manner. We have our liberties, gentlemen, which we will guard with jealous care ; we have our privileges, gentlemen, which we will protect with every precious drop of blood in our veins ; we have our Magna Charta, our Bill of Rights, our Habeas Corpus, and our Catholic Emancipation. We have our Reform Bill, our Household Suffrage, our Free Trade, and our Glorious Future. We have our liberty of speech, of thought, of action. We have our free press—that power which goes hand-in-hand with all great improvements, with all religious progress, all political, social, and moral progress—that potent agent by which kings become slaves and slaves kings. I say, gentlemen, when we see all this, and when we see at the head of the government of this mighty country the most enlightened statesman that ever formed a Cabinet ” (cries of “ Bosh ! ” “ Humbug ! ” &c.) ; “ and see him surrounded by the most gifted, the most sensible, the most patriotic, the most self-sacrificing men of the day ” (“ Sit down ! sit down ! ” “ Move ! ” &c.) “ I say, Mr. Chairman, it is time we wasted no time in words, in making speeches, or in discussing the merits of a blue obstructive, but proceed with the business for which we are called together, namely, the choosing of a fit and proper person to represent this great and important constituency—I—I—mean a fit and proper person for the important office of relieving-officer for district No. 5. I should like to go on, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, but time compels me to go off. Business and election matters require my presence and attendance elsewhere ; but you may rely upon me, gentlemen, that whenever this great, this important, this majestic, this constitutional country demands my humble services, I shall, regardless of personal considerations, place them at the disposal of that intellectual, enlightened,

noble-hearted, patriotic, and *hable* statesman at the head of the most popular government ever in office since the days when that mighty monarch, Julius Cæsar, invaded the happy homes of the skin-clad Britons."

This harangue was received with great favour by the shoe-making and market-gardening interests, who wondered why such a talented man had been overlooked in the formation of that Cabinet of "all the talents" he had so highly eulogized. The orator made a hasty exit, leaving his auditors, the clergymen perhaps excepted, in a state of delight and admiration. Many dissatisfied blue guardians would have insisted upon proceeding further with John Brown's candidature had not the one o'clock diners created such a din as drowned their discordant voices. For a minute or two both parties stood shouting "Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!" and abusing each other; and while they were "fighting it out," "Mr. Chairman" pulled from his pockets a sandwich case and a small bottle of sherry, and quietly enjoyed the contents of both until order was restored, when a quiet-looking, soft-speaking gentleman proposed that William Williams should be the relieving-officer for No. 5 district, which proposition was quietly seconded, as quietly put to the meeting, and as quietly declared carried unanimously.

Subsequently, I mentioned to one of the *ex officio* guardians that I thought nearly all of them had made up their minds beforehand for whom to vote.

"So we had."

"But respecting the men not nominated, and whose testimonials were not even read, were they all worse than the favoured three proposed and seconded?"

"Certainly not. Ten of them, to my certain knowledge, would fill the situation better than either of the three."

"Why, then, were they not proposed?"

"Because, not being sufficiently known to the guardians, they had no chance of success."

"If I were one of the guardians, I should consider it my duty to support the best man."

"Ah! you don't know much of the guardians. The best man! That is good. Yes, yes, the best man—you would; the guardians wouldn't."

"But as a matter of honesty, of justice to the poor and the rate-payers——"

"That sounds very well; but it isn't human nature, at least it isn't the human nature of guardians, to do anything of the sort. Suppose for a moment that you are a candidate for an office under them. You print your circulars and testimonials—written copies the guardians dislike—and send them by post to each member of the Board. You subsequently call upon them, and solicit the favour of their support. You point to your qualifications and testimonials

of ability for the office to men you *know* are your inferiors in everything, except the one thing—money. Why, sir, if you were an angel from heaven, you would have no chance. What care they for ability and testimonials? This is the candidate's only successful method of proceeding—Seek an early interview with each of the guardians; tell them, with tears in your eyes, that you have lost a heap of money by betting on horse-racing, on cock-fighting, by gambling, drunkenness, and other vices; but that now you are an altered man, and wish to be employed for ever and ever as the humble and faithful servant of the enlightened and noble-hearted guardians. Be all things to all men, a blue to the blues, and a buff to the buffs. For a month or two go regularly to church every Sunday morning, to the Baptist Bible-class every Sunday afternoon, to the Congregational chapel every Sunday evening, to the Wesleyan love-feast afterwards, and to various prayer-meetings during the week. The brotherly love existing between the different denominations prevents the Churchman from communicating with the Baptist, and the Congregationalist with the Wesleyan; and so the candidate becomes known to the great men of all parties, who strongly recommend him to the guardians of their own persuasion, and eventually the smoothest-faced hypocrite, by fawning, flattering, and lying, carries the day. Our officers, as a rule, are lazy, well-fed, well-paid, ignorant, impudent, heartless scoundrels, tyrannical to the poor, and servile to the rich."

"What do you consider the remedy for this undesirable state of affairs?"

"Kick nine-tenths of your present officers and guardians out, abolish the property qualification, make the office of guardian a more honourable one—something like your School-Board membership—and, instead of electing ignorant and unprincipled men, whose sole ambition is the paltry penny-wise-and-pound-foolish one of "keeping down the rates," elect men of established probity, warm sympathies, and unblemished reputation. Until you do this, or something like it, your Boards of Guardians will be—as they are now—petty perpetrators of jobbery, and little else."

These words, however unpalatable to several really worthy and honourable members of Boards of Guardians, are the words of one of themselves, and they certainly apply to the guardians of the Blank Union. It is hoped their application is not general.

Directly after the election of the relieving-officer, a number of the guardians, having discharged the important duty for which they attended, noisily departed, and the general business was proceeded with—the business of pensioning the paupers—in other words, considering their claims to relief, and the shape—in-door or out-door—in which that relief should be afforded.

The first applicant brought before the guardians was a widow,

whose terror at being subjected to their close questioning was pitiable to behold. She was a decent, cleanly woman of fifty-five, and one, I should imagine, who had known better days.!

"Your name's Charlotte Lilly?" sharply interrogated the clerk.

"Yes, sir," replied the widow, almost inaudibly, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Come, Mrs. Lilly," said the chairman, "it's not a bit of good your making this fuss. Thousands of better women than you have stood where you are now standing."

The widow made no reply, but she held her head lower, the tears falling more freely.

"Now then, woman," said the vice-chairman, "you won't get any relief at all if you waste the time of the guardians in this frivolous manner. Do you want relief or do you not?"

"Oh yes, sir!" she replied, trying without success to dry her tears with her apron.

"My good woman," hoarsely croaked the chairman, "pay attention to the guardians; they don't mean to be unkind. If we err, we like to err on the side of mercy."

"Thank you, sir."

"Haven't you any relatives in a position to maintain you?"

"Only one, sir."

"Oh!" cried several guardians simultaneously.

"And where does he live?"

"Hammersmith, sir."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the guardians, shaking their heads.

"Ah!" observed both the chairman and the vice-chairman, wringing their hands.

"What relation is he?"

"My late husband's brother."

"Where do you propose to live?"

"An old apprentice of my husband's has kindly offered me a room in his house, but he can't afford to do more—he's got a sick wife and eight children."

"I suppose your husband left you some furniture. What have you done with it?"

"Sold most of the furniture, sir, to support him while he was ill; the little that was left I sold to buy mourning, sir."

"Mourning!" repeated the guardians in astonishment.

"A poor person like you who is foolish enough to lavish money on mourning," angrily vociferated the vice-chairman, "ought to starve. How dare you come here, woman, with good clothes like those you are now wearing? Sell them before you venture here again. I think, gentlemen, this is a case in which we cannot interfere."

"Surely, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," said one of the few quiet guardians—the coal-merchant—who had not, I believe, spoken before, "you cannot believe the woman is to be blamed severely for purchas-

ing mourning on the death of her husband. 'Twas undoubtedly a foolish act, but as I have received several letters from her neighbours, as well as from the vicar and churchwardens of the parish, recommending this as an exceptional and most deserving case, I beg to propose that she be allowed two shillings per week and a loaf."

"If we err, gentlemen," remarked the chairman, "let us, as I just now observed, err on the side of mercy. I think she had better come into the house, where she will be allowed to wear the work-house dress only. Her present unsuitable attire could then be sold, and the proceeds applied to the cost of her maintenance. I think this is the best course to adopt, especially as we shall be repaid any outlay. The clerk will see that the brother-in-law at Hammersmith pays all costs."

"I would rather die than go in the workhouse," sobbed the poor creature. "My husband paid poor-rates for forty years, and I think *that* ought to be taken into consideration, gentlemen. Yes, I would rather die in the streets than live in the workhouse."

"Be quiet, woman; it's not as you like, but as the guardians choose. Well, gentlemen, what shall we do in this case? It's evident the woman has been very extravagant; but, if we err, let us err on the side of mercy. I therefore propose the workhouse as the proper place for her. No fear of squandering her money *there*." And the chairman looked blandly upon the guardians, some of whom grinned like baboons at this—to them—brilliant display of wit.

"I propose she have no relief at all," sharply spoke the vice-chairman. "Our duty as guardians is very clear. We are all large ratepayers, and we must protect ourselves and our brother ratepayers from all and every attempt to impose on our good nature. I do not consider this a deserving case at all."

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," said one of the butchers, "I propose a compromise; and that is that she be allowed eighteenpence a week for a month, and then if found to be a very deserving object we can easily add another sixpence."

This suggestion seemed to meet with the approval of the majority of the guardians; so the other proposals were withdrawn, and the applicant left the dock with the caution ringing in her ears not to be extravagant with the eighteenpence or her out-door relief would be stopped altogether. Never shall I forget the forlorn widow's look of despair when she feebly replied, "Thank you, gentlemen," nor the glance of hatred she cast at the guardians as she shut the board-room door.

A month or two afterwards the parish medical officer was severely censured by the Board for stating before the coroner that Charlotte Lilly was so perverse as to die, actually die, for want of food.

Another case excited my interest. A little girl of nine or ten, good-looking and intelligent, appeared before the Board to claim relief for her sick mother. This was her second visit, the case having been remanded from the previous week at the request of the relieving-officer for the

purpose of inquiry, as the woman was unknown to him and the guardians. She was a widow, and with her family of five young children lived in one room of a house situated in the filthiest street of the whole union. The relieving-officer was called upon for his report, but he had no report to give. His district was a very large one, he said, and he had been so busy that he had been unable to attend to the matter; but he would be sure to do so in the course of a day or two. The clerk then told the child to come again the following week.

"I've got to take back some vittles, sir."

"Next week, child, didn't you hear?" said the relieving-officer.

"We haven't had a morsel these two days!" cried the girl.

"We can't help that," answered one of the guardians.

"And, if you please, sir, mother's dying."

"Can't help that either," remarked the same gentleman.

"I'll give her a shilling. Will any one else give her another?" a new guardian asked, to the astonishment of the whole Board, which feeling of astonishment was speedily succeeded by one of mirth at this unlooked-for exhibition of private generosity.

"If we err," solemnly said the chairman, raising his eyes to the ceiling and his sherry to his lips, "let us err on the side of mercy. Benevolence is a great and a beautiful virtue in a dark world; by all means let Mr. Semple practise it."

No other coin was offered; so the solitary shilling was handed to the solitary child to take home to her mother, with an assurance that the relieving-officer would be certain to call the next day.

Nearly a hundred cases required attention; and the guardians, being hungry, the last thirty or forty were despatched with great haste, rather more than a minute being allowed, on the average, for the consideration of each. The recipients of relief, I regret to say, did not, as a rule, seem so grateful and jubilant on receiving the joyful tidings of their undeserved pension as they ought to have been.

Shortly before the relief business was concluded the master of the workhouse popped his head in at the door, and informed the guardians that luncheon was ready, and at the earliest opportunity we sat down to a nice little spread, and some capital old ale. One or two gentlemen who occasionally suffered from pain in the stomach drank brandy and water or wine. I cannot answer for the guardians how they enjoyed the meal or why they called it "luncheon." I made a capital dinner.

When we had finished we were each called upon to pay our share for the refreshment—the Poor-Law Board very properly prohibiting the guardians and their friends from feasting at the expense of the public. It was the cheapest dinner I ever paid for. I didn't grumble at the charge, it was by no means excessive. Twopence was the sum. The food for reflection I obtained was worth double the money.

I left the workhouse quite satisfied with the result of my visit.

JAMES PITT.

A MIDDLE-CLASS TRAGEDY.

LONELY I went by a highway-road track
Threading a desolate level ;
Leafless the hedges, the herbage lay black,
Fit for swine flocks of the devil.

Nothing less evil such pasture could tread :
Drosses and dregs of the city
Broad-cast abolished the clover, and spread
In a vitriol scum without pity.

Here they had flayed the field-faces for brick,
Here the black sails of great mills
Flapped round in ruins, despondently sick,
Strident, rehearsing their ills.

Near them a woman sat making her moan,
Deep in the slow-creeping glooms.
A hedge at her back and her feet on a stone,
Pale as a tenant of tombs.

I was a penman without coin or birth,
Chained to a desk with a quill.
' Nobody needs me the least upon earth,
If I save her some one will.

' Some one I need to expect me at eve,
Some one to love me of right,
To drudge all the week for, that she may receive
A pound more on Saturday night.

' A weed ! well, no matter : the weed bloom is sweet.
A stray ! who am I to complain ?
So only she love me, I'll kneel to her feet,
Forgetting their highway stain.

' Who without scorn there had passed thee ? Not one.
Faded, O love, was thine eye.
Frozen almost in the rain-blast alone,
Cherish her, lest she may die.'

Past rode a banker, his hat-brim was wide ;
Sleek came a Levite in view,
Crossed at a trot to the opposite side,
Sniffing his tithe over-due.

Knaves, let them go ; their abhorrence is praise,
Scorning that greatens my prize.
Swine are these, folded with fat round their face ;
Sweet, O my pearl, then arise.

Let me recover this thing on my lips,
Utterly mine, loved of none.
Let my life cherish her dead finger tips ;
Let my blood make her pulse run.

Live for her only that she may have mirth,
Derelict, waif of the night ;
Birthright I've none like the choice of the earth ;
Delicate things are their right.

Firm in one counsel I builded my nest,
Mine she is now, that was vile ;
Utterly mine, what she was matters least,
Let the world sneer, I can smile.

Love I had need of, and ever so great
Will to give love where I chose ;
Training my fancy to baffle my fate,
Perfect she seemed as a rose.

Lovely I held her tho' faded indeed,
Queen of all wifedom and love ;
On sweet delusion I feasted my need,
Till my soul freshened and throve.

Till a rich neighbour in mischievous play,
Satyr and exquisite, chose
Once like a lurcher to loiter my way,
Feeling his track by his nose.

Cried, ' Who is she, that this boor of a clerk
Treasures so close in his nest ?
Of all sweet birds flocking in to my ark
Surely his ring-dove is best.

' Why should he smooth her sleek feathers alone,
Why this monopoly claim ?
Pipe to her, fowler, thy mellowest tone,
'Tice her, then trample her tame.'

So to her ear he trilled poison, till she
Said, ' I am all that he sings ;
Coarse is my master, plebeian ; but he
Lovely, begotten of kings.

' Will he not love me in houses of gold ?
Hateful this hovel of clay,
Here I sit penned like a sheep to my fold ;
Shall I mope longer a day ?

' New lover noble, my true lover strong,
Make me thine own till we die.
Let this old scarecrow to whom I belong
Whistle, his cage-bird will fly.

' There you will wrap me in raiment and wreaths,
Feed me with beautiful flowers,
Days in this cabin are so many deaths,
Ashes and fetters my hours.

' Chained to his desk my love, ragged indeed,
Leans ; well, he loved me at least.
Look at my lord on his wing-footed steed
Chasing in crimson the beast.

' Is he not beautiful, utterly fair,
Carelessly sweet his caress ?
Is not my clerk out-at-elbows, threadbare,
Pinching to buy me a dress ?

' Kind enough always, poor indigent soul !
Ah ! but that other, a god,
Leads me, and loves me, and seems to control
Life with a finger, a nod !

' Gray love, adieu ! See, I wave you a hand !
Drive on in patience your quill.
Life to a bountiful river expand ;
Here it ran cramped to a rill.'

So, like a flash, she fled off to his towers,
 Over the river-wood there.
 Fed there awhile in his precinct of flowers
 Queen, and immortally fair.

Lo, what befell in his palace of light ?
 Love in a week became pain.
 Till he cried, 'Pack thee out, wench, to the night,
 Rot in the ditch or the drain.

'Why, thou art ugly as Erebus seen
 Near, plain as death to my view ;
 Wasted thy cheek, and I thought thee a queen,
 The other fool made such ado.

'Push her out hastily, night-chill begins ;
 Stifle her petulant breath.
 Forth as my scape-goat go freighted with sins :
 Crawl to the waters of death.

'Wise-working Nature ordains me scot-free ;
 She for my sin dies ; it's well.
 She is no firstling of kids sent by me,
 Down salt dry reaches of hell.

'First ? no, nor last. 'Tis an excellent game ;
 This wise old world *will* have play.
 So it transfers to her shoulders the blame
 Out of a nobleman's way.

'World, on sweet hinges, run lightly and smooth,
 Feed us, the poor ones will pay !
 Primest of pastureage beckon our tooth !
 Rot, thou jade, till the last day !'

Out she was pushed by a liv'ried fool,
 Watching her lest she should loiter.
 While my lord stopt to the village girl-school,
 Thinking he'd best reconnoitre.

So the tale runs, he has ruined my life,
 For a week's pastime, it's clear.
 He, a great nobleman, covets my wifa,
 Clerk on a hundred a year.

HANNAH.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER V.

Miss Thelluson had always been lamentably deficient in the quality which is called "respect of persons." She tended her servant half the night through, as carefully as if poor Grace had been her personal friend, and a lady born. There was, indeed, much of the lady about the girl, which was Hannah's great comfort in having her as nurse—a refinement of manner and feeling, and a fine sense of honour, not always found in her class. For since she had been mistress of a large house, and many servants, Miss Thelluson had discovered to her grief that, in these days, the moral standard of kitchen and parlour was not always the same. Still, in her nurse she had always comfort; and Grace, probably on account of this difference, or from other reasons—now patent enough—had seemed to dislike mixing much with the other servants. Her mistress could trust her thoroughly. She was, indeed, quite a personal friend—as every faithful servant ought to be.

When the poor girl came to herself, she poured her whole sad story into her mistress's patient ear.

"I had no idea I was doing wrong—no, that I hadn't!" moaned she. "Two or three in our village had married their sister's husband. What can a poor working-man do when he is left with a lot of children, but get their aunt to come and look after them? And then, if she's young, or indeed anyhow, people are sure to begin talking. Isn't it better to stop their wicked tongues by marrying her at once, and making all right and comfortable? For they're not comfortable—I wasn't. And they're not real brother and sister, whatever master says. And I'm sure they can be married; for there was our old squire, he married two sisters, and had two families—one all girls, the other boys. And the eldest son by the second marriage—young Mr. Melville—came in for the property, and is the squire now. And nobody ever said his mother wasn't lawfully married, no more than, when I came home from London, the neighbours said I wasn't married to Jim. Married in church, too,—though we were Methodists both; and neither the parson nor our own minister ever said a word against it."

Though the poor girl talked in a wild, rambling, excited fashion, still there was some sense in her arguments; and when she implored Miss Thelluson to speak to Mr. Rivers again, and repeat all she said, and ask if there was not a chance of his having been mistaken, or if

he could not, at least, prevent the marriage with Mary Bridges, Hannah scarcely knew what to say. At last, just to soothe her—for, out of consideration to her mistress, Grace had kept her misery to herself for a day and a half, till it had almost driven her frantic—she promised to do her best in the matter.

“And you’ll do it at once, miss; and tell master that whatever is done should be done at once, or Jim will get married, and then what is to become of me and my poor child? It isn’t myself that I care for. I didn’t do wrong—God knows I didn’t! And I don’t mind what folk say of me; but it’s my poor boy. And it’s Jim, too, a little; I don’t want Jim to do wrong either.”

And she shed a few tears, over even the bad fellow, who, she confessed, had in his drunken fits beaten her many a time.

“But I forgive him; for he was drunk,” said she, using that too common, but mistaken excuse. “And, then, I had the children to comfort me. Such dear little things they were, and so fond of me! And he’ll go and bring that woman Bridges to be step-mother over them, and she is a bad temper, and she’s sure to ill-treat them, poor lambs! Jenny’s poor little motherless lambs! I must go back to them directly.” And she sat up in bed, in an agony of distress. “Oh, miss, please give me my clothes, and I’ll get up and dress, and be off by daylight.”

This bitter grief, not over her own boy—who, she said, was safe with his grandmother—but over her dead sister’s children, touched Hannah to the quick. She could understand it so well.

“You must lie quiet,” said she; “or rather you must go back to your own bed beside Rosie. You have quite forgotten Rosie.”

The right chord was struck. The young woman had, evidently, a strong sense of duty, besides being excessively fond of her charge; for Rosie was a little creature that won everybody. So she sat up, fastened back her dishevelled hair, and with her mistress’s help tottered back to the nursery. Soon she settled herself in her customary corner, stretching out a caressing hand to the crib beside her bed, where, sleeping quite alone, but as sweetly as if all the angels of heaven were watching over her, little Rosie lay.

“Ah, baby, baby,” Grace sobbed, “what would have become of me all these months without you, baby!”

What would become of many a miserable woman, if it were not for a baby!

How Grace had ever left her own Hannah could not imagine; but found afterwards it was the hard necessity of earning money, the grandmother being very poor, and Jim Dixon having gone off in search of work, and left the whole combined families on the old woman’s hands. Now he reclaimed his three eldest; but disowned Grace’s unfortunate babe.

“My boy—remember my boy!” implored she, as in the dim dawn of the morning her mistress left her, hoping her utter exhaustion

would incline her to sleep. "Promise me that you will speak to the master, if only for the sake of my poor boy."

Hannah promised; but when she went back to her room and thought it all over—for she could not sleep—she was sorely perplexed. There might be some mistake, even though Mr. Rivers, who was a magistrate as well as a clergyman, spoke so decidedly. Grace's arguments were strong; and the case of Mr. Melville, whom she had herself met at the Moat-House, was, to say the least, curious. She herself knew nothing of the law. If she could only speak to anybody who did know, instead of to her brother-in-law! Once she thought of writing to Lady Dunsmore; but, then, what would the Countess imagine? No doubt, that she wanted the information for herself. And Hannah grew hot all over with shame and pain, and another feeling which was neither the one nor the other, and which she did not stay to analyse, except that it made her feel more reluctant than ever to name the subject again to Mr. Rivers.

Still, Grace was so unfortunate; so innocently wicked—if wickedness there was. And the projected marriage of Dixon seemed much more so.

"Mr. Rivers will never allow it in his church. He surely would not sanction such a cruel thing, even if it be legal. And there is no time to lose. Whatever it costs me, I must speak to him at once."

With this resolution, and deadening her mind to any other thoughts, Hannah lay down, and tried to sleep, but in vain. After an hour or two of restless tossing, she dressed herself, and descended to the breakfast-room.

There she found Mr. Rivers playing with little Rosie—contrary to his habit; for he seldom saw her of mornings. He looked a little confused at being discovered.

"I sent for the child," said he. "Don't you think, Aunt Hannah, she is old enough to come down to breakfast with us?"

"Not quite," said Hannah, smiling; "but she can stay and play about on the floor. I daresay she will be good—won't she, auntie's darling?"

And auntie clasped fondly the little thing, who had tottered up to her and hid the pretty fair head in her gown-skirt. Mr. Rivers looked at them, and turned suddenly away—as he often did now.

Rosie behaved beautifully—for about five minutes!—and then began to perpetrate a few ignorant naughtinesses; such as pulling down a silver fork, and a butter knife, with a great clatter; then creeping beneath the table, and trying to stand upright there, which naturally caused a bump on the head and a scream so violent, that Aunt Hannah, frightened out of all proprieties, quitted her seat and walked up and down the room, soothing in her arms the piteous little wailer.

"This will never do," said papa sternly. "Pray take the child upstairs."

Which Hannah thankfully did, and stayed away some minutes;

feeling that, after all, the nursery was the safest, the most peaceful, and the pleasantest room in the house.

When she came back, her brother-in-law had finished breakfast, and was standing, gazing out of the sunshiny window in a sort of dream. His temporary crossness had subsided; his face, though grave, was exceedingly sweet. Now that she had grown used to it, and it had gradually brightened, if not into happiness, at least into composure and peace, Hannah sometimes thought she had seldom seen so thoroughly sweet a face—such a combination of the man and the woman—that beautiful woman whose picture at the Moat-House she often looked at, and wondered what kind of young creature the first Lady Rivers had been. Apparently, not like the second Lady Rivers at all.

It was exactly his mother's smile with which Mr. Rivers turned round now.

"So the little maid is comforted at last. What influence you women have over babies, and what helpless beings we men are with them! Why, it is as much as papa can do to keep Miss Rosie quiet for five minutes, and Aunt Hannah has her the whole day. Do you never tire of her?"

"Never. Nor more does Grace, who has an instinctive love for children—which all women have not, I assure you. This is what makes her so valuable as a nurse."

Hannah said this intentionally; for, not two minutes before, the girl had run after her with a wild white face. "Have you spoken to the master? Will you speak to him? Don't forsake me! Ask him to help me! Oh, Miss Thelluson, I'm fond of *your* child—think of mine!" Even if Hannah had not liked and respected Grace so much, to her good heart, now open to all children for Rosie's sake, this argument would have struck home.

"I hope the young woman is better this morning, and that you did not fatigue yourself too much with her last night," said Mr. Rivers coldly; and then began speaking of something else. But Hannah, bracing up her courage, determined to discharge her unpleasant duty at once.

"Have you ten minutes to spare? Because I have a special message to you from Mrs. Dixon."

"What Mrs. Dixon?"

"Grace. She insists upon it she has a legal right to the name."

"She is under a complete delusion, and the sooner she wakes up out of it the better. Pray, Hannah, do not, with your weak womanish pity, encourage her for a moment."

Mr. Rivers spoke sharply—more sharply than any gentleman ought to speak to any lady; though men sometimes think they are justified in doing so—to wives and sisters. But her brother-in-law had never thus spoken to Hannah before—she was not used to it; and she looked at him, first surprised, then slightly indignant.

"My pity is not weak or womanish, nor do I call it pity at all. It is simple love of justice. Either Grace is married or not married. All I want is, for her sake and the child's, to find out the exact law of the case."

"Which is just what I told her last night. No doubt she was married, as she says; only the marriage being illegal, is null and void."

"But she says such marriages are not uncommon."

"I believe they are not, in the lower classes. Nevertheless, those who risk them must take the consequences. The wife is only the mistress, and the children are base-born. I beg your pardon for putting plain facts into plain language, but you compel me. Why will you meddle in this unpleasant matter? It can be nothing to you."

And he looked at her keenly as he spoke, but Hannah did not perceive it just then. Her interest was too strongly excited for the cruel position of poor Grace. She recalled involuntarily an old argument of Lady Dunsmore on this very subject—whether any wrong could be exactly "nothing" to any honest-minded man or woman, even though he or she were not personally affected thereby.

"Pardon me," she answered gently; "it is something to me to see any human being in great misery, if by any possibility that misery could be removed. Are you quite sure you are right as to the law? It cannot always have been what you say, because Grace tells me of a certain Mr. Melville who visits at the Moat-House"—and Hannah repeated the story. "Can it be possible," added she, "that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor?"

"No. But in 1835 the law was altered, or at least modified: all such marriages then existing were confirmed, and all future ones declared illegal. Melville escaped by a hair-breadth only, his parents having been married in 1834."

"Then, what was right one year was wrong the next? That is, to my weak womanly notions, a very extraordinary form of justice."

Her brother-in-law regarded her inquiringly. Evidently he was surprised; did not at first take in the intense single-mindedness of the woman who could thus throw herself out of herself, and indignantly argue the cause of another, even though it trenchanted upon ground so delicate that most feminine instincts would have let it alone. He looked at her; and then his just nature divining the utter innocence and indifference out of which she spoke, he said nothing: only sighed.

"You are a very good woman, Hannah—I know that, and Grace ought to be exceedingly obliged to you. But you cannot help her—not in the least."

"And cannot you? Could you not, at least, prevent the man's marrying another woman—as he means to do in your very church next Sunday?"

"Does he? The brute!" cried Mr. Rivers passionately. Then, relapsing into his former coldness—"I fear nothing can be done."

The former marriage being invalid, he can contract another at any time—legally, I mean; the moral question is a different thing."

"So it seems," said Hannah bitterly; for she was vexed at his manner—it seemed so hard, so unlike his usual warm, generous way of judging matters. "But," she argued, resolved to leave not a stone unturned for her poor servant's sake, "if the marriage with Grace was unlawful, why cannot he be prosecuted for that, as for bigamy or similar offences? Either it was a crime or it was not. If it was, punish it by the law; if not——"

"You reason like a woman," interrupted Mr. Rivers angrily. "When I, a man, have already argued the question with myself in every possible way——" He stopped abruptly. "I mean, that you women will only see two sides of a subject—the right and the wrong."

"Yes, thank heaven!"

"Whereas there are many sides, and a man requires to see them all. But we are slipping into ethical discussion, which you and I are rather prone to, Aunt Hannah. Suppose, instead, we go and look at our roses?"

Go and look at roses when a fellow-creature was hanging on every breath of theirs for hope or despair! Hannah had never thought her brother-in-law so hard-hearted.

"I can't go," she said. "I must first speak to poor Grace. What shall I say to her?"

"Whatever you like. But I think the less you say the better. And perhaps, if you could gently hint it, the sooner she leaves us the better. Of course she will have to leave."

"Leave!" repeated Hannah, much startled by the new phase which this most unlucky affair was assuming. "Why 'of course?' I never thought of her leaving."

"Do you not see? But no, you cannot—you see nothing at all!" muttered Bernard Rivers to himself. "Do you not perceive," continued he earnestly, "that we live in a house on a hill, morally as well as physically? That a clergyman must keep himself out of the slightest shadow of evil comment? I especially, both as rector of Easterham and as Sir Austin's son, must expect to have my acts and motives sharply criticised, and perhaps many a motive ascribed to me which does not exist. No; I have been thinking the matter over all morning, and I see no alternative. Grace ought to go. I believe Lady Rivers and all at the Moat-House would say the same."

Hannah drew back. She had never resisted her brother-in-law before—not even in cases where she had thought him a little wrong: though this happened seldom. She had found out that, like most men who are neither selfish nor egotistical, he was remarkably just. Now she felt him to be unjust. To send away Rosie's fond and faithful nurse would be to the child herself a very harmful thing—to Grace, in her circumstances, a bitter unkindness, not to say an actual wrong;

and Miss Thelluson was not the woman to stand tamely by and see a wrong done to any human being if she could help it.

Still it was needful to be very guarded, and she might even have been less courageous, had not the allusion to the Moat-House and its opinions—always more or less shallow and worldly—stirred up in her something of that righteous indignation which blazed up, quite unexpectedly sometimes, in Aunt Hannah's quiet bosom.

"Excuse me," she said, more formally than she was used to speak, in the free and pleasant, even affectionate relations that now subsisted between Mr. Rivers and herself. "Lady Rivers is mistress of the Moat-House, but not of the House on the Hill. When you did me the honour to give me that position, you distinctly said I should manage it as I chose. I claim my right. For Rosie's sake I must beg of you not to send away her nurse."

"Good heavens! you will not see! How can I, placed as I am, keep in my house a woman who is disgraced for life?"

"Not disgraced; only unfortunate. She is a very good girl indeed. She protests solemnly she had not an idea that in marrying James Dixon she was doing wrong."

"How you women do hold to your point!" said Mr. Rivers in great irritation, almost agitation. "But she has done wrong. She has broken the law. In the eye of the law she is neither more nor less than a poor seduced girl, mother of a bastard child."

Now Hannah Thelluson was an exceedingly "proper" person. That is, though not ignorant of the wickedness of the world—the things "done in secret," as St. Paul terms them—she agreed with St. Paul that it was a shame to speak of them, unless unavoidable, and for some good end. If duty required, she would have waded through any quantity of filth; but she did not like it; she preferred keeping in clean paths if possible. Oftentimes she had been startled, not to say shocked, by the light way in which some fast young ladies who came about the Moat-House, and even the Misses Rivers themselves, talked of things which she and the girls of her generation scarcely knew existed, and certainly would never have spoken about, except to their own mothers. And among the qualities in Mr. Rivers which first drew her towards him was one which women soon instinctively find out in men—as men, they say, in women—that rare delicacy of thought and action which no outward decorum can ever imitate, because it springs from an innate chastity of soul. Thus, when in his excitement Mr. Rivers used such exceedingly plain, ugly words, Miss Thelluson looked at him in intense astonishment, and blushed all over her face.

Some people called Hannah a plain woman—that is, she was tall, and thin, and colourless, not unlike the white lily she had been compared to; but when she blushed, it was like the white lily with a rosy sunset glow upon it. For the moment she looked absolutely pretty. Something in Mr. Rivers's eyes made her conscious that he thought

so—or at least that he was thinking of her, and not of poor Grace or the subject in hand at all.

"Why do you not oftener wear white; I like it so much," he said, softly touching her gown, a thick muslin, embroidered with black, which she thought would be a sort of mediæval compromise. She was so fond of white, that it was half-regretfully she had decided she was too old to wear it. But among her new dresses she could not resist this one. It pleased her to have it noticed, or would have done, had not her mind been full of other things.

"I was going to the picnic in Langmead Wood, you know; but never mind that just now. Before I start I shall have to tell poor Grace her doom. A heavy blow it will be. Do not ask me to make it worse by telling her she must leave us."

Bernard was silent.

"I cannot bear to resist your will," pleaded she. "When I first came here, I made up my mind to obey you—that is, in all domestic things—even as *she* would have done. But even she would have resisted you in this. Were she living now, I am sure she would say exactly as I do—dear, tender-hearted Rosa!"

"Why do you name her?" said Mr. Rivers in a low tone. "Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid! Why should I be? Of all women I ever knew, my sister had the truest heart, the quickest sense of justice. If she thought a thing was right, she would say it—ay, and do it, too—in face of the whole world. So would I."

"Would you? Are you one of those women who have courage to defy the world?"

"I think I am, if I were tried; but I never have been tried. I hope I never may be; and I hope, too, that you will save me from doing any more in the defiant line," added she, smiling, "by retracting what you said, and letting Grace stay."

"But how can she stay? How can you keep her miserable story a secret?"

"I should not keep it a secret at all. I would tell everybody the whole truth, explaining that we drew the line between guilt and innocence; that you refused to marry James Dixon to this new wife of his, but that the poor creature whom he had made believe she was his wife should stay under the shelter of your roof as long as she liked. That, I am sure, would be the just and right way to act. Shall it be so?"

"You are a courageous woman, Hannah. But," added he, with a sad kind of smile, "it is like the courage of little boys venturing on our frozen pond there: they do not know how deep it is. No, no; I cannot thus run counter to my own people and to all the world. In truth, I dare not."

"Dare not!" Hannah blazed up in that sudden way of hers, whenever she saw a wrong done—doubly so when, any one she

cared for did it. She had lived with Mr. Rivers nearly a year now, and whether she cared for him or not, she had never seen anything in him which made her cease to respect him,—until now. "Dare not!" she repeated, almost doubting if she had heard truly. "When there is a certain course of conduct open to him, be it right or wrong, I always believed that the last reason an honest man gave for declining it would be, 'I dare not!'"

The moment she had made this bitter speech—one of the old sarcastic speeches of her girlhood—Hannah saw it was a mistake, that she was taking with Mr. Rivers a liberty which even a flesh-and-blood sister had no right to take, and she was certain he felt it so. All the proud Norman blood rushed up to his forehead.

"I never knew I was a coward, Miss Thelluson. Since you think me one, I will relieve you of my company."

Opening the French window at once, he passed out of it into the garden, and disappeared.

Hannah stood, overwhelmed. During all the months they had lived under the same roof, and in the close intimacy that was inevitable under the circumstances, she and her brother-in-law had never had anything approaching to a quarrel. They had differed widely sometimes, but always amicably and upon abstract rather than personal grounds. Those "sharp words," which even the dearest friends say to one another sometimes, had never passed between them. His extraordinarily sweet temper—oh, how keenly Hannah now appreciated her sister's fond praise of the blessing it was to have a sweet-tempered husband!—his utter absence of worldliness and self-conceit; and that warm good heart, which, as the cloud of misery slowly passed away from him, shone out in everything he did and said;—all these things made quarrelling with Bernard Rivers almost impossible.

"What have I done?" thought Hannah, half-laughing, half-crying. "He must think me a perfect virago. I will apologise the minute he comes back."

But he did not come back: not though she waited an hour in the breakfast-room, putting off her household duties, and even that other, as painful as it was inevitable, speaking to poor Grace: but he never came. Then, going into the hall, she saw that his hat and coat had vanished. She knew his appointments of the morning, and was sure now that he was gone and would be away the whole day.

Then Hannah became more than perplexed—thoroughly unhappy. Even Grace's forlorn face, when she told her—she had not the heart to tell more—that Mr. Rivers could promise nothing, but that she hoped he would prevent the marriage, if possible,—failed to affect her much; and Rosie's little arms round her neck, and the fond murmur of "Tannie, Tannie," did not give nearly the comfort that they were wont to do.

"Tannie has been naughty," said she, feeling a strange relief in

confessing her sins to the unconscious child. "Tannie has vexed papa. When Rosie grows up she must never vex papa. She must try to be a comfort to him: he has no one else."

Poor Hannah! She had done wrong, and she knew it. When this was the case, nothing and nobody could soothe Hannah Theluson.

With a heavy heart, she got ready for the picnic—a family affair between this house and the Moat-House, which was still full of visitors. The girls were to fetch first their brother from the school-house, and then herself, but when the carriage came round, Mr. Rivers was not in it.

"Bernard is thoroughly sulky to-day," said the eldest sister. "He doesn't seem to know his own mind at all, whether he will go or won't; but perhaps he may turn up by-and-by. Don't let us bother about him. Such a splendid day it is for a picnic, and Langmead Wood at its loveliest time! Do let us enjoy ourselves."

They did enjoy themselves, and certainly, Hannah thought, were not much "bothered" by their brother's sulkiness, or afflicted by his absence. The fraternal bond is so free and easy, that, except in cases of very special affection, brothers and sisters can speedily console themselves with somebody else.

But with herself it was not so. She thought the girls rather heartless in missing Bernard so little. She missed him a good deal, and set down her regrets as conscience-stings. They hindered half her enjoyment of the lovely wood, just putting on its green clothing, full of primroses and hyacinths, and nest-building birds pouring out on all sides a rapture of spring-time song. She scarcely heard it, or hearing it only gave her pain.

"I was unkind to him," she thought; "unkind to a man whose wife is dead, who goes lonely through the world, and needs every allowance that can be made for him, every comfort that can be given him. He, too, who is always so considerate and kind to me! How ungrateful I have been!"

So absorbed was she in her contrition that she did not notice for ever so long what otherwise would have interested her much—a very patent love-affair now going on between Adeline Rivers and this same Mr. Melville, the young squire whom Grace had mentioned. To bring him "to the point," as one of the girls confidentially told her, this picnic had been planned, hoping that the tender influence of the woody glades of Langmead would open his heart, and turn it from nebulous courtship to substantial marriage—a marriage evidently highly acceptable to the whole family. Which Hannah thought rather odd, considering what she knew of the family opinions, and that it was but the mere chance of a marriage happening before instead of after the year 1835, which saved Herbert Melville from being in the same position as poor Grace's son—a "base-born" child.

Late in the afternoon, Bernard appeared. They were all sitting in

a circle round the remnants of the dinner. He shook hands with everybody, ending with Miss Thelluson. Words were impossible there; but Hannah tried to make her eyes say, "Are we friends? I am so sorry." The apology fell hopeless: he was looking in another direction, and she shrank back into herself, feeling more unhappy, in a foolish, causeless, childish sort of way, than she remembered to have done for at least ten years.

If

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain,"

—to be wroth with ourselves for having wronged one we love is pretty nearly as bad; except that in such a case we are able to punish ourselves unlimitedly, as Hannah did, with the most laudable pertinacity, for a full hour. She listened with patience to endless discussions, *tête-à-tête*, among Lady Rivers and her girls, upon the chances and prospects of the young couple for whose benefit the picnic was made—who, poor things, knew well what they were brought there for, and what was expected of them before returning home. At any other time she would have pitied, or smiled at, this pair of lovers, who finally slipped aside among the trees, out of sight, though not out of comment, of their affectionate families; and she might have felt half amused, half indignant, at the cool, public way in which the whole matter was discussed. But now her heart was too sore and sad; she just listened politely to everybody that wanted a listener, and meantime heard painfully every word her brother-in-law said, and saw every movement he made—not one, however, in her direction. She made a martyr of herself, did everything she did not care to do, and omitted the only thing she longed to do—to go up straight to Mr. Rivers and say, "Are you angry with me still? Do you never mean to forgive me?"

Apparently not, for he kept sedulously out of her way, and yet near her, though not a word between them was possible. This behaviour at last tantalized her so much, that she fairly ran away: stole quietly out of the circle, and hid herself in a nut-wood dell, filling her hands with blue hyacinths.

"Hannah, what are you doing?"

"Gathering a nosegay to take home to Rosie."

A brief question and answer. Yet they seemed to clear away the cloud. Mr. Rivers stood watching a little while, and then began helping her to gather the flowers.

"How continually you think of Rosie's pleasure. But you do of everybody's. What a warm good heart you have."

"Have I? I doubt it," answered Hannah, with a faltering voice, for she was touched by his gentleness, by that wonderfully sweet nature he had—so rare in a man, yet not unmanly, if men could only believe this! Hannah had long ceased to wonder why her brother-in-law was so universally beloved.

"I think you and I rather quarrelled this morning, Aunt Hannah? We never did so before, did we?"

"No."

"Then don't let us do it again. Here is my hand."

Hannah took it joyfully, tried to speak, and signally failed.

"You don't mean to say you are crying?"

"I am afraid I am. It is very silly, but I can't help it. I never was used to quarrelling, and I have been quite unhappy all day. You see,"—and she raised her face with the innocent child-like expression it sometimes wore—more child-like, he once told her, than any creature he ever saw over ten years old,—“you see, I had behaved so ill to you—you that are unfailingly kind to me.”

"Not kind—say grateful. Oh, Hannah!" he said, with great earnestness, "I owe you more, much more, than I can ever repay. I was sinking into a perfect slough of despond, becoming a miserable, useless wretch, a torment to myself and everybody about me, when it came into my head to send for you. You roused me, you made me feel that my life was not ended, that I had still work to do, and strength to do it with. Hannah, if any human being ever saved another, you saved me."

Hannah was much moved. Still more so when, drooping his head and playing absently with a mass of dead leaves, from under which blue violets were springing, he added—

"I sometimes think *she* must have sent you to me,—do you?"

"I think thus much—that she would rejoice if I, or any one, was able to do you any good. Any generous woman would, after she had gone away, and could do you good no more. She would wish you to be happy—even if it were with another woman—another wife."

Hannah said this carefully, deliberately; she had long waited for a chance of saying it, that he might know exactly what was her feeling about second marriages, did he contemplate anything of the sort. He evidently caught her meaning, and was pained by it.

"Thank you. Rosa said much the same thing to me, just before she died. But I have no intention of marrying again. At least not now."

Hannah could not tell why, but she felt relieved—even glad. The incubus of several weeks was taken off at once, as well as that other burthen—which she had no idea would have weighed her down so much—the feeling of being at variance with her brother-in-law.

He sat down beside her, on a felled log; and they began talking of all sorts of things—the beauty of the wood, the wonderfully delicious spring day; and how Rosie would have enjoyed it, how she would enjoy it by-and-by, when she was old enough to be brought to picnics at Langmead. All trivial subjects, lightly and gaily discussed; but they were straws to show how the wind blew, and Hannah was sure now that the wind blew fair again—that Mr. Rivers had forgiven and forgotten everything.

Not everything ; for he asked suddenly if she had told Grace the bitter truth, and how she bore it ?

"Patiently, of course ; but she is nearly broken-hearted."

"Poor soul ! And you think, Hannah, that if she—Rosa—had been here, she would have let Grace stay ?"

"I am sure she would. She was so just, so pure, so large in all her judgments ; she would have seen at once that Grace meant no harm—that no real guilt could attach to her, only misfortune ; and, therefore, it was neither necessary nor right to send her away."

"Very well. I came to tell you that she shall not be sent away. I have reconsidered the question, and am prepared to risk all the consequences of keeping her,—for my little girl's sake,—and yours."

Hannah burst into broken thanks, and then fairly began to cry again. She could not tell what was the matter with her. Her joy was as silly and weak-minded as her sorrow. She was so ashamed of herself as to be almost relieved when Mr. Rivers, laughing at her in a kindly, pleasant way, rose up and rejoined his sisters.

The rest of the day she had scarcely ten words with him ; yet she felt as happy as possible. Peace was restored between him and herself ; and Grace's misery was lightened a little, though, alas ! not much. Perhaps, since even her master said she had done no intentional wrong, the poor girl would get used to her lot in time. It could not be a very dreary lot—to take care of Rosie. And Aunt Hannah longed for her little darling,—wished she had her in her arms, to show her the heaps of spring flowers, and the rabbits with their funny flashes of white tails, appearing and disappearing beneath the tender ferns that were shooting up under the dead leaves of last year,—life out of and death, joy out of sorrow, as God meant it to be.

Nay, even the Rivers family and the rest seemed to drop a little of their formal worldliness, and become young men and maidens, rejoicing in the spring. Especially the well-watched pair of lovers ; who had evidently come to an understanding, as desired ; for when, after a lengthy absence, they reappeared, bringing two small sticks apiece, as their contributions to the fire that was to boil the kettle, their shyness and awkwardness were only equalled by their expression of blushing content.

Why should not old-maid Hannah be content likewise ? though she was not in her teens, like Adeline, and had no lover ! But she had a tender feeling about lovers still ; and in this blithe and happy spring-time it stirred afresh ; and her heart was moved in a strange sort of way—half pleasant, half sad.

Besides, this day happened to be an anniversary. Not that Hannah was among those who keep anniversaries ; on the contrary, she carefully avoided them ; but she never forgot them. Many a time, when nobody knew, she was living over again, with an ineffaced and ineffaceable vividness, certain days and certain hours, burnt into her

memory with the red-hot iron of affliction. The wounds had healed over, but the scars remained. For years she had never seen yellow November fogs without recalling the day when Arthur sailed; nor cowslips, but she remembered having a bunch of them in her hand when she got the letter telling her of his death—just as he was “getting up May-hill”—as they often say of consumptive people. And for years—oh, how many years it seemed—after that day, spring days had given her a cruel pain; as if the world had all come alive again, and Arthur was dead.

To-day, even though it was the very anniversary of his death, she felt differently. There came back into her heart that long-forgotten sense of spring, which always used to come with the primroses and cowslips, when Arthur and she played together among them. The world *had* come alive again, and Arthur had come alive too; but more as when he was a little boy and her playfellow than her lover. A strange kind of fancy entered her mind—a wonder what he was like now—boy, or man, or angel; and what he was doing in that land, which, try as we will, we cannot realise, and are not meant to realise, in any way that would narrow our duties here. Whether he still remained the same, or had altered, as she was conscious she had altered; grown as she had grown,—and suffered; no, he could not suffer, as she had suffered these ten, eleven years? Did he want her? or was he happy without her? Would they, when they met, meet as betrothed lovers, or as the angels in heaven, “who neither marry nor are given in marriage?”

All those thoughts, and many more, went flitting across her mind as Miss Thelluson sat in a place she often took—it saved talking, and she liked it—beside the old coachman, on the Moat-House carriage, as they drove in the soft May twilight, through glade and woodland, moor and down, to Easterham village. And, when far off, she saw the light shining from a window of the House on the Hill, her heart leaped to it—her heart, not her fancy—for there was her warm, happy human home. There, under that peaceful roof, centred all her duties, all her delights; there, in the quiet nursery, little Rosie lay sleeping, ready to wake up next morning fresh as the flowers, merry as a young lambkin, developing more and more in her opening child-life—the most wonderful and lovely sight God ever gives us, and He gives it us every day—a growing human soul.

“Oh, if Rosa could only see her now—the daughter for whom she died!” sighed Hannah; and then suppressed the sigh, as irreligious, unjust. “No. I think if Rosa came back to us, and saw us now—him and her baby, and me—she would not be unhappy. She would say—what I should say myself, if I died—that when God takes our dead from us, He means us not to grieve for ever, only to remember.”

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WHICH is the most mortifying to a man of genius who cares for fame—to be totally unknown, or wofully *misknown*? Probably the second of the two cases is the least agreeable. When Thackeray was canvassing Oxford, he introduced himself to some college don or other as the author of “Vanity Fair.” “Something in the Bunyan way, I presume?” innocently inquired the great man. At Wimbledon camp, last year, a gentleman, seeing an officer reading aloud under a great tent to a large number of people, asked of a policeman who was keeping order what the officer was reading. “Dickens’s ‘Penny Picnic,’ sir,” said the policeman. This was simply laughable, and nobody would have enjoyed the man’s harmless *misknowledge* more than Dickens himself. But it must have been rather a different case when, at a party at Oxford, a gentleman in no way distinguished by any look of peculiar stupidity, asked Hawthorne if he was not the author of “The Red Letter A.” It would weaken the interest some writers take in literary glory, if they would only keep their eyes open to the fact that the greater part of the knowledge of them which is possessed by the great body of the public is mere *misknowledge*. Very few, indeed, of the people who read a book which is popular know more about it after a month is over than the gentleman who could not remember the title of “The Scarlet Letter.” There was a time when “The Scarlet Letter” had some claim to be considered a popular book; but it owed a large part of its general diffusion to the fact that it could be and was sold in this country for a shilling. And it is undoubtedly true that Hawthorne is essentially a writer for select readers. Beyond the inner circle there is a pretty considerable public who turn over his books, or, at least, “The Scarlet Letter;” but to the majority of these good people he is of necessity a man so much *misknown*, that he might himself have preferred not being read at all by them. At least one would say so, if it were not for the strong proofs afforded by his memoranda posthumously published of the pleasure he took in being widely, if remotely, known. He could not have missed seeing the frequent declarations of English critics, that he was, on the whole, the most original man of genius America had produced. When we bear in mind the names which this verdict placed second to him—Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, and Poe—we cannot wonder that he took pleasure in the verdict; though he undoubtedly did so in a shy way that had a smack of humour in

it. It was a verdict that might be a little disputed in favour of Emerson; some people would say, in favour of Poe; but, after all, there was something mechanical about the movement of the fine faculties of the latter, and, as Lowell says of him, in his writings "the heart is all squeezed out by the mind." There are, no doubt, critics at present who would affirm that the advent of Walt Whitman has changed the conditions, and that *he* is now the most original man of genius that America has produced. There is something to be said for this last claim; for whether we decide that Whitman is a great poet who will live, or only the splendid Apollo of rowdies, he is the most truly American of the writers of merit that America has produced. Emerson, indeed, is American; so, in a way, is Lowell, under the *persona* of Hosea Biglow; so, in a way, is Longfellow, in the "Song of Hiawatha;" so, again, is Cooper in his novels. But, indeed, the whole question of "Americanism" involves some curious matters that are well worth looking at.

To begin with, it is exceedingly difficult for us English to catch in a new literature the distinct impress of another nationality when the language employed by the writers is our own, written idiomatically and with perfect purity; as, for example, Poe, Hawthorne, Prescott, Longfellow, and Bryant wrote. The first accents of nationality that strike our ears are usually such as relate to scenery and minor circumstances. We perceive that a writer is an American (the title is not exhaustively accurate as a definition) if he writes squash instead of pumpkin, and talks familiarly of the blue-bird and the hickory-hole, or of caucuses and mass-meetings, dollars and dimes, and so on. These are accidents of a kind which may turn up in literature of any quality, in America or elsewhere. But when a writer like Lowell seizes a peculiar type of character which we at once recognise as national, or when Hawthorne describes the scenery of the Assabeth (in the introduction to the "Mosses from an Old Manse"), or Emerson paints a landscape such as we can nowhere see on this side of the Atlantic, we find him American in another and a higher sense. He is American just as a man who is always letting out about the Rhine (and, perhaps, his grandmother) is German. But there are other ways yet of being American.

Hawthorne painted American scenery beautifully, but he painted that of Italy with equal beauty, and sometimes that of England. Only he seems to have been the first of his countrymen whose literary self-consciousness, so to speak, was American. It was almost irritably so. His mind stands back, and looks around, and realises its traditions, and the relation of his people to the parent people, and deliberately formulates itself as American. He always shows himself distinctly wide-awake to the particulars in which America has broken with the old traditions; and yet he hardly appears resigned to her privations—to the absence of the wall-flower, the

ivy, and the lichen on the walls of her civilisation, for example; or, again, to the absence of a supremely cultured and "leisured" class in America; or to that of "the untouched and ornamental" in general in her social fabric. In "The House of the Seven Gables" he has very vividly, and evidently with only partial consciousness of what he was about, shown us the way in which his mind had been at work upon the old problems in the new forms in which they appeared to him in the growth of his country under the shadow of English tradition. He writes as if he resented the fact that he could not be an American and an Englishman all at once. People may deny this as long as they please, and maintain that it is our national conceit which makes us think these things; but Hawthorne would not have denied it if it had been pressed home to him in a quiet hour by an Englishman of genial humour and true love of American freedom. There are perpetually recurring traces in his writings of a sense that the "go-ahead" spirit seemed, for the present at least, to involve a kind and degree of impermanence which was painful. In "The House of the Seven Gables," which we now know he preferred to "The Scarlet Letter"—a very significant fact—we have a striking embodiment of all this. The young "Red Republican" daguerreotypist, descendant of Maule, who baffled and mesmerised the ancient Pyncheon, is the representation of Labour and Progress, and he marries Phœbe Pyncheon. Here is the reconciliation of the aristocratic spirit with the spirit of modern equality. But though the young man has been not long previously quarrelling with the kind of permanence which is symbolised by antiquated houses like that of the Seven Gables, he is no sooner betrothed than he, too, contemplates the permanent, and proposes a new wing to the Pyncheon house.

This is one instance, too, out of a hundred that could be cited to illustrate the way and the degree in which Hawthorne, without becoming cynical, so often *seems* to approach the confines of cynicism,—the hazy border-land in which we so often find him stealing along, softly, with his face towards the light, but with a slant look at the gloom beyond. Another instance occurs at the opening of "The Scarlet Letter," where the author notices, quite unnecessarily as it appears, the fact that wherever men go and sit down in large numbers, there are two things which they are compelled to set up—namely, a prison and a graveyard. Take, again, the remark of the sexton when he hands to Arthur Dimmesdale, on the pulpit stairs, the minister's glove which he had picked up on the pillory. Again, the various readings which different people give to the letter A said to be seen in the sky in the night upon which Arthur mounts that place of shame in the dark by himself. Again, the different versions which tradition gave of the wonderful closing scene of the story, and of the minister's dying speech to the people.

Again, the sudden confession at the end of "The Blithedale Romance," that the narrator of the story was himself in love with Priscilla—an announcement which throws backward upon the narrative a most peculiar colouring. Again, the story of Goodman Brown. In all these and in many other instances, we feel the presence of a fine genius which flies, and mounts heavenwards, but which yet looks as if it *might* have singed its wing at some time. There are two ways, and only two, in which such awkward corners as his mind is always running against can be, in military phrase, "turned;" by a very *dogmatic* moral faculty, or by a much stronger sense of humour than Hawthorne possessed. Richter, Sterne, or Molière would have wrapped up that touch about the prison and the graveyard in such a nice, warm laugh that we should not have been stung by it. When some Yankee "jokist" the other day told us that a certain district was so healthy, that when they "inaugurated" the cemetery they had to shoot a man on purpose, we were reminded of the inevitableness of that institution; but the humour took away all possibility of pain. It is not Hawthorne's fault that he had not humour adapted to the effort in question, though he had a fine, quiet humour of his own. Nor is it his fault that he has not dogmatic or intellectual force enough, or even sufficient depth of passion, to enable him to "turn" the corners which yet he appears unable to avoid. "The Scarlet Letter" is the most intense of his writings, or, at least, it can only be rivalled in that particular by "Transformation;" but in neither is the passion quite strong enough to communicate to the reader that sense of absolute and final moral victory which, after so much pain, the heart craves. It by no means follows that a picture of the very last despairs of the human soul, with only just light enough to exhibit them, should depress. If the picture be only strong enough, it may ensure a reaction of triumph in the soul of the spectator. But the strength is essential; and of that has Hawthorne quite enough, even for purposes of passion? "There is Hawthorne," writes Lowell in his brilliant Fable for the Critics—

"There is Hawthorne with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there"—

and in Hawthorne there really is a true and effective force. But is it quite sufficient for the desperate ground through which he so often makes the reader travel?

The defect is no doubt partly of the intellect. His writings, with small exceptions, start the deepest difficulties, and then rather worry them than shake the life out of them. Nowhere is the *statement* of a problem complete, or even as complete as it might be. In "The House of the Seven Gables," if Holgrave, the daguerreotypist, must needs start that question between the old and the new, he should have more to say about it than what he delivers with a sad smile.

In "The Blithedale Romance," the question of the relation of what may be called vocational philanthropy to the exercise of the private affections is left in a highly unsatisfactory condition, and the book closes with the most dismal picture of a man of noble aspirations utterly broken down by remorse—morally crushed because he could not at any time rally his conscience into action after having caused the suicide of the beautiful Zenobia. Generally speaking, indeed, remorse and failure play too prominent a part in these writings. It is not well to exhibit remorse as having power to kill, or almost to kill the soul of a man, and there to leave the matter. Nor, as we shall see in a moment, can we wholly admit the plea that Hawthorne was primarily an artist, not a moralist. In "The Scarlet Letter," the climax of the story is grand indeed, and the general result more wholesome. But even here we occasionally feel stifled. Remorse is not allowed to kill the soul of Arthur Dimmesdale; but, again, we have an immense problem started, and a most lurid exhibition of its difficulties, and then we are put off at the end with a hint that some day "a new truth" will be disclosed which will put the whole relation of man and woman upon a better footing. (I may incidentally mention that in F. W. Robertson's *Diary*, this passage is quoted at length, and attributed to Mr. Arthur Helps.) This puts one in mind of the advice of, I think, Quintus Fixlein, in Jean Paul—"There are important conclusions to be drawn from this, and I advise you to draw them." Still less hopeful is the state of the case at the close of "Transformation." In that story, Donatello, the Faun, is supposed to have risen to a higher moral life in consequence of a crime, and Kenyon, the painter, puts the question whether sin may not be a necessary condition of moral and spiritual growth. Hilda flinches with horror from the notion, Kenyon utterly disavows it, and there the matter ends. But we all perceive that "Transformation" was written for the very purpose of putting *some such* question, and we naturally ask that if such problems are to be dealt with at all they should at least be stripped bare and boldly grasped. As it is, we are not even left with a problem—we get a mere perplexity.* A little resolute reflection would have brought a mind of a certain degree (not necessarily the highest) of speculative force face to face with the ultimate question in terms which would not have shocked even Hilda. And then, though we should not have got a solution (for the problem is insoluble), we should have got a problem instead of a perplexity, and that would have, so to speak, wrung out the defiance of the conscience, in company with the last word of the intellect, upon the subject.

* The same difficulty is started in the beautifully finished story of "The Birth-Mark." It is characteristic of Hawthorne and illustrative of what we are now saying, that he admitted, or rather smilingly avowed, having forgotten what some of these short stories meant!

Had Hawthorne that certain degree of speculative force? We think not. His imagination, along with much speculative apprehensiveness, is always bringing up questions which he never seizes by the throat. In his pages you are for ever meeting some ghost of this kind; your magician has called him up, but does not lay him for you. It is fair to assume that he could not lay him for himself. Lowell calls him "a John Bunyan-Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck." The second characterization is better than the first. In Bunyan and Fouqué, both, the good is usually made very clearly to *triumph* in some way or other. In Hawthorne you have, however, an artist who is so far like Bunyan that every story he tells is a parable, and almost every character a type set in its place for the ends of the parable; but Mr. Greatheart is terribly harassed by the enemy, and Hopeful is languid. This is partly because Hawthorne was not constitutionally very sanguine, but it is partly because he "tries conclusions" with enemies who are either too strong for him, or so slightly embodied that they flit like ghosts through keyholes of doubt, and leave you just as you were, only with a sense that the place is haunted. We should say that this was a necessary result of one essential quality of Hawthorne's genius—namely, inconclusiveness, if it were not really apparent in many places that there is something more in it. For example, Arthur Dimmesdale, a Puritan divine in the days of Governor Winthrop, talks to Hester Prynne of adultery as a crime in which they had violated their reverence for each other's soul; and says, in another place, that what they did had a consecration of its own which made it a less crime than that of the physician, persistently torturing two hearts and trying to bring one of them to perdition. Now, all this is quite true. But what can we make of a Puritan divine in the seventeenth century speaking of reverence for the soul, and the "consecration" that may lie even in a love which the conscience condemns? The first of these two ideas is natural enough in a Channing, and the second in a Robert Browning; but in Arthur Dimmesdale! Take, again, that very powerful but incongruous and impossible scene in which Arthur Dimmesdale pleads with the stern conscript fathers of New England for Hester, gives reasons for leaving the custody of the child Pearl with its mother, and actually tells these Puritan magistrates to their face that there was a peculiar sacredness in the relation of Pearl to Hester. If it were at all conceivable—it is not—that under the conditions of the theological and moral culture of those days a man like Arthur Dimmesdale, and suffering as he was, should have succeeded in wringing out of his soul some of the truth which he spoke to the grim old fellows, it is simply incredible that they should ask him to "make that plain," and placidly profess themselves convinced by his pleading. They would not have understood a word he said, and if they had understood they would assuredly have answered him—"Much learning, Master Dimmesdale, hath made

these mad." These are instances, which could be paralleled by the score, of Hawthorne's imperfect grasp of speculative conditions, even in matters which he might have been supposed thoroughly to understand.

We have hinted that Hawthorne is a great artist in parable, and that his characters are almost all of them types created with a capacity for serving the purposes of the parable. This is strictly true, and it is one of the greatest triumphs of the wonderful genius of the man that he has usually continued to make them still human and natural, and to put them in motion in narratives that work artistically to the appointed climax. There are some exceptions to this rule—Clifford, the "abortive lover of the beautiful," as he has been called, is one. It is still more surprising that this naturalness of effect should have been attained in spite of, or rather in most wonderful harmony with, the results of that inclusiveness which we have mentioned as giving in more than one particular the stamp to his novels. It may, indeed, be called the brand of the Hawthorne genius. The way in which it most powerfully works is this. He never allows you to make up your mind, and seems never to have made up his own, whether there is a preternatural element at work in the narrative or not. The manner in which he takes up a wild tradition or an awful superstition (*e.g.*, that the body of the wounded will bleed at the approach of the murderer), or some startling unexplained phenomena (*e.g.*, those of mesmerism), and impacts, so to speak, ordinary events and persons into such things, is familiar to all his readers. His scenery and his persons are wrought out with the utmost distinctness, but every now and then he lets down a curtain of lurid haze all round, or sends a shudder over the page, before you well know where you are. This is the characteristic way in which the indeterminateness of his mind works for us. To the last we are not quite sure that we have got to "the rights" of the connection or identity of Priscilla and the Veiled Lady, or the connection between Zenobia and the tropical flower she wore, or the "Maule's blood" of the Pyncheon tradition, or the harpsichord music in the old Pyncheon house, or Donatello's faun-like ears, or the "red letter A" as the Oxford gentleman called it. Again, this indeterminateness will be found to be of the essence of the Hawthorne humour. The best example of that is the exquisite account of the Salem custom-house, or, rather, of its people. In Hawthorne's mind, everything seemed capable of meaning something else, and the endless filaments of suggestion sent out in search of symbolic meanings,—you can see them trembling all round at every capture like a spider's web. There is one other source of the extreme fascination of this man's writings. A plain word for it would be concentration, or pertinacity; but in the lurid haze under which his genius so often works it becomes something for which we really want a name. Perhaps we might call it a fatality of method which carries

an almost awfully impersonal look with it. When Judge Pyncheon sits dead in his chair in the dark room all night, and the genius of the author, through all that most terrible time, walks round and round him in the gloom, gradually closing in upon the solemn fact that you well know all the while, you feel with a shudder, that this bad man is not only dead, he is dead-dead—fatally dead, so to speak. Now, the movement of Hawthorne as a narrator is always of this kind. He gradually *closes in* upon his idea; but as you feel that his imagination is doing this spontaneously, the effect is like that of some preternatural fatality.*

Of the fine artistic finish of Hawthorne's work, of his beautifully transparent style, of his exquisite descriptions of natural scenery and works of art, much has already been written. They are beyond praise, and they are known to all the world. Upon minor peculiarities of his style something might be said, if there were space. But I may repeat, in passing, a question I have put before—Why is it that painters have seldom, if ever, taken subjects from his novels? The only reason that occurs to me is that Hawthorne so entirely seizes the scene, when he wishes to do it, and so finely and exhaustively paints it, that a painter would be under too much restraint in working at the canvas. I have in my mind the two opening chapters of "The Scarlet Letter." What could any pencil do with them but just copy?

Of the personal qualities that are exhibited in the writings of Hawthorne, something might in any case be said, and the last notes from his diaries have gone far to make his character public property. His fine feelings towards women and children, his compassion for suffering, his utter harmlessness, his radical patience of nature (though he *must* have been irritable in the scientific sense of the word), his love of his native country and his friends—all these lie upon the surface of his books, and they receive abundant illustration in the diaries. Upon the surface, also, lies what, if his genius and character had not made good their high privileges of exemption, we might call some want of "grit." We discern this in his flinching from the solid cabbage-rose beauty of a full-grown Englishwoman, and we fancy that he was never, from his birth to his death, quite at home with ordinary human nature. Most kind and affectionate he evidently was, and made, above all things, for home; but he never quite realised the solidity of human life and human beings,

* Contrast Hawthorne's manner with that of Fielding. Here and there a sensitive woman, or a sharp critic, guesses at the outset who is the mother of "Tom Jones;" but to the majority of readers the discovery comes suddenly at last, like a clap of thunder. In "The Scarlet Letter," the dullest reader knows, from the very first scene, who is Pearl's father; but in spite of this, we follow with breathless interest (not suspense or curiosity) the author's gradual belaguering of the dreadful truth.

and was not capable of social abandonment. For this he was not to blame, but it must be borne in mind in giving due value to his estimates of men and things.

When deductions have been made, we find the Note-Books* most delightful reading. It is very soothing to follow this fine novelist in his quiet rambles about England, and particularly about London, usually with his wife and children, but almost always happy, and quite always minutely observant. It is pleasant to find that the more he sees of us English the better he likes us. He begins by finding our weather cold and bad, and ends by finding it sunny and exquisite—too hot, in fact. He always tells us what he had to eat, and, when out and about, appears to have drunk a pint of ale at every lunch or dinner. A great part of the volumes consist of memoranda of his own acts of kindness to the poor and suffering. There are charming descriptions and anecdotes, told in his best manner, and he is always delightful in speaking of children: which would make us wonder why his "Tanglewood Tales" were not better, if it were not plain, in spite of "Transformation," that Hawthorne's mind was not particularly well fitted to manipulate Greek legend.

There is a passage in Mrs. Hawthorne's preface which ought not to be suppressed here:—

"It is very earnestly hoped that these volumes of Notes—American, English, and by-and-by Italian—will dispel an often expressed opinion that Mr. Hawthorne was gloomy and morbid. He had the inevitable pensiveness and gravity of a person who possessed what a friend of his called 'the awful power of insight;' but his mood was always cheerful and equal, and his mind peculiarly healthful, and the airy splendour of his wit and humour was the light of his home. He saw too far to be despondent, though his vivid sympathies and shaping imagination often made him sad in behalf of others. He also perceived morbidness, wherever it existed, instantly, as if by the illumination of his own steady cheer; and he had the plastic power of putting himself into each person's situation, and of looking from every point of view, which made his charity most comprehensive. From this cause he necessarily attracted confidences, and became confessor to very many sinning and suffering souls, to whom he gave tender sympathy and help, while resigning judgment to the Omniscient and All-wise."

This is highly significant in its bearing upon the burrowing, or almost inquisitorial, character of Hawthorne's studies of humanity; and a word or two more in the way of following up points already raised may not be undesirable. That peculiar shyness which a coarse person might have called want of grit, running as it did into incapacity for even *imaginative* social abandonment, had much to do with both the burrowing and the—what shall we call it?—the encircling, or beleaguering, movement of Hawthorne's mind. The truth is, that if he had had a more easy, natural, flesh-and-blood

* "Passages from the English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." London: Strahan & Co. 1870.

grasp, both of living and of imaginary persons, he would have created much stronger and simpler figures. As it is, we can see that at first there is a sort of flinching, or falling-back, movement of the whole of his nature, and then, after a time, he begins a kind of *teredo* action upon the character or the subject. Mr. Browning's manner may be called inquisitorial too, but how different in its boldness and flesh-and-blood grasp. You almost touch the hands and rub the shoulders of his people! On the other hand, we should have lost that weird indecision of the imagination which yet persists, returning to its point again and again, yet delaying to strike the final blow, in a way which to a victim threatened by him would be torture. We should also have lost that portion—the largest and most valuable—of Hawthorne's humour, which consists in what I might call the zest of shyness. Destiny herself could not drag him out to dinner, he himself tells us, and to such a man there must have been a keen delight in the involuntary exercise of his faculty of minute observation of others; himself unseen as a ghost. The subtle aroma of this felt delight is great part of Hawthorne's humour. Another element—diffused, like the first—is in his amused and amusing sense of the contrast there was between his own homely tastes and the awful lights with which his imagination so often painted. He could wash up plates and dishes with the best of us, and has recorded certain domestic triumphs in that kind; yet, at the bottom of his most lurid writing there is a sort of subtle plates-and-dishes consciousness. In other words, he felt that there was a certain humour in his writing romances, and the feeling is disclosed in his manner.

One of the things, by-the-bye, which Mr. Hawthorne, in these "Notes," professed himself puzzled about is Mr. Browning's preference of "The Blithedale Romance" to the other tales. The reason is not far to seek, however. The lesson of that powerful romance is, mainly, that the natural affections will not submit to be trampled on by systematized benevolence, but will turn and rend the trampler. This is a lesson after Mr. Browning's own heart, and no wonder that the author of "The Flight of the Duchess," and "A Soul's Tragedy," took kindly to the romance which embodied it. Considered, however, as a critical dictum upon the comparative merit of that work in the Hawthorne library, Mr. Browning's opinion is not worth a moment's thought.

A few minor spoils of one kind or another may be gathered almost at random from these latest volumes. Mr. Hawthorne, in all his patient burrowings into and about London, does not seem to have found out what a variety of splendid views of the east and west are to be had from the bridges. He describes Baron — as being made by his wig to "look like some strange kind of animal, very queer, but sagacious." This may very well be the late Baron Pollock, who

looked very much like a *ntshiego mnbowe*. But any visitor to Westminster Hall may see several of the English judges who have the kind of look Hawthorne refers to. Hawthorne repeats a good thing from a conversation he had with Mr. Monckton Milnes. He was remarking that American politicians, as a rule, knew very little of literature. Mr. Milnes said that it was the same in England, for Sir —, having had some application made to him about two men of letters, called upon Mr. Milnes to know whether they were distinguished persons. The two unknown gentlemen were Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Sheridan Knowles. Later, we have seen Lord Palmerston bestowing a pension on poet Close, and Lord Derby on some Irish Tory scribe of about the same rank. These things are very instructive to people who write.

But, after all, the strongest feeling left by these "Notes" upon the mind of any real student and intimate lover of Hawthorne's writings must be one of envious regret, which, if it took clear form, would mean, "It is very hard that I had not the chance of knowing this delightful man of genius, and the honour and joy of many a ramble and talk with him." We hope, too, now that the accomplished lady who shared his life has followed him to the silent land, there is no indecorum in saying what a pleasure it is to be furnished by actual memoranda of his own with proofs, as strong as unobtrusive, that in one more distinguished example the common talk that men of genius are not fitted for a happy home-life was utterly inapplicable. We believe the accepted notion to be quite untrue; that whatever scintilla of excuse it may have is founded on facts which are favourable to men of letters; and that there are just as many unhappy married cheesemongers as poets, only we do not hear so much of the cheesemongers, nor do they possess the same trick and necessity of expression. One thing, meanwhile, is abundantly clear—namely, that the lady whose remains were recently laid in Kensal Green Cemetery did truly *share* the life of her husband.

Turning, out of mere respect, from her grave, before we make the remark, we may just ask those who repeat by rote the usual merciless criticisms of the married life of persons of exceptional faculty, to consider for a moment what would have been the consequence if Hawthorne had been unhappily married? No human being can possibly tell, but probably it would have been the destruction of his delicate genius, and the entire perversion of his career.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

SEDAN.

THE looms are broken, the looms are hushed,
And a broken weary man
Sits near a child with fever flushed,
In a cottage of Sedan.

The mother starved with him, the weaver,
To feed their little child,
Who lies now low with famine fever,
That slew the mother mild.

The room is desolate; the store
Has dwindled very low :
All a poor housewife's pride of yore
Was plundered of the foe.

And a father cowers over grey
Woodashes barely warm ;
He feels the child is going away
In the pitiless pale storm.

He knows an Emperor lost a crown
Here in his own Sedan,
And he knows an Emperor gained a crown,
The solitary man !

He hears the voice of a world that sings
The spectacle sublime !
Yet only heeds one life that clings
To his own a little time.

I wonder, if the Christ beholds
With eyes Divinely deep,
Whom to his heart He nearest holds,—
The kings, or these that weep !

Who seem more royal and more tall,
In calm pure light from God—
These crowned colossal things that crawl,
Or lowly souls they trod ?

These purple laurelled kings we hail
With banner and battle blare,
Or him who writhes beneath their trail,
A pauper in despair—
Conquered and conquerors of Sedan,—
Or a dying child and a starving man ?

RODEN NOEL.

“RED” PARIS ON EASTER SUNDAY.

ALL the associations I had with Paris were Imperial. I visited the beautiful city first in the winter of 1855, when the *entente cordiale* was at its height, and English and French blood and treasure were being freely given to effect purposes now in process of obsequious relinquishment. The first grand ceremonial I witnessed was Admiral Bruat's funeral, at which Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, subsequently assassinated, officiated. Paris military, Paris magnificent, brilliant, joyous, though war was going on, and the winter was exceptionally severe,—a fairy city in my eyes, though nothing in it interested me more than the traces of the terrible old story of the Great Revolution. The *jour de l'an* of 1856 was such a *jour de fête* as even Parisians hardly remembered, and I remember nothing I have ever seen more clearly than the throng of magnificent equipages to the château of the Tuileries that day.

In the following summer I again saw Paris. There was an heir to the Empire, and the popularity of that institution was great. People learned in “spectacle,” told me they had never seen anything so splendid as the baptism of the Prince Imperial at Nôtre Dame, the illuminations and fireworks in honour of the event, and the ball given to the Empress by the City of Paris at the Hôtel de Ville. It was a device worthy of the nation, polite *par excellence*, to hang the walls of the room in which the Empress was received, with pictures of her Spanish home and the scenes of her girlhood. They made targets for a *tir* in a *guinguette* some time ago. I remember, of all the splendid sights of the time, these best—the squadrons of the Imperial Guard in the Carrousel; the public reception of the new marshals of France, Canrobert and Bosquet; the procession of *Invalides* to the Place Vendôme, where the last survivors of the *grande armée*, clad in their old uniforms and wearing the St. Helena medals, deposited wreaths of immortelles upon the base of the column; the figure of the Empress as she entered the ball-room at the Hôtel de Ville, dressed in sparkling spray-like white, glittering with diamonds, and wearing the Regent—jewel of ill-omen, treachery, and murder-dimmed—in her diadem. The reception of the victorious Crimean troops was an episode of the season, and a sight not easily to be forgotten was the muster in the Place Vendôme, where the Imperial Zouaves stacked their arms and danced away the interval of waiting for the grand cortège, when the sun shone on the glittering arms, on the brilliant decorations, on the

long lines of purple and gold-bedecked balconies, on the groups of splendidly dressed women behind bulwarks of flowers and cool green shrubs, on the innumerable drapeaux, and the omnipotent eagles of the Empire. The booming of the guns at the Barrière, where the Emperor addressed the troops, came grandly to the great space where all the world was waiting, until Cæsar and his staff should take their appointed place beneath the Empress's balcony. General Cluseret's head-quarters are there now, and on Easter-Sunday the booming of the guns on Mont Valérien mingled with the ring of the tools and stones with which workmen were constructing barricades.

To the recollections of that old date belongs a grand review in the Place des Invalides, on which occasion I beheld for the first time the white uniform of the Austrians. The splendid military spectacle was in honour of the Archduke Maximilian, who, probably, about that time, conceived that it was a fine thing to be an emperor. I remember his fair, eager face, very well, with the long, thick Hapsburg lip and the fearless look, which he verified at Queretaro, when they shot him by order of Juarez, a downright republican leader, who does not believe in the scotching of snakes. The archduke had not yet married the Belgian Princess Charlotte at that time, but the match was talked of. The astute Leopold, who among monarchs resembled the *pieuvre* among fishes, was extending his tentacles in the direction of the imperial brother and sister, of whom the former sleeps in a bloody grave, and the latter wears the crown-conjugal of Belgium, whose contiguity to republican France is not a tranquillising circumstance. When I was at Brussels in last January, the ex-Empress of Mexico was said to have fallen into a very degrading condition of madness, and there were people capable of flattening their noses against the railings of the park at Lacken to see the poor woman hurrying up and down in her frantic walk, pursued by the furies of balked ambition.

In January, 1857, I was again in Paris, and this time things were not so pleasant. I carry in my memory of that period a picture of general consternation, of extraordinary panic and insecurity, of a street hastily strewn with sand to hide ugly blood spots, which nevertheless define themselves, and are pointed at and much talked of, and of a general prophecy of the Italian war, under the anticipatory title of "le testament d'Orsini."

The next time, the "testament d'Orsini" had been partially fulfilled. The Italian campaign had terminated gloriously, and the victorious troops were receiving a magnificent welcome from the city of Paris. Cæsar now shared the laurels which, previously, he had only distributed; and nothing was wanting to the revived tradition. The Phoenix had come forth, full-plumaged, from the porphyry pyre of the Invalides, and the Empire was all that could possibly be desired of an accomplished fact. After the glories of war, the triumphs of peace, the splendours of civilisation, the Great Exposition of 1865,

whither the kings of the earth resorted in most fraternal congratulation; and the opening of the Suez Canal, 1869, on which occasion the Empress of the French received an ovation in France and homage abroad, unsurpassed in the history of sovereigns.

In August, 1869, during the slow convalescence of the Emperor, I was in Paris, and the change in the political and social atmosphere impressed itself forcibly upon me. A small revolution had just accomplished itself, the *pouvoir personnel* was tentatively abrogated, and the press had been emancipated, with results which I studied every day by reading a great number and variety of newspapers, beginning with the *Univers*, and ending with *Le Rappel*. I had one more spectacle to witness in Imperial Paris, and I beheld it with a conviction that it would be the last. How the thing was to be accomplished I did not foresee, but I felt as the people felt before Pompeii was buried in the midst of the games, a vague sense of impending doom. Paris never was more beautiful than on the 15th of August, 1869, when I drove from end to end of the city, and out into the suburbs to see the crowd, and the decorations, and to discern, if I could, the spirit of the people. I had seen the Emperor's fête on former occasions in the provinces, and knew that there was in them some sort of feeling for the empire mixed up with the holiday proceedings, if no more deep or sentimental one than that it was a material guarantee of peace and prosperity. But, in Paris in 1869 the fête was denuded of reference to its ostensible *raison d'être* with entire concurrence of the Parisians. Impatience, no longer suppressed, pervaded the crowd before Notre Dame when the police enforced the regulations; scurrilous remarks were made, horrible allusions to the Emperor's illness,—even then nicknames for him were rife,—and “no man said God save him.” The immense crowds, good-humouredly engrossed in their own amusements, were singularly indifferent to the official entertainment provided for them, and not one cheer was raised for the Emperor, even under the contagious influence of illumination and fireworks. I had always found the Parisian workman civil, and the Parisian *cocher* communicative, and in '69 I talked with many members of both classes. The result was always the same—first there would be war, and then the Republic. It might come soon, it could not be very far off. The rich were too rich, the poor were too poor. It could not last. Nothing could be more simple. I heard nothing more deeply political than this. I heard nothing about factions or parties—they had been all found equally wanting, it appeared to me; and there was an intense conviction that the end of this particular failure was near. I did not ask any of those with whom I talked, what they thought might be the result of the defeat of France in the forthcoming war—which was spoken of as systematically as if it were Christmas or the New Year, but always as the result of Prussian initiative—because I never thought of such a possibility.

The military tradition of France had no more undoubting believer than I was. But when I left Paris, three days after the fête of the 15th of August, I had a profound impression that I had seen the city, as an imperial city, for the last time.

In July, 1870, I was at a sea-board village in the Pas de Calais, a wild, primitive, ignorant place, where a few flimsy houses, run up for the accommodation of bathers, contrast perty with the picturesque huts—they are no more—of the fisher population. To this remote region, intelligence of the declaration of war penetrated two days after the event. Some crippled children, who chiefly lived on the broad beach, sheltered by the great dunes, made a sand heap in honour of the occasion, and planted a little paper tricolour flag on the top—the crowning trophy of a christening-cake, most likely. I watched them piling up the sand, and when it was done they waved their caps and cried *Vive L'Empereur!* That was the last time I heard the phrase. Before I left the beach the tide had dispersed the pile of sand, which the children had forsaken, and sucked the little *drapeau* out to sea.

Business of importance took me to Paris on Saturday night, the 8th of April. At Amiens I saw the first indication of the great change which had come over France, in the Prussian soldiers in occupation of the railway-station. Just beyond Chantilly I came upon the first material traces of the war. A heap of ruins—brick and mortar, planks and plaster, shattered glass—all with a smashed, mashed look about them, which no mere demolition gives; and, amid the greater ruin, fragments of furniture and toys. A grave official person, and a jaunty man, in a short coat and a flat cap, with a note-book in his hand, were inspecting the heap, doubtless for purposes of sale and purchase. The lines were occupied at all the stations by long trains of waggons marked "Hannover," and stamped with a red crown. There was one train of trucks laden with rusty, dirty cannon. All the official inscriptions are in German. The morning of Easter Sunday was bright and beautiful; the park of Chantilly looked like the chosen home of the spring, with its delicious glades, its tender green buds, and the white flowers of the thorns and elder trees. The vernal beauty of the long sweep of forest land from Coye onwards to St. Denis, contrasts sadly with the devastation which is so manifest there. I looked down into a stream, on which the sun was shining, as we passed over the bridge, and saw the bleached skeleton of a horse under the bright water.

At the Embarcadère du Nord all was quiet. There were no sentinels, no gendarmes, no porters, the *salle des bagages* was open and empty, a few boys hung about the doors. Nobody had any luggage. I missed the soldiers, the omnibuses, and the noise; I could not convince myself that it was eight o'clock; it must be five and the city not yet awake. For hours I did not get over the sense of missing

the noise, of looking out for the crowd, of thinking I must come upon them in the next street. It was the strangest feeling possible, to find myself driving soberly down towards the Madeleine, through streets so quiet, with so few people in them, that it was difficult to identify them with the streets of Paris at all, and almost impossible to believe that Paris was in Red Revolution. The superscription of the Republic on the great buildings, the absence of the familiar effigies of the empire, the substitution of "National" for "Imperial" in the golden legend upon the façade of the Grand Opéra, the announcement of the communal purposes to which many of the palatial dwellings have been devoted, these alone impressed the truth upon me. When I reached the more central parts of the city, there were more people about, and some vehicles; but there was not the smallest disturbance, though the readers of the *Gaulois* were assured on Monday, that on Easter Sunday Paris was a scene of universal violence and terror.

My first object was to arrive at an understanding of the actual situation of the city. This I made out by reading the latest *affiches*, containing the decrees of the Commune, all the newspapers (several had been suppressed during the two preceding days), and questioning every one who was disposed to give me information. I found no hesitation on the part of any one, and I talked with a great many people, some well-known individuals resident in Paris, several members of the National Guard, a few shopkeepers, a *cocher*, to whom I was indebted for a sight of the most remarkable traces of the siege, one priest, several nuns, two *concierges*, a couple of surgeons, and several *citoyennes*. The first fact I ascertained was the anonymous character of the power then governing Paris. The Committee had dissolved itself, had then been secretly reconstituted, and, with the one exception of General Cluseret, its members were unknown. The resignation of M. Ranc had, in the minds of the most educated of my interlocutors, inflicted the loss of the cleverest of its leaders upon the Commune; but they believed it to have plenty of vitality, considerable pluck, and maintained the fitness of the National Guards to confront the troops of the Assembly. M. Thiers's boast about "the finest army France has ever possessed" has disgusted serious people in Paris—first, because they are tired of boasting in general, and of boasting on the score of the army in particular; and secondly, because this incomparable force must be composed of the former troops who surrendered or were made prisoners by the Germans, and of the fresh levies, which are not necessarily superior to the fresh levies made by General Cluseret. That the city of Paris will get what she is fighting for, and will keep it when she has got it, is a belief which I found tolerably prevalent, even among those who by no means share the Red Republican sentiments. That the destinies of Paris should be swayed by the ignorant and unprogressive peasantry they believe to be as impossible henceforth as it has become unendurable; and they are

confident in the ultimate success of the Commune, because they believe that their success will be for the true interests of all, and that *when they have extirpated persons who prevent the recognition of this fact*, the triumph of common sense and fraternity will be complete.

The absence of violence, exaggeration, and menace in the tone of all the talk which I heard, was as remarkable as the external quiet. That anything like the former state of things could be re-established it does not occur to any one to believe. "The shame of the war," said one gentleman to me, "is nothing in our eyes in comparison with the shame of the Empire, and the shame of a suspicion resting on the chief minister of the State, that he contemplates betraying the Republic." That is the *bête noire*, blacker and more terrible than the Prussians still infesting French territory, and the financial ruin looming in the distance. It may be true that the National Guards, as a body, are actuated by a desire to retain their pay, and that they have no higher motive—that is a motive which makes men fight well, in causes not their own, however; but that their leaders are sincere to fanaticism I have no doubt. "Who are the chief men of the Commune now?" I asked, and received answer, "We do not know; but we know we may trust them"—an extraordinary contrast to the state of feeling all through the war and the siege. "Suppose it comes to street fighting, and the National Guard is beaten, and the Assembly re-established in Paris, what then?" "Then they will still be confronted by the people—the same people, the inhabitants of Paris, determined upon having their right." I think the steady persistence which has had such great results for the Germans, has at length infected these people, and that we shall find them "pegging away" at the establishment of municipal liberties, according to the Commune's notion of them. If the Republic lasts at all, I believe it will be a Republic nearer to the Red programme than to that of M. Thiers.

Let me record here that the only violent, the only sanguinary, the only menacing expression of opinion which I heard in Paris, was with reference to the possibility of an Orleanist restoration. I heard the same from the person highest in the social scale with whom I spoke, and from the person lowest. The first said, "I believe the attempt would drive the populace of Paris to the worst excesses; the mere suspicion makes conciliation almost hopeless." The last said, "I should be sorry to see the Comte de Paris here. They would soon settle *his* pretensions." I was surprised to find that a very general belief exists among the people that the Orleans princes were consulted with reference to the terms of peace—that they are in some way accountable for the enormous amount of the demand for the indemnity. "Ecoutez! ils ont aidé à dévaliser la France," was said to me in the only angry tones I heard. The Empire might have vanished a century ago, for any traces of it I could find, even in men's minds; it was only a form of the obnoxious thing, now become impossible,

that one man should rule the nation, that there should be privileged lives of luxury, exempt from toil. The crudest ideas, entertained with confident complacency, seemed to me to keep up this strange people in the face of a crisis so tremendous, that the whole world is standing aghast at it. I did not see any despair, or horror, or even marked fear: a great sobriety everywhere, and an impression of waiting, that was all. I could not get at reliable details of the fighting; but when I mentioned the number of the National Guard which were believed in England to be killed or wounded, my hearers smiled, and looked at one another. "You get your news from Versailles," was the only remark. "Things are not quite so bad as all that."

Heavy firing was going on in the direction of the Porte Maillot. No one heeded it. I first heard the unfamiliar sound of cannon in a crowded church, and looked on all sides to mark the effect on the congregation. It produced none whatever; and when, later in the day, as I drove through the Champs Elysées, there was a louder and more continuous roar, I observed that the people, who by that time had come out, in tolerable numbers, in the sunshine, looked up towards the Arc de Triomphe, very much in the idle, indifferent way in which dwellers in the direction of Chelsea glance towards Cremorne when balloons are in the programme. The sound did not aid me to realise the truth, but the sight of the Place Vendôme, and of the immense gathering of the National Guard in the avenues of the Champs Elysées, and all the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe did. At one end of the Rue de Rivoli a number of men, under the direction, and with the active help of several National Guards, were constructing a barricade (one of those since discarded, in consequence of paving-stones being two-edged tools, impartially dangerous), while the passers-by looked on, and seemed to regard the proceeding as the merest matter-of-course. The men were working with pickaxes and shovels, as if they were opening a drain, or putting down a gas-pipe, and the National Guards, carrying their guns about, were talking in groups, or strolling along, like our volunteers on their way to the railway-stations, except that they seemed to have more time to spare.

I thought, perhaps, I should not be allowed to pass, and asked permission of a large patriot, who was smoking an unmistakably German pipe. He was rather hurt at the notion that any restriction should be supposed to exist, and I went on into the Place de la Concorde, in which there was not a single carriage, but where there were a good many people, who all looked tolerably easy in their minds. The *grandes toilettes* which one used to see were no more, it is true, but the women were very neatly dressed, and the children had the usual well-cared-for appearance of Parisian children. Not a trace, not a remnant of the luxury which had formerly displayed itself in its plenitude in that great thoroughfare, was to be seen. With a vision of the

throng of equipages which I had last seen rolling along, like an enormous glittering snake, from the great square in which the effigies of the cities of France now sit mourning, to the splendid span of the Arc de Triomphe—already injured, and I fear doomed to destruction—I looked along the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées. Two equipages, specks in the distance, were visible on the broad road. On either side, a camp. I drove on slowly, and after a while met these vehicles. They were ambulance carts, bringing in some wounded men; the drivers wore the red-cross symbol on their arms, the red-cross flag floated from the ambulance within some palings on the right. National Guards, and general spectators—a few of them women—were standing about the gate. When I saw that place last, a marionette show occupied the ground, and all the trees around were lighted up with strings of Chinese lamps. The women looked sad, but not shocked; there was no excitement, everything was quiet and business-like. I had to keep the siege constantly in my memory to enable me to understand the general composure. Addressing myself to a person who was evidently in authority, but whose dress—in accordance with General Cluseret's Spartan opinions concerning military simplicity—had no ornamental distinction, I asked a few questions about the general management of the ambulances, which led to some amicable conversation, and to my being permitted to enter the enclosure. One ambulance, decently regulated, is pretty much the same as another. I had time for only a glance at the long rows of narrow beds and prostrate forms; at all the features of the place, with which I was but too familiar.

One point of difference between this ambulance and those I had visited at Brussels struck me instantly. There were no nuns here. I did not think it wise to ask the official personage, to whose complaisance I owed this glimpse of one of the ugliest features of the strife of Frenchmen with Frenchmen, whether the services of the sisters of charity are refused by the Commune, or whether their absence on this particular occasion was accidental. The air was full of rumours of the persecution and ill-treatment of priests, the expulsion of nuns from their convents, and the pillage of churches. My official friend was a mild and kindly man; but he might possibly have been of the mind of that member of the Commune who designated the curé of St. Roch as "*soi-disant serviteur d'un nommé Dieu*;" he might have said something it would have been very painful to hear, and unwise to resent. Strange to say, no one whom I afterwards asked could tell me whether the Sisters of Charity were permitted to nurse the wounded patriots, or seemed to know much about the working of the ambulances since the termination of the war. A most appropriate quiet reigned in this quarter. Indeed, there was very little noise anywhere, and even where the National Guards were collected in great numbers—in such great numbers

that it simply amounted to the whole male population being armed—there was no disorder.

I fancy even "regular" troops, after days and days of waiting and watching inside the gates of a city, without much hard work, but with an immense deal of suspense, uncertainty, and discouragement to endure, would not look very imposing, in loose disorderly masses, lying on the ground beside their piled arms, or lounging against the trees and the walls, crowded together on the roofs of omnibuses, or eating and drinking in the open air. The National Guards, except at certain points, and where their numbers were very great, and they presented an appearance of having some serious business immediately on hand, did not look imposing. But I saw no drunken men among them. I heard no cries or oaths. There were a good many vicious, detestable-looking boys about—creatures who reminded me of the horrible pictures of the cholera festival and the following of the Queen Bacchanal in "The Wandering Jew;" but they were plainly of the predatory class, and, happily, not among the number of the armed citizens. Observing the total absence of police of any kind, the perfect freedom of "circulation," the general unrestraint, and considering that even the multitudinous National Guards could not be everywhere at once, I rather wondered that the thieves, native and imported, were not improving the shining hours. What was the British contingent, of whose prowess and prospects we had heard so much, doing? I drove through more than one street that day, past the splendid houses, which were plainly quite empty, without seeing a human being, and through many along whose whole length I did not see a score.

The churches, which had been open in the morning, were closed early in the afternoon, and their shut doors added to the general gloom. The Place du Panthéon was almost empty—a few people were waiting, apparently for an omnibus, which I am confident never arrived, with a subdued patience, reminding me of the demeanour of the *queue* in former times at the theatres, on holidays; and a feeble old gentleman, in a long green coat with a fur collar, was feeling his way with his stick about the distressful wilderness which is still called the Garden of the Luxembourg. I suppose he had been used to go there formerly, when it really was a garden, and when he had some one to lead him.

In that quarter much damage had been done by the Prussian guns. There is a fine old house, enclosed in an old-fashioned garden, in the Rue de Madame, a house belonging to dear friends; a house in which I had passed many happy days, which had been cut in two by a shell. One half is destroyed, the other is uninjured. The ruins remain undisturbed. The *concierge*, who had come to think nothing of the noise of the guns, and was comfortably peeling turnips at the door-sill of her *loge* when the shell crashed in through the

roof, showed me the premises with great complacency. Monsieur and Madame were happily absent when the accident happened. Monsieur's precious books had by good fortune escaped, and no mischance had befallen "Titi," for whom the bombardment had indeed been little; but the siege! ah, mon Dieu, the siege! "Titi" was a large and beautiful cat, of a kind I have never seen except in Paris, with pale yellow eyes, and long silky shining black fur. I understood her. Titi had been exposed, no doubt, to horrible dangers. How had he escaped? "Ah, it was wonderful! but I tell you the truth. Go, my good and beautiful! didst thou not prove too cunning for them all; and when they watched around the lodge to take thee, to eat, wouldst thou ever put thy paws outside the door? Never, never; not even when they would have allured thee with some cursed root which flatters the noses of cats;—no, no, thou wast to be trusted, thou wast safe. And, hold, I tell you the truth: when I had to go out to buy all sorts of *saletés* for our food, I was afraid to carry him, lest they should tear him from me. Then would this creature of the good God get into the bed, and lie under the bed-clothes, covered up, until I came to uncover him, and give him his morsel! And he did not even become thin,—my beautiful and good!" I believe that *concierge* to have been the happiest woman I saw in Paris that day, with Titi and the ruins.

My next visit was to a quiet little convent, near La Glacière, in a neighbourhood which has a bad reputation in the best of times. I had a great dread of what I might hear of the fate of friends there, of whom I had had no tidings since the beginning of the war. All the road by which I approached was marked with ruin. The tall, white, grandly-decorated houses on the Boulevard Arago were shattered with shells; unsightly gaps in their fair expanse gave to view the courts and alleys behind, in which poverty and crime are said to abound. Absolute desolation is the characteristic of the entire neighbourhood—the peculiar chill and lull which ensue on the sudden abandonment of extensive buildings, the sudden stoppage of work, together with the accumulation of materials. I literally saw no one there—not a man, woman, or child. Turning into the little street, I rang falteringly at the convent gate, which was promptly opened by the cheerful portress of old times. Every one was alive, every one was well, every one agreed that things had been very bad, and that they were probably going to be worse—worse for *them*, certainly—but God had been so good to them! All their young pupils, all their old patients, had lived and thriven throughout the siege, and they had no doubt they should get through the Civil War. They must have suffered from the shells? Yes, and no. The shells had not actually fallen in their garden, but several had fallen just beyond the wall, and they had been perpetually flying over their heads, which was startling to old ladies and young children. They had been

rather short of sleep, too, being a small community, and obliged to keep two of their number on guard all night, every night, in the dormitories, lest any part of the building should take fire, and their infirm patients be unable to escape. But there had been no illness among the community, and they had done pretty well in point of food. They had been able to give the children and the old women meat—very little, of course, but yet, one little bit each, up to the day of deliverance. And themselves? Well, no, they had not tasted meat for three months and a week; but they were none the worse. Some of the sisters had latterly been too weak to kneel or to stand in their chapel, but they were all getting strong again. This was the account given me by the Superior—a slight, lion-hearted young woman, who expects to be driven out of the home, which under her care has sheltered so much sickness and suffering, within a very few days. She has been warned, and she is waiting. God had been so very good, she said, even up to yesterday, she could not be so ungrateful as to doubt that all would be well. One very old woman, more than eighty years of age, suffering from an awful disease, painful and difficult to tend, and rendering any spontaneous movement impossible—a patient I had never seen—had caused her the deepest anxiety. How cruel, how dreadful might her fate be, if she were deprived of the hands that had tended her, and the home that had sheltered her for years! Yesterday, when the superior was giving the orphan children their supper, a message was brought to her; her old patient wanted her; she must come at once. She went; and the old woman put her hand in hers, and died, without a struggle or a sigh.

I inquired closely, in many different quarters, into the stories which had reached us in England up to that date (Easter Sunday) concerning the pillage of the churches and of the archbishop's palace, and I found a unanimous denial that the Madeleine had been pillaged or injured. Several thefts had been committed at the churches of St. Laurent and St. Sulpice, and Monseigneur Darboy's palace had been ransacked, under the pretext of a search for "treasonable" correspondence. That was *all* that was absolutely known to be true up to Easter Sunday; the record may, probably will, be much more full before these pages see the light. M. Henri Rochefort, Vicomte de Luçay, is encouraging the populace to acts of robbery and sacrilege by the neatest little epigrammatic suggestions in the *Mot d'Ordre*. It is only fair to the Comité, who may be supposed to sanction and command deeds which they are in reality without power to prevent, to observe that this public instructor, as mad and more mischievous than the wretched Flourens, is the unsparing denouncer of all the men who compose it, individually where he knows them, and generally when he does not.

A curious instance of the hatred of God, of the formal irreligion

which characterizes certain public movements just now, came under my notice that day. I had heard and read a good deal about the *solidarité*, said to be particularly flourishing in Belgium, and at present profusely *affiché* in Paris, and I knew that the denial of God forms its basis, on which negation an amazing structure of virtue, honour, and patriotism is to be erected. It was essential to the discharge of my business in Paris that I should have an interview with a certain Mademoiselle Rose —, whom I did not know by sight. On asking for her at her address, the *concierge* told me that she had gone to vespers at a church in the immediate neighbourhood. This *concierge* was a very good-looking, well-mannered, kindly-voiced man, and when I explained the urgency of the case he was quite sympathetic with me; he understood perfectly that it was important I should leave Paris that evening, that the hour of departure was drawing near, and that, without having seen Mademoiselle Rose —, I could not go. If his wife had been at home he would have had the greatest pleasure in sending her to fetch Mademoiselle Rose —, it was but a few steps; his wife should go the moment she returned. I opened my purse and took out a five-franc piece. If he would go to the church and bring back Mademoiselle Rose — I would be happy to pay for so valuable a service. In an instant the polite, good-looking man turned into a demon. No, he would do nothing of the sort. He had never put his foot inside a church door since he had reason, and he never would do so. No money, no one's need, should ever induce him to enter a church. I shrank from him with the first and only sensation of nervousness I experienced. I did succeed in seeing Mademoiselle Rose —, and I narrated the circumstance to her. She merely said, "C'est facile à expliquer, il est des solidaires."

I came back from the city of the siege to the city of the civil war; from the desolate places where heaps of ruins lay, and long untrodden boulevards stretched blank, to the great thoroughfares swarming with armed men, to just a glimpse of the Hôtel de Ville, where, though there were crowds of people, and where the approaches were bristling with cannon, there was strangely little noise; and of Notre Dame, concerning whose treasures M. Rochefort is treacherously eloquent, holding that they might follow the Foreign Office plate to the melting-pot with advantage to the commonweal; and as I am driving along the quay I behold a spectacle which makes me laugh, laugh irresistibly, in the face of the sovereign people. A thin man, with a white bad face, cropped hair half covered by a képi much too small for him, proportioned like no head-dress in the world, but the traditional cap of the organ-grinder's monkey, with loose grey trousers half way up to his knees, with dusty shoes, and stockings which have turned down over them through violent and accustomed exercise, comes thundering by, mounted on a very tall, bony, and unmanageable horse of unmistakably military antecedents. The small man is

floundering in his saddle, his legs are stretched wildly out on either side in search of the stirrups, whose leathers bear no proportion to the length of those limbs; an important-looking official leather bag dangles from one jolting arm, and the other is jerked high into the air with every movement of the unmanageable horse, who evidently knows and despises his rider. But the rider is not to be despised, except by horses; for he is a messenger to the powers that be in the Hôtel de Ville, and he wears a superb red sash, which, in his ardent attachment to the Republic, he has girt about his loins with such good will that it is pulled tight over his abdomen below and under his chin above, defining his hips and his armpits in a most comical fashion, and it is likewise tied in a large bow behind. My *cocher*, delighted with the spectacle, stoops and looks through the carriage-front to ascertain whether I also am enjoying it.

The terrible barricades of the Place Vendôme made me realise what is expected—what all those armed men are waiting for, and all those grave, anxious people know must come—better than anything I had before seen. It was on this very Place, in 1856, that the imperial improvements of Paris were explained to me by an enthusiastic believer in the imperial street-construction which must henceforth render barricades impossible, and the imperial engineering and architecture which must henceforth render them useless. But the barricade-makers of to-day have the streets and the houses and the guns and the men at their orders, all previous calculations are defeated, every speculation upon probability is rendered null and void.

Only in one respect is there any resemblance between the Paris of that day and the Paris of this. She is still the *point de mire* of the civilised world. Prussia has beaten France, and resuscitated, or at least galvanized, an empire. There are great rejoicings at Berlin. Who really cares about either fact? Who reads the details of either—out of the Fatherland? We moralize about the conceit of Paris, we condemn the inordinate vanity of the Parisians; and yet we feed the one, and we have an irresistible sympathy with the other. Paris, mad with the *élan* of the declaration of war; Paris, ringing with the "Chant du Départ;" Paris, wild with the exasperation of defeat, proclaiming the *déchéance*, preparing for a siege which she heroically endures, despatching her ministers in balloons to mismanage her affairs in the provinces, sending an "old man, eloquent," to plead fruitlessly her cause with hard-hearted Europe, and turning against him when he has done all he can, shutting her gates in his face, and forcing upon him the most agonizing responsibility that heart and brain of man can be called upon to bear; Paris, going out under the command of General Cluseret, whom it was not worth while to imprison at Lyons, to oppose Marshal Macmahon, to whom she wildly decreed a sword of honour, in the pauses of her execration of his

chief and his fellows ; Paris, crowning the statue of Strasbourg with immortelles, and decreeing the demolition of the column in the Place Vendôme ; Paris, proclaiming the grandest sentiments, and doing the meanest deeds ; Paris, lair of wild beasts and home of heroic virtue—paradox and puzzle of the world !

A number of men were working busily at the great barricades, and groups of National Guards were assembled inside and outside the walls. They showed to more advantage here than elsewhere, looked more soldierly and better disciplined. Perhaps those I saw belonged to picked corps who had seen service during the siege. A distribution of arms had just taken place, and while I was looking at the barricades in great amazement—for I had an idea that overturned omnibuses furnished the first principle of barricades, whereas these were walls, solid enough to build anything, even a new Constitution on—the recipients of the weapons came past. They formed a portion of the latest levée, and I thought them the most unwarlike in appearance of all whom I had seen—dull, dirty, and depressed.

I suppose no one ever knows exactly in such times and places how news comes in and gets abroad. Just before I left Paris, the rumour of M. Crémieux's arrest was disseminated. I believe it had not then really taken place, though it has since been verified. Of all that had puzzled me that day, nothing puzzled me more than the general joy the report created. What had M. Crémieux done ? A Republican, and a Voltairian,—he was still found wanting. The general calm was not interrupted at the Embarcadère du Nord, but I observed two patriots shaking hands with much fervour, and congratulating the "cause" on progress, because of M. Crémieux's arrest.

Before these pages are printed, Paris may have entered upon another phase of her Protean existence. She must be much nearer to the awful struggle which was in preparation, under the calm and serious aspect which she wore on Easter-day.

FRANCES CASHEL HOBY.

THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE AT LENGTH DISCOVERED.

So much attention was directed to the solar corona during the discussions which preceded and followed the late eclipse, that a discovery of extreme importance—but not at all associated with the corona—has received far less attention than it deserves. The discovery I refer to is, in fact, more important in its bearing on problems of solar physics than any which has been made since Kirchhoff first told us how to interpret the solar spectrum. It is also intimately connected with the labours of that eminent physicist. I propose briefly to describe the nature of the discovery, and then to discuss some of the results to which it seems to point.

Astronomers have long seen reason to believe that the sun has an atmosphere. And by the word atmosphere I mean something more than mere vaporous or gaseous masses, such as the prominences have been shown to be. A solar envelope, complete and continuous as our own atmosphere, seems undoubtedly suggested by the appearance which the sun's image presents when thrown on a suitably prepared screen in a darkened room; for then the disc is seen to be shaded off continuously towards the edge, where its brilliancy is scarcely half as great as at the centre. The phenomenon is so readily seen, and so unmistakable, that it is with a sense of wonder one hears that Arago called it in question. To use the words of Sir John Herschel, "the fact is so palpable that it is a matter of some astonishment that it could ever fail to strike the most superficial observer." And, again, not only the light but the heat of the outer portions of the sun's image has been estimated. In this case we do not depend upon the perhaps fallible evidence of the eye, but on that of heat-measuring instruments. Fr. Secchi, measuring the heat of different parts of the solar image, has found that of the part near the centre nearly double that from the borders. Lastly, photography gives unmistakable evidence on the subject.

Now, when Kirchhoff discovered the meaning of the solar spectrum, it seemed clear to him that he had determined the nature and constitution of the solar atmosphere. Let us consider the nature of Kirchhoff's discovery.

He found that the dark lines across the rainbow-tinted streak forming the background (as it were) of the solar spectrum, are due to the action of absorbing vapours. The vapours necessarily lie *outside*

the source of that part of the sun's light which produces the rainbow-tinted streak. If those vapours could be removed for a while, we should see a simple rainbow-riband of light. Or if the vapours could be so heated as to be no less hot than the matter beneath them which produces the rainbow spectrum, they would no longer cause any dark lines to appear; but being cooler, and so giving out less light than they intercept, they cut out the dark spaces corresponding to their special absorptive powers. To use Mr. Lockyer's striking, though perhaps not strictly poetical, description of their action, these vapours "gobble up the light on its way to the observer, so that it comes out with a balance on the wrong side of the account." Each vapour produces its own special set of lines, occupying precisely those parts of the spectrum which the vapour's light would illuminate if the vapour shone alone. For these vapours, notwithstanding their action in intercepting or absorbing portions of the sunlight, are themselves in reality glowing with a light so intense that the human eye could not bear to rest upon it. If we could examine the vapours we supposed just now removed from the sun, we should obtain the very lines of light which are wanting in the spectrum of the sun.

When Kirchhoff had recognised in this way the presence of absorptive vapours around the real light-globe of the sun, he judged that they form the solar atmosphere. Because, although his mode of observation was not such as to assure him that these vapours completely envelope the sun, yet the telescopic aspect of the sun, and especially that darkening near the edge to which I have just referred, seemed to leave room for no other conclusion. But at this stage of the inquiry Kirchhoff fell into a mistake. He judged that the solar corona was the atmosphere which produced the solar dark lines, as well as the darkening of the sun's disc near the edge. The mistake is one which, as it seems to me, he would have avoided had he taken into account the enormous pressure at which an atmosphere so extensive as the corona would necessarily exist under the influence of the sun's mighty attractive energies. It may easily be shown that if the outer parts of the corona were as rare as the contents of our so-called vacuum-tubes, or even a thousand times rarer, yet according to the laws which regulate atmospheric pressure, the density would attain even at vast heights above the sun's surface to many hundred times that of our heaviest gases. The pressure would, indeed, be so great that we can see no way of escaping the conclusion that, despite the enormous heat, the gases composing the imagined atmosphere would be liquefied or even solidified.

When the observers of the Indian eclipse of 1868 found that the coloured prominences are masses of glowing hydrogen, with other gases intermixed, and when the prominence-spectrum was found to show the hydrogen lines as these appear when hydrogen exists at very moderate pressures, Kirchhoff's view had to be abandoned as alto-

gether untenable. Wherever the vapours exist which produce the solar dark lines, they are undoubtedly not to be looked for in the corona.

But *there* the lines are. The absorptive action is exerted somewhere. The question is—*Where* are the absorptive vapours?

At this stage of the inquiry, a very strange view was expressed by Mr. Lockyer—a view which appears to have been founded on a slight misapprehension of the principles of spectrum analysis. He put forward the theory that the absorptive action takes place below the level of the sun's surface as we see it.

But observations made by Fr. Secchi at Rome pointed to a view so different from Mr. Lockyer's, as to lead to a controversy which filled many pages of the *Comptes Rendus*, of the *Philosophical Magazine*, and of other publications—a controversy conducted, as too many philosophical discussions have been, with a somewhat unphilosophical acrimony.

Fr. Secchi had noticed that when the very edge of the sun's disc is examined with the spectroscope, the dark lines disappear from the spectrum, which thus becomes a simple rainbow-tinted streak. He judged, accordingly, that the absorbing atmosphere exists above the sun's real surface; for he believed that just at the edge the bright lines corresponding to the light from the vapours themselves so nearly equal in intensity the light of the solar spectrum, that no signs of difference can be detected; or, in other words, that the dark lines are obliterated. On the other hand, the glowing atmosphere cannot, he argued, reach much above the sun's surface, since otherwise the spectroscope would show the bright lines belonging to that atmosphere's light. Now, no such lines are visible. So far as the spectroscopic evidence is concerned, it would appear as though immediately above the sun's surface as we see it, there came the *sierra*—that low range of prominence-matter, which, strangely enough, some have regarded as an atmospheric envelope. The spectrum of the *sierra* shows beyond all question that, like the prominences, this region consists of glowing hydrogen, mixed up with a few, and at times with several, other gases, but certainly not capable of accounting for the thousands of dark lines in the solar spectrum. It seems quite clear, also, that the *sierra* is not of the nature of an envelope at all.

Over the narrow layer which Secchi supposed to exist between the sun's surface and the coloured *sierra* began, and presently waxed warm, the controversy above referred to. Fr. Secchi was positive that he could see the narrow continuous spectrum on which he founded his view; Mr. Lockyer was equally positive that the worthy father could see nothing of the kind. Fr. Secchi urged that his telescope was better than Mr. Lockyer's, and that he worked in a better atmosphere; Mr. Lockyer retorted that his spectroscope was better than Fr. Secchi's, and that the imagined superiority of the Roman atmosphere was a myth. Something was said, too, by the

London observer about a large speculum, which was to decide the question, though this mirror does not seem to have been actually brought into action. Both the disputants expressed full confidence that time would prove the justice of their several views.

Soon after, an observation was made by Mr. Lockyer, which seemed to prove the justice of Fr. Secchi's opinion; for, on a very favourable day for observations, Mr. Lockyer was able to detect, *not* the narrow rainbow-tinted spectrum seen by Secchi, but a narrow strip of spectrum belonging to the region just outside the sun's edge, which showed hundreds of bright lines. Here seemed to be conclusive evidence of that shallow atmosphere of glowing vapours in which Fr. Secchi had faith. But Mr. Lockyer interpreted his observation differently. The presence of these vapours on this particular occasion he regarded as wholly exceptional, and the cause of the exception he held to be the energetic injection of vapours from beneath the surface of the sun.

At about this stage of the controversy I had occasion to consider the problems associated with the physical condition of the sun and his surroundings; and although I took no part in the discussion between Fr. Secchi and Mr. Lockyer, I expressed (in papers which I wrote upon the subject) opinions which agreed with the views of the Italian astronomer. It is necessary for me to present in this place my own reasoning on the question at issue, because it not only serves to introduce the special observation made last December, by which the problem has been finally solved, but also presents certain considerations which must be attended to in interpreting that observation.

In the first place, I noted that the darkening of the sun's disc near the edge, or rather the marked nature of that darkening, instead of showing (as had been so often stated) that the sun has a very deep atmosphere, proves, on the contrary, that his atmosphere must be exceedingly shallow by comparison with the dimensions of his globe. It is easy to show why this is; and although the considerations on which the matter depends are exceedingly simple, yet the case is by no means the first in which exceedingly simple considerations have been lost sight of by students of science. Suppose we have a brightly-white globe encased symmetrically within a globe of some imperfectly transparent substance—as green glass. Now if the white globe is an inch in diameter and the green glass globe a yard in diameter, the brightness of the white globe will be more or less impaired according to the transparency of the glass; *but* it will not be much more impaired at the edge of the inner globe's disc than near the middle. For clearly, when we look at the middle, we look through a foot and a half of glass (wanting only half an inch), and when we look at the edge of the inner globe's disc, we also look through a foot and a half of glass (wanting only a small fraction of an inch). Neither

the half inch in the one case, nor the small fraction of an inch in the other, can make any appreciable difference, so that the enclosing globe of glass cuts off as much light when we look at the centre of the inner globe's disc as when we look at the edge. But now suppose that the enclosing globe forms a mere shell around the inner one. Suppose, for instance, that the inner globe is a yard in diameter, and the shell of glass only half an inch thick. Then in this case, as in the former, the brightness of the inner globe will be more or less impaired according to the transparency of the glass; but it will no longer be affected equally whether we look at the middle or at the edge of the inner globe's disc. In the former case we only look through half an inch of glass, in the latter we look through a much greater range of glass; as the reader will see at once if he draw two concentric circles nearly equal in size to represent the inner globe and its enclosing shell. It is easy to calculate how long the range of glass actually is in the latter case. I have just gone through the calculation, and find that when the eye is directed to the edge of the enclosed globe, its line of sight passes through rather more than four inches and a quarter, so that more than eight times as much light is absorbed as in the case where the eye looks at the middle of the inner globe's disc, or directly through half an inch of glass.

Now we cannot tell what proportion holds in the case of the sun's disc, because we do not know how much light has been absorbed where we look at the middle of the disc. All we know is that whatever remains *after* such absorption is about twice as much as we receive from near the edge of the disc. It is easily seen that this knowledge is insufficient for our requirements. But there can be no question whatever that the total absorption near the edge exceeds many times that near the middle of the disc; and on very reasonable assumptions as to this excess, it may readily be shown that the absorbing atmosphere cannot exceed some five or six hundred miles in depth. Probably it is even shallower.

Now, there is a circumstance which perfectly accounts for the non-recognition by spectroscopists of an atmosphere relatively so shallow as this. Let it be remembered, in passing, that the average height of the sierra may be set at about five thousand miles; so that the atmosphere we are dealing with would be at the outside but one-fifth as high as that fine rim of red light with saw-like edge which astronomers detected around the eclipsed sun in the total eclipses of 1842, 1851, and 1860. Still it might be thought that patience only would be needed to detect the signs of such an atmosphere, shallow though it be. But there is a peculiarity of telescopic observation which renders the recognition of such an atmosphere, if of less than a certain depth, not difficult merely, but impossible. It may be well to exhibit the nature of the peculiarity at length, because it is of considerable interest

to all who possess or use telescopes. I take an illustrative case which seems, at first, to have little connection with my subject.

... Every reader of this serial has heard of the double stars, and I dare say most of those who read this particular article have seen many of these beautiful objects. It is known that some double stars are much closer than others, and we commonly hear it mentioned as a proof of the excellence of a telescope that it will divide such and such a double star. But it might seem that if a telescope of a certain size were constructed with extreme care, it should be capable of dividing *any* double star, because we might use an eye-piece of any magnifying power we pleased, and so, as it were, *force* apart the two star-images formed by the object-glass. Instead of this being the case, however, there is a limit for every object-glass, beyond which no separation is possible; for this reason simply, that the star-images formed by the object-glass are not points of light, as they would be if they correctly represented the stars of which they are the optical images. The larger the object-glass (assumed to be perfect in construction) the smaller is the star-image; * but it has always a definite size, and if this size is such that the two images of the stars forming a pair actually touch or overlap, we cannot separate them by using highly-magnifying eye-pieces.

Now what is true of a star is true of every point of any object we examine with a telescope. The image of the point is always a circle of light, which, though minute, has yet appreciable dimensions. The image of the object is made up of all these circles, which necessarily overlap. Nor let the reader suppose that on this account telescopic observation is untrustworthy. Precisely the same peculiarity affects ordinary vision. There is no such thing as a perfect optical image of an object; though neither eyesight nor telescopic vision need be regarded as deceptive on this account. Our power of seeing minute details are *limited* by this peculiarity, but we are not actually *deceived*. If microscopic writing be shown us, for instance, we may find ourselves, after poring over it for some time, unable to make out its meaning, the letters seeming all blended together; but we know what our failure really means, and by no means fall into the mistake of concluding that there are no details because the actual details are inscrutable.

Let us apply this consideration to the sun, and more particularly to the appearance presented by the edge of the sun's disc. The image of every point of this edge is a small circle; the combination

* A curious illustration of this is given by the fact that a certain astronomer of old, having reduced the aperture of his telescope to a mere pin-hole, announced that he was thus enabled to measure the real globes of the stars, for instead of seeing the stars through his telescope as minute points of light, he now saw them with discs like the planets. He thought he was improving the defining qualities of his telescope, instead of altogether destroying them.

of all these small circles must produce a ring of light all round the true outline of the disc. If the sun's atmosphere did not reach beyond this ring, then no contrivance whatever could render the atmosphere discernible, let the telescope be never so perfect and the observer never so clear-sighted or skilful. Now, the actual extension of this ring will be greater or less according as the object-glass of the telescope is less or greater. It may readily be shown that neither Mr. Lockyer's telescope nor Fr. Secchi's could *possibly* show any signs of a solar atmosphere under two hundred miles in depth, while in all probability an atmosphere four or five times as deep would escape their scrutiny.

Are we then to remain altogether in ignorance of such an atmosphere, supposing that it actually exists, and that the dark lines in the solar spectrum are due to its absorptive power? Is there no way of obviating the difficulty which has just been dealt with?

So far as the method of observing the sun when uneclipsed is concerned, the answer to these questions must be negative; or, rather, it must be answered that our only hope of meeting the difficulty consists in increasing the size of the telescopes with which the sun is spectroscopically studied. And inasmuch as Dr. Huggins is preparing to apply the powers of a much larger telescope than either Mr. Lockyer's or Fr. Secchi's, we may possibly still hope to hear that the relatively shallow atmosphere can be studied when the sun is not eclipsed. For we may now speak of the existence of this atmosphere as a demonstrated fact. The difficulty which seemed to present insuperable obstacles to the observers who study the uneclipsed sun, has been overcome by the ingenuity of one of the most skilful of those very observers—Professor Young, of America—when studying the solar eclipse of last December.

If during any total eclipse of the sun, the moon *just* concealed the whole of the sun's disc (as may well happen), and if our satellite were only complaisant enough to stay still for a few minutes in such a position so that one of these exact total eclipses could be studied as readily as one of greater extent (which never can happen), then the shallow atmosphere I have been speaking of could be recognised. The difficulty above considered would no longer exist. For the ring of light which actually hides the shallow atmosphere when the sun is not eclipsed, is an extension of the bright rim of the disc outwards: if the disc is completely hidden, there is no bright rim to be extended, and anything existing close by the sun's globe can be recognised.

But then, unfortunately, no total eclipse can present these desirable features. If a total eclipse is to be worth seeing at all, the moon's disc as seen at the time must be appreciably larger than the sun's. When totality begins the outlines of the two discs just touch at a single point, and when totality ends the two discs just touch at another point; but during all the rest of the totality the two outlines

do not touch at all, that of the moon surrounding without touching that of the sun. The outlines of the two discs *do* twice touch, however, in each case for one moment and at one point. What Professor Young determined to do, therefore, was to bring under special examination that one point where the outlines touch at the exact moment when totality begins. In other words, he directed his special attention to the point where the last trace of the sun's disc was about to disappear. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that he did not trust to the powers of his telescope, but that he employed a powerful spectroscope. And further, he did not depend on his own observations alone, but had adjusted a spectroscope for the use of Mr. Pye, an English gentleman residing in the part of Spain where the eclipse-observing parties were stationed, so that that gentleman also might make the required observations.

In his account, Professor Young does not mention what he expected to see. It is probable that he had in his thoughts the observations of Fr. Secchi, and hoped to obtain evidence respecting that shallow atmospheric envelope which Secchi believed in and Lockyer rejected; though it is quite possible he merely desired to ascertain whether the constitution of the lower part of the sierra differed in any marked respect from that of the upper portion. As the moment approached when the last fine sickle of sunlight was to be obscured, the solar spectrum which was visible in the spectroscopic field of view grew rapidly fainter. The region actually examined by Professor Young was in reality a narrow, almost linear space, touching the edge of the sun's disc; so that before totality had commenced he had the light from our own illuminated atmosphere, and not direct sunlight, to deal with. Thus he had just such a solar spectrum as is seen when a spectroscope is directed to the sky in the daytime. But as the moment of totality drew near, the illumination of the atmosphere, and with it the brightness of the rainbow-tinted streak, rapidly diminished. At last the solar spectrum vanished; and then—*What* was it replaced by? *What* was found to be the spectrum of the solar atmosphere close by the sun's surface? In place of the rainbow-tinted riband crossed by thousands and thousands of dark lines, there appeared a new and most beautiful spectrum—a riband of *rainbow-tinted lines*, thousands in number and of all degrees of thickness,—hundreds of red lines, and then, in order, hundreds of orange lines, hundreds of yellow, green, indigo and violet lines, like coloured cross-threads on a black riband, only infinitely more beautiful. A charming spectacle, truly, but so short-lived that no man can ever hope, though he lived to fourscore years and ten, to let his eyes rest in all his life for more than ten or twelve seconds on the beautiful array of coloured lines which two men only have as yet beheld. We may increase the dimensions and power of our telescopes until the existence of these lines can be recognised without the aid of eclipse-darkness, but the lines can never

be seen, save during eclipse, as Young and his colleague saw them last December. And these observers tell us that in a second or two the lines vanished, the advancing moon hiding the shallow solar atmosphere. If it should ever be given to any man to see six total eclipses (which has never yet happened to any), and to successfully apply in each instance the method employed by Professor Young, then in all, during his life, that man would have seen the beautiful line-spectrum to perfection for some ten or twelve seconds; but no otherwise can even so long a total period of observation be secured. No single observer, then, can hope to learn much about the thousands of lines which have still to be mapped during eclipse opportunities.

But now let us consider the import of the observation. What are these myriads of coloured lines? Every dark line of the solar spectrum, says Professor Young, seemed to have its representative in this bright-line spectrum. Many of the groups of lines which had flashed so quickly into view and endured but so brief a period, were familiar to him; in other words, his study of the solar spectrum had made him conversant with the corresponding groups of dark lines. It follows, then, beyond all possibility of question, that the source of light was a highly complex atmosphere, formed of those very vapours which, by their absorptive power, produce the dark lines—formed, that is, of the vapours of iron and of copper, of zinc, sodium, magnesium, and of all those elements whose presence in the sun's substance had been inferred from the study of the solar spectrum.

Here, then, at length we have the true solar atmosphere, an atmosphere of a highly complex nature, and doubtless exceedingly dense near the visible surface of the sun, because subject to a pressure so enormous. The upper limit of this atmosphere cannot lie very far above the sun's surface, at least not very far compared with the sun's dimensions. Supposing the actual time during which the line-spectrum was visible to have been two seconds, then it is easy to tell how deep the atmosphere is. For in two seconds the moon must have traversed a space corresponding to about three hundred miles at the sun's distance. An atmosphere three hundred miles deep is, therefore, indicated by Professor Young's observations. It need hardly be said, however, that in the excitement of eclipse observation, the estimate of minute intervals of time can scarcely be relied upon, unless checked by instrumental arrangements, which was not the case in the present instance. We may fairly conclude that the depth of the solar atmosphere lies between some such limits as a hundred miles and five hundred miles.

In the above estimate, I have supposed the measurement to be made from the sun's visible surface. But it is very unlikely that that surface is the true lower limit of the atmosphere. It seems far more probable that the surface we see is merely a layer of clouds (as Sir William Herschel suggested so long ago) in the solar atmosphere, and

that the actual depth of the atmosphere is more truly indicated by the appearances seen when large sun-spots are examined. That these spots are cavities has been abundantly established. That they are openings through layers of solar clouds has not been indeed demonstrated, yet it is difficult to conceive how they can otherwise be interpreted. As to the way in which the spots are formed, theorists are at issue, some urging that there is an uprush from depths beneath the solar surface; others, that there is a downrush of matter from without. But neither of these views is in any way incompatible with Herschel's theory that the spots are openings in solar cloud-layers.

We might thus be led to compare the solar atmosphere with our own, though it will of course be obvious that there are many marked points of difference. But in our own atmosphere we have at least two distinct cloud-levels, the region, namely, where the *cumulus* or wool-pack clouds are formed, and that where the *cirrus* or feathery clouds make their appearance. There is air above the *cirrus* clouds, air between the *cirrus* and *cumulus* layers, and air between the *cumulus* clouds and the earth. And precisely in the same way we may conceive that there exists at all times a solar atmospheric region beneath as well as above the cloud-layer which forms the sun's visible surface, and beneath and between the other cloud-layers revealed by telescopic observations.

But passing from the very difficult questions suggested by the consideration of regions *below* the sun's visible surface, let us discuss briefly the bearing of Professor Young's discovery upon our views respecting those outer regions—the coloured prominences and *sierra*, the corona itself, and, in fine, all the portions of space which lie above the true atmosphere.

In the first place, it seems to me that the observations made during the late eclipse dispose finally of the theory that the coloured *sierra* is an atmospheric envelope, properly so-called. I had long since been led to question whether the *sierra* could be so regarded. Let me remind the reader that the *sierra* is nothing more nor less than the region which Lockyer rediscovered in 1868. It had, in fact, been recognised by telescopists since 1806, the name *sierra* having been given to it by the observers of the eclipse of 1842. It is a red region, having (as its name implies) a serrated upper surface, as seen in the telescope, and seemingly extending all round the sun's disc. The red prominences appear to spring from its upper surface. Strangely enough, when Lockyer made his ingenious observations of the coloured prominences, he had not heard of this discovery, or had forgotten it. Accordingly, finding traces of prominence-matter all round the sun, he concluded that there was a continuous envelope of hydrogen (mixed with some other gases) surrounding the whole of the sun's globe. It was probably through being misled by this

supposition that he gave to the sierra a new name—entitling it the *chromosphere*—announcing at the same time that its upper surface was smooth in outline. Respighi, the eminent Italian spectroscopist—also working, it would seem, in ignorance or forgetfulness of the prior recognition of the layer—announced presently that the upper surface of the so-called chromosphere * was altogether irregular—more irregular, in fact, than the surface of a tempest-tossed sea. On re-examining the sierra, Mr. Lockyer found this to be the case. But perhaps the most striking evidence as to the real aspect of the sierra was afforded during the eclipse of last December, when Fr. Secchi, towards the close of totality, saw around the western half of the moon's disc a complete semi-circle of sierra, and noted that this beautiful coloured crescent was formed of multitudes of minute prominences. This agrees very satisfactorily with my own anticipatory description of the probable nature of the sierra, when I suggested that the sun's surface is probably “covered at all times with small prominences, bearing somewhat the same relation to the gigantic ‘horns’ and ‘boomerangs’ seen during eclipses that the bushes covering certain forest regions bear to the trees.”

But the larger prominences have been shown by Zöllner and Respighi to be phenomena of eruption. They are masses of glowing gas, which have been flung from great depths beneath the visible surface of the sun. May we not conclude that the smaller prominences which constitute the sierra are of like nature? that they also have been flung from beneath the sun's visible surface? As respects the larger prominences we can have no manner of doubt, because they have been *seen* to be flung out in eruptive sort. And this refers to all orders of prominences, except only those very numerous and relatively very small prominences which crowd together so as to form the seemingly continuous coloured sierra. These cannot be watched as the others have been. But it seems highly probable that those among them which are not the remains of loftier prominences, are, like their larger fellows, phenomena of eruption.

Again, as respects the corona, all the evidence we have is opposed to the conception that the phenomenon is atmospheric. It shows

* It affords strange evidence of the caution with which new names should be suggested, that this name, embodying, as we see, an erroneous theory, and also perpetuating the remembrance of a mistaken claim, is scarcely yet beginning to fall into disuse. Perhaps its Greek origin and its length may have something to do with this; for although astronomy—at least, descriptive astronomy—has hitherto not been disfigured by the hideous nomenclature which botanists and geologists seem to rejoice in, yet there is always a large class of science-students who delight in sesquipedal names, as giving an air of profundity to their discourse. It may even be dangerous to hint that the true form of the compound for a *colour-sphere* is not *chromo-sphere*, but *chromato-sphere*, since the extra syllable will multiply tenfold the favour with which the compound is accepted. When will the tyro learn that the true lover of science

“Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba?”

two regions, which, though not separated by well-defined limits from each other, may yet be regarded as, in a sense, distinct. There is an inner and brighter portion, which the sesquipedalians have proposed to call the *leucosphere*,—apparently on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for it is neither white nor spherical. And there is the outer portion, much less brilliant, and much more strikingly radiated. Neither one part nor the other presents a single feature suggestive of an atmospheric nature;* and the certainty that the two portions belong to a single object affords yet more conclusive evidence against this interpretation of the corona. But the rays of the corona are of a somewhat remarkable nature. When well seen, as during the eclipse of 1868, they are pointed; and even during so unfavourable an eclipse as that of December last, the dark spaces between the rays are seen to widen rapidly with increased distance from the sun. These pointed radiations serve to show that coronal rays must be, in reality, shaped somewhat as cones, having their bases towards the sun. The idea is startling enough, but, admitting the accuracy of the pictures made during well-seen eclipses, and of the Astronomer Royal's account of the corona during the eclipses of 1851 and 1860, there is no escape from the conclusion here stated. It is not more certain that the sun is a globe, and not a flat disc, as he seems to be, than that the coronal radiations are not flat pointed rays, but cone-shaped. But no one will suppose that there are a number of monstrous cone-shaped masses—atmospheric or otherwise—standing, as it were, upon the sun's surface. I can see no other way of accounting for these conical extensions than by regarding them as phenomena indicating some form of repulsive action exerted by the sun.

But whatever opinion we may form on this and kindred problems, it seems clear that we must regard the envelope discovered by Professor Young as the only true solar atmosphere: and a very strange and complex atmosphere it is. Nothing yet learned respecting the sun's surroundings surpasses in interest this fiery envelope, in which some of the most familiar of our metals appear as glowing vapours. If anything could add to the interest attaching to the coloured prominences and sierra, it is the fact now revealed that they are propelled through this wonderful envelope, over which they float for a while with strangely changing figure. Truly the study of solar physics, which twenty years ago seemed at a stand-still, is advancing with rapid strides; and it seems scarcely possible to exaggerate the interest either of what has been already revealed, or of the discoveries which are likely to be effected during the approaching year.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

* I am here referring to the possibility that the corona may be due to some species of solar atmosphere. The theory that the corona is due to light in our own atmosphere, has now at length been definitely abandoned by all astronomers.

THE PROCESSION OF THE CHILDREN TO SAINT PAUL'S.

MAY-TIME returns, and all the land is ringing,
Through copse and grove, the wild bird's happy lay;
And listening poet, who refrains from singing,
Hath glimpse of Eden shining far away!
For me returns the time when voices soar,
Young children's voices, from great central roar.

They come together, clothed in meek attire,
And all assemble where our great men lie;
To blend their voices with the angelic quire
Beyond our hearing, ever raised on high:—
Thus in procession, through street-swarming throng,
The little children pass to raise their song.

Boys and girls in raiment simple,
Youngest walking hand in hand;
Serious little maids, the dimple
Smooth out, show they understand.

As they pass on, in procession,
Moving measuredly and slow;
All the people yield possession
Of the streets through which they go.

By their ranks, well-pleased, sedately,
Pace the teachers, bearing wands;
They have work'd for this, and greatly
Love their work of hearts and hands.

Touching sight, the streets adorning;
Future wrestlers in Life's ring,
Going up in the young morning
Of their days, to heaven to sing.

Where the great Dome stands, by golden
Cross surmounted high in air;
Seen far off, and first beholden,
All exclaim, Lo, London there!

Where the gold Cross shines in token
That the victory is of Faith—
Victory that hath been spoken
To the immortal dead beneath.

Heroes these, with trophies round them
Of the deck, or field, they prest,
Smiling fix'd as Victory found them;
Oh what striving! oh what rest!

Ne'er may honour of the nation,
Tarnish'd in dire soul-eclipse,
As with shadowy agitation,
Move those warriors' marble lips.

No! though the world's cannon thunder
At our island home—their grave;
Though our shatter'd fleets sank under
Leagues of corpse-strown crimson wave

There, where greatness hath reposing
Under the majestic dome,
To the gracious gates unclosing,
Now, but little children come.

Procession of the Children to Saint Paul's.

Let us see them, see not merely
 Child-procession set apart ;
 But with loving eyes sincerely,
 And with yearning of the heart.

Gentle girl, with angel-gesture
 Of the soul her pure eyes veil,
 May shape 'neath her modest vesture
 Heart of Florence Nightingale.

Fine-brow'd boy there, gazing breathless,
 Sees the unscen, high o'er the ranks ;
 He may make himself a deathless
 Name—and earn a nation's thanks.

On they pass to common centre,
 People stand aside like walls ;
 On the children pass, and enter
 Through the great gates of Saint Paul's.

There all marshall'd to their places,
 Pleasant stir and hum they make ;
 Pausing, to compose their faces
 For the parts they have to take.

Then the mighty organ waking,
 Through the vast Cathedral rolls ;
 Shaking, crashing, palpitating,
 O Jehovah ! on our souls.

Rise the children, people rising,
 All at once, a multitude—
 Sea of faces, seems surmising
 At great Spirit that doth brood.

Swells the organ, voices swelling,
 Sing—to the Lord all people come ;
 Shout ye before Him in his dwelling ;—
 And the Old Hundredth fills the dome !

Anthem of a new creation,
 Sing they ;—when the trump shall blow,
 Sounding glorious consummation
 Out of stormy shocks of woe.

When, white-robed, in saintly bearing,
 Palm-branch they shall lift on high ;
 O the children ! O their faring
 'Through dark paths that first must lie !

Then all with clear-voiced treble sweet,
 Hark ! praise to God the children sing,
 Who feeds, and guards from noon-day heat,
 As sang of old the shepherd-king.

The Hallelujah mounts and falls ;
 Earth fades, heaven opens to the strains ;
 And light flows in, and smites the walls ;
 Light of His glory—Him who reigns.

The throngs disperse ; and now with dimpling cheeks,
 And cheerful tongues, yet still not over loud,
 In order, homeward, flow those innocent streaks
 Of childhood through the ever-surgings crowd.
 Great City ! whence Sin's dread artillery speaks
 Defiance heavenwards, not of greatness proud
 Be thou, but thankful 'neath thy Cross of gold,
 Those sons were raised, those lambs were in the fold.

SUMNER.

SAINT PAULS.

JUNE, 1871.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MAC DONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALEC FORBES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I TRUST it will not be regarded as a sign of shallowness of nature that I rose in the morning comparatively calm. Clara was to me as yet only the type of general womanhood, around which the amorphous loves of my manhood had begun to gather, not the one woman whom the individual man in me had chosen and loved. How could I *love* that which I did not yet know: she was but the heroine of my objective life, as projected from me by my imagination—not the love of my being. Therefore, when the wings of sleep had fanned the motes from my brain, I was cool enough, notwithstanding an occasional tongue of indignant flame from the ashes of last night's fire, to sit down to my books, and read with tolerable attention my morning portion of Plato. But when I turned to my novel, I found I was not master of the situation. My hero too was in love and in trouble; and after I had written a sentence and a half, I found myself experiencing the fate of Heine when he roused the Sphinx of past love by reading his own old verses:—

Lebendig ward das Marmorbild,
Der Stein begann zu ächzen.

In a few moments I was pacing up and down the room, eager to burn my moth-wings yet again in the old fire. And by the way, I cannot help thinking that the moths enjoy their fate, and die in ecstasies. I was however too shy to venture on a call that very morning: I should both feel and look foolish. But there was no more work to be done then. I hurried to the stable, saddled

my mare, and set out for a gallop across the farm, but towards the high road leading to Minstercombe, in the opposite direction, that is, from the Hall, which I flattered myself was to act in a strong-minded manner. There were several fences and hedges between, but I cleared them all without discomfiture. The last jump was into a lane. We, that is my mare and I, had scarcely alighted, when my ears were invaded by a shout. The voice was the least welcome I could have heard, that of Brotherton. I turned and saw him riding up the hill, with a lady by his side.

"Hillo!" he cried, almost angrily, "you don't deserve to have such a cob." (He *would* call her a cob.) "You don't know how to use her. To jump her on to the hard like that!"

It was Clara with him!—on the steady stiff old brown horse! My first impulse was to jump my mare over the opposite fence, and take no heed of them, but clearly it was not to be attempted, for the ground fell considerably on the other side. My next thought was to ride away and leave them. My third was one which some of my readers will judge Quixotic, but I have a profound reverence for the Don—and that not merely because I have so often acted as foolishly as he. This last I proceeded to carry out, and lifting my hat, rode to meet them. Taking no notice whatever of Brotherton, I addressed Clara—in what I fancied a distant and dignified manner, which she might, if she pleased, attribute to the presence of her companion.

"Miss Coningham," I said, "will you allow me the honour of offering you my mare? She will carry you better."

"You are very kind, Mr. Cumbermede," she returned, in a similar tone, but with a sparkle in her eyes. "I am greatly obliged to you. I cannot pretend to prefer old crossbones to the beautiful creature which gave me so much pleasure yesterday."

I was off and by her side in a moment, helping her to dismount. I did not even look at Brotherton, though I felt he was staring like an equestrian statue. While I shifted the saddles, Clara broke the silence which I was in too great an inward commotion to heed, by asking—

"What is the name of your beauty, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Lilith," I answered.

"What a pretty name! I never heard it before. Is it after any one—any public character, I mean?"

"Quite a public character," I returned—"Adam's first wife."

"I never heard he had two," she rejoined, laughing.

"The Jews say he had. She is a demon now, and the pest of married women and their babies."

"What a horrible name to give your mare!"

"The name is pretty enough. And what does it matter what the woman was, so long as she was beautiful."

"I don't quite agree with you there," she returned, with what I chose to consider a forced laugh.

By this time her saddle was firm on Lilith, and in an instant she was mounted. Brotherton moved to ride on, and the mare followed him. Clara looked back.

"You will catch us up in a moment," she said, possibly a little puzzled between us.

I was busy tightening my girths, and fumbled over the job more than was necessary. Brotherton was several yards ahead, and she was walking the mare slowly after him. I made her no answer, but mounted, and rode in the opposite direction. It was rude of course, but I did it. I could not have gone with them, and was afraid if I told her so she would dismount, and refuse the mare.

In a tumult of feeling I rode on without looking behind me, careless whither — how long I cannot tell, before I woke up to find that I did not know where I was. I must ride on till I came to some place I knew, or met some one who could tell me. Lane led into lane, buried betwixt deep banks and lofty hedges, or passing through small woods, until I ascended a rising ground, whence I got a view of the country. At once its features began to dawn upon me: I was close to the village of Aldwick, where I had been at school, and in a few minutes I rode into its wide straggling street. Not a mark of change had passed upon it. There were the same dogs about the doors, and the same cats in the windows. The very ferns in the chinks of the old draw-well, appeared the same; and the children had not grown an inch since first I drove into the place marvelling at its wondrous activity.

The sun was hot, and my horse seemed rather tired. I was in no mood to see any one, and besides had no pleasant recollections of my last visit to Mr. Elder, so I drew up at the door of the little inn, and having sent my horse to the stable for an hour's rest and a feed of oats, went into the sanded parlour, ordered a glass of ale, and sat staring at the china shepherdesses on the chimney-piece. I see them now, the ugly things, as plainly as if that had been an hour of the happiest reflections. I thought I was miserable, but I know now that although I was much disappointed, and everything looked dreary and uninteresting about me, I was a long way off misery. Indeed the passing vision of a neat unbonneted village-girl on her way to the well, was attractive enough still to make me rise and go to the window. While watching, as she wound up the long chain, for the appearance of the familiar mossy bucket, dripping diamonds, as it gleamed out of the dark well into the sudden sunlight, I heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and turned to see what kind of apparition would come. Presently it appeared, and made straight for the inn. The rider was Mr. Coningham! I drew back to escape

his notice, but his quick eye had caught sight of me, for he came into the room with outstretched hand.

"We are fated to meet, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "I only stopped to give my horse some meal and water, and had no intention of dismounting. Ale? I'll have a glass of ale too," he added, ringing the bell. "I think I'll let him have a feed, and have a mouthful of bread and cheese myself."

He went out, and had I suppose gone to see that his horse had his proper allowance of oats, for when he returned, he said merrily:

"What have you done with my daughter, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Why should you think me responsible for her, Mr. Coningham?" I asked, attempting a smile.

No doubt he detected the attempt in the smile, for he looked at me with a sharpened expression of the eyes, as he answered—still in a merry tone—

"When I saw her last, she was mounted on your horse, and you were on my father's. I find you still on my father's horse, and your own—with the lady—nowhere. Have I made out a case of suspicion?"

"It is I who have cause of complaint," I returned—"who have neither lady nor mare—except indeed you imagine I have in the case of the latter made a good exchange."

"Hardly that, I imagine, if yours is half so good as she looks. But, seriously, have you seen Clara to-day?"

I told him the facts as lightly as I could. When I had finished, he stared at me with an expression which for the moment I avoided attempting to interpret.

"On horseback with Mr. Brotherton?" he said, uttering the words as if every syllable had been separately italicized.

"You will find it as I say," I replied, feeling offended.

"My dear boy—excuse my freedom," he returned—"I am nearly three times your age—you do not imagine I doubt a hair's breadth of your statement! But—the giddy goose!—How could you be so silly? Pardon me again. Your unselfishness is positively amusing! To hand over your horse to her, and then ride away all by yourself on that—respectable stager!"

"Don't abuse the old horse," I returned. "He is respectable, and has been more in his day."

"Yes, yes. But for the life of me I cannot understand it. Mr. Cumbermede, I am sorry for you. I should *not* advise you to choose the law for a profession. The man who does not regard his own rights, will hardly do for an adviser in the affairs of others."

"You were not going to consult me, Mr. Coningham, were you?" I said, now able at length to laugh without effort.

"Not quite that," he returned, also laughing. "But a right, you know, is one of the most serious things in the world."

It seemed irrelevant to the trifling character of the case. I could not understand why he should regard the affair as of such importance.

"I have been in the way of thinking," I said, "that one of the advantages of having rights was, that you could part with them when you pleased. You're not bound to insist on your rights, are you?"

"Certainly you would not subject yourself to a criminal action by foregoing them, but you might suggest to your friends a commission of lunacy. I see how it is. That is your uncle all over! *He* was never a man of the world."

"You are right there, Mr. Coningham. It is the last epithet any one would give my uncle."

"And the first any one would give *me*, you imply, Mr. Cumbersome."

"I had no such intention," I answered. "That would have been rude."

"Not in the least. I should have taken it as a compliment. The man who does not care about his rights, depend upon it, will be made a tool of by those that do. If he is not a spoon already, he will become one. I shouldn't have *iffed* it at all if I hadn't known you."

"And you don't want to be rude to me."

"I don't. A little experience will set *you* all right; and that you are in a fair chance of getting if you push your fortune as a literary man. But I must be off. I hope we may have another chat before long."

He finished his ale, rose, bade me good-bye, and went to the stable. As soon as he was out of sight, I also mounted and rode homewards.

By the time I reached the gate of the park, my depression had nearly vanished. The comforting powers of sun and shadow, of sky and field, of wind and motion, had restored me to myself. With a side glance at the windows of the cottage as I passed, and the glimpse of a bright figure seated in the drawing-room window, I made for the stable, and found my Lilith waiting me. Once more I shifted my saddle, and rode home, without even another glance at the window as I passed.

A day or two after, I received from Mr. Coningham a ticket for the county ball, accompanied by a kind note. I returned it at once with the excuse that I feared incapacitating myself for work by dissipation.

Henceforward I avoided the park, and did not again see Clara before leaving for London. I had a note from her, thanking me for Lilith, and reproaching me for having left her to the company of Mr. Brotherton, which I thought cool enough, seeing they had set out together without the slightest expectation of meeting me. I returned a civil answer, and there was an end of it.

I must again say for myself, that it was not mere jealousy of Brotherton that led me to act as I did. I could not and would not get over

the contradiction between the way in which she had spoken of him, and the way in which she spoke to him, followed by her accompanying him in the long ride to which the state of my mare bore witness. I concluded that, although she might mean no harm, she was not truthful. To talk of a man with such contempt, and then behave to him with such frankness, appeared to me altogether unjustifiable. At the same time their mutual familiarity pointed to some fore-gone intimacy, in which, had I been so inclined, I might have found some excuse for her, seeing she might have altered her opinion of him, and might yet find it very difficult to alter the tone of their intercourse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN LONDON.

My real object being my personal history in relation to certain facts and events, I must, in order to restrain myself from that discursiveness the impulse to which is an urging of the historical as well as the artistic Satan, even run the risk of appearing to have been blind to many things going on around me which must have claimed a large place had I been writing an autobiography instead of a distinct portion of one.

I set out with my manuscript in my portmanteau, and a few pounds in my pocket, determined to cost my uncle as little as I could.

I well remember the dreariness of London, as I entered it on the top of a coach, in the closing darkness of a late autumn afternoon. The shops were not all yet lighted, and a drizzly rain was falling. But these outer influences hardly got beyond my mental skin, for I had written to Charley, and hoped to find him waiting for me at the coach-office. Nor was I disappointed, and in a moment all discomfort was forgotten. He took me to his chambers in the New Inn.

I found him looking better, and apparently, for him, in good spirits. It was soon arranged, at his intreaty, that for the present I should share his sitting-room, and have a bed put up for me in a closet he did not want. The next day I called upon certain publishers and left with them my manuscript. Its fate is of no consequence here, and I did not then wait to know it, but at once began to fly my feather at lower game, writing short papers and tales for the magazines. I had a little success from the first; and although the surroundings of my new abode were dreary enough, although, now and then, especially when the winter sun shone bright into the court, I longed for one peep into space across the field that now itself lay far in the distance, I soon settled to my work, and found the life an enjoyable one. To work beside Charley the most of the day, and go with him in the evening to some place of amusement, or to visit

some of the men in chambers about us, was for the time a satisfactory mode of existence.

I soon told him the story of my little passage with Clara. During the narrative he looked uncomfortable and indeed troubled, but as soon as he found I had given up the affair, his countenance brightened.

"I'm very glad you've got over it so well," he said.

"I think I've had a good deliverance," I returned.

He made no reply. Neither did his face reveal his thoughts, for I could not read the confused expression it bore.

That he should not fall in with my judgment, would never have surprised me, for he always hung back from condemnation, partly, I presume, from being even morbidly conscious of his own imperfections, and partly that his prolific suggestion supplied endless possibilities to explain or else perplex every thing. I had been often even annoyed by his use of the most refined invention to excuse, as I thought, behaviour the most palpably wrong. I believe now it was rather to account for it than to excuse it.

"Well, Charley," I would say in such case, "I am sure *you* would never have done such a thing."

"I cannot guarantee my own conduct for a moment," he would answer;—or, taking the other tack, would reply: "Just for that reason I cannot believe the man would have done it."

But the oddity in the present case was that he said nothing. I should however have forgotten all about it, but that after some time I began to observe that as often as I alluded to Clara—which was not often—he contrived to turn the remark aside, and always without saying a syllable about her. The conclusion I came to was that, while he shrunk from condemnation, he was at the same time unwilling to disturb the present serenity of my mind by defending her conduct.

Early in the spring, an unpleasant event occurred of which I might have foreseen the possibility. One morning I was alone, working busily, when the door opened.

"Why, Charley—back already!" I exclaimed, going on to finish my sentence.

Receiving no answer, I looked up from my paper, and started to my feet. Mr. Osborne stood before me, scrutinizing me with severe gray eyes. I think he knew me from the first, but I was sufficiently altered to make it doubtful.

"I beg your pardon," he said coldly—"I thought these were Charles Osborne's chambers." And he turned to leave the room.

"*They are* his chambers, Mr. Osborne," I replied, recovering myself with an effort, and looking him in the face.

"My son had not informed me that he shared them with another."

"We are very old friends, Mr. Osborne."

He made no answer, but stood regarding me fixedly.

"You do not remember me, sir," I said. "I am Wilfrid Cumbermede."

"I have cause to remember you."

"Will you not sit down, sir? Charley will be home in less than an hour—I quite expect."

Again he turned his back as if about to leave me.

"If my presence is disagreeable to you," I said, annoyed at his rudeness, "I will go."

"As you please," he answered.

I left my papers, caught up my hat, and went out of the room and the house. I said *good morning*, but he made no return.

Not until nearly eight o'clock did I re-enter. I had of course made up my mind that Charley and I must part. When I opened the door, I thought at first there was no one there: there were no lights, and the fire had burned low.

"Is that you, Wilfrid?" said Charley.

He was lying on the sofa.

"Yes, Charley," I returned.

"Come in, old fellow. The avenger of blood is not behind me," he said, in a mocking tone, as he rose and came to meet me. "I've been having such a dose of damnation—all for your sake!"

"I'm very sorry, Charley. But I think we are both to blame. Your father ought to have been told. You see day after day went by, and—somehow—"

"Tut, tut! never mind. What *does* it matter—except that it's a disgrace to be dependent on such a man? I wish I had the courage to starve."

"He's your father, Charley. Nothing can alter that."

"That's the misery of it. And then to tell people God is their father! If he's like mine, he's done us a mighty favour in creating us! I can't say I feel grateful for it. I must turn out to-morrow."

"No, Charley. The place has no attraction for me, without you, and it was yours first. Besides I can't afford to pay so much. I will find another to-morrow. But we shall see each other often, and perhaps get through more work apart. I hope he didn't insist on your never seeing me."

"He did try it on; but there I stuck fast, threatening to vanish, and scramble for my living as I best might. I told him you were a far better man than me, and did me nothing but good. But that only made the matter worse, proving your influence over me. Let's drop it. It's no use. Let's go to the Olympic."

The next day, I looked for a lodging in Camden Town, attracted by the probable cheapness, and by the grass of the Regent's Park; and having found a decent place, took my things away while Charley was out. I had not got them, few as they were, in order in my new

quarters before he made his appearance ; and as long as I was there few days passed on which we did not meet.

One evening, he walked in, accompanied by a fine-looking young fellow, whom I thought I must know, and presently recognized as Home, our old school-fellow, with whom I had fought in Switzerland. We had become good friends before we parted, and Charley and he had met repeatedly since.

"What are you doing now, Home?" I asked him.

"I've just taken deacon's orders," he answered. "A friend of my father's has promised me a living. I've been hanging about quite long enough now. A fellow ought to do something for his existence."

"I can't think how a strong fellow like you can take to mumbling prayers and reading sermons," said Charley.

"It ain't nice," said Home, "but it's a very respectable profession. There are viscounts in it, and lots of honourables."

"I daresay," returned Charley, with drought. "But a nerveless creature like me, who can't even hit straight from the shoulder, would be good enough for that. A giant like you, Home!"

"Ah! by the bye, Osborne," said Home, not in love with the prospect, and willing to turn the conversation, "I thought you were a church-calf yourself."

"Honestly, Home, I don't know whether it isn't the biggest of all big humbugs."

"Oh, but—Osborne!—it ain't the thing, you know, to talk like that of a profession adopted by so many great men fit to honour any profession," returned Home, who was not one of the brightest of mortals, and was jealous for the profession just in as much as it was destined for his own.

"Either the profession honours the men, or the men dishonour themselves," said Charley. "I believe it claims to have been founded by a man called Jesus Christ, if such a man ever existed except in the fancy of his priesthood."

"Well, really," expostulated Home, looking, I must say, considerably shocked, "I shouldn't have expected that from the son of a clergyman!"

"I couldn't help my father. I wasn't consulted," said Charley, with an uncomfortable grin. "But, at any rate, my father fancies he believes all the story. I fancy I don't."

"Then you're an infidel, Osborne."

"Perhaps. Do you think that so very horrible?"

"Yes. I do. Tom Paine, and all the rest of them, you know!"

"Well, Home, I'll tell you one thing I think worse than being an infidel."

"What is that?"

"Taking to the church for a living."

"I don't see that."

"Either the so-called truths it advocates are things to live and die for, or they are the veriest old wives' fables going. Do you know who was the first to do what you are about now?"

"No. I can't say. I'm not up in church history yet."

"It was Judas."

I am not sure that Charley was right, but that is what he said. I was taking no part in the conversation, but listening eagerly, with a strong suspicion that Charley had been leading Home to this very point.

"A man must live," said Home.

"That's precisely what I take it Judas said: for my part I don't see it."

"Don't see what?"

"That a man must live. It would be a far more incontrovertible assertion that a man must die—and a more comfortable one too."

"Upon my word, I don't understand you, Osborne! You make a fellow feel deuced queer with your remarks."

"At all events, you will allow that the first of them—they call them apostles, don't they?—didn't take to preaching the gospel for the sake of a living. What a satire on the whole kit of them that word *living*, so constantly in all their mouths, is! It seems to me that Messrs. Peter and Paul and Matthew, and all the rest of them, forsook their livings for a good chance of something rather the contrary."

"Then it *was* true—what they said about you at Forest's?"

"I don't know what they said," returned Charley; "but, before I would pretend to believe what I didn't,—"

"But I *do* believe it, Osborne."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

"Why—everybody does."

"That would be no reason, even if it were a fact, which it is not. You believe it, or rather, choose to think you believe it, because you've been told it. Sooner than pretend to teach what I had never learned, and be looked up to as a pattern of godliness, I would list in the ranks. There, at least, a man might earn an honest living."

"By Jove! You do make a fellow feel uncomfortable!" repeated Home. "You've got such a—such an uncompromising way of saying things—to use a mild expression!"

"I think it's a sneaking thing to do, and unworthy of a gentleman."

"I don't see what right you've got to bully me in that way," said Home, getting angry.

It was time to interfere.

"Charley is so afraid of being dishonest, Home," I said, "that he is rude.—You are rude now, Charley."

"I beg your pardon, Home," exclaimed Charley at once.

"Oh, never mind!" returned Home with gloomy good nature.

"You ought to make allowance, Charley," I pursued. "When a man has been accustomed all his life to hear things spoken of in a certain way, he cannot help having certain notions to start with."

"If I thought as Osborne does," said Home, "I *would* sooner 'list than go into the church."

"I confess," I rejoined, "I do not see how any one can take orders, except he not only loves God with all his heart, but receives the story of the New Testament as a revelation of him, precious beyond utterance. To the man who accepts it so, the calling is the noblest in the world."

The others were silent, and the conversation turned away. From whatever cause, Home did not go into the church, but died fighting in India.

He soon left us—Charley remaining behind.

"What a hypocrite I am!" he exclaimed; "—following a profession in which I must often, if I have any practice at all, defend what I know to be wrong, and seek to turn justice from its natural course."

"But you can't always know that your judgment is right, even if it should be against your client. I heard an eminent barrister say once, that he had come out of the court convinced by the arguments of the opposite counsel."

"And having gained the case?"

"That I don't know."

"He went in believing his own side any how, and that made it all right for him."

"I don't know that either. His private judgment was altered, but whether it was for or against his client, I do not remember. The fact however shows that one might do a great wrong by refusing a client whom he judged in the wrong."

"On the contrary, to refuse a brief on such grounds, would be best for all concerned. Not believing in it, you could not do your best, and might be preventing one who would believe in it from taking it up."

"The man might not get anybody to take it up."

"Then there would be little reason to expect that a jury charged under ordinary circumstances would give a verdict in his favour."

"But it would be for the barristers to constitute themselves the judges."

"Yes—of their own conduct—only that. There I am again! The finest ideas about the right thing—and going on all the same, with open eyes running my head straight into the noose! Wilfrid, I'm one of the weakest animals in creation. What if you found at last that I had been deceiving you! What would you say?"

"Nothing, Charley—to any one else."

"What would you say to yourself then?"

"I don't know. I know what I should do."

"What?"

"Try to account for it, and find as many reasons as I could to justify you. That is, I would do just as you do for every one but yourself."

He was silent—plainly from emotion, which I attributed to his pleasure at the assurance of the strength of my friendship.

"Suppose you could find none?" he said, recovering himself a little.

"I should still believe there *were* such. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, you know."

He brightened at this.

"You *are* a friend, Wilfrid! What a strange condition mine is!—for ever feeling I could do this and that difficult thing, were it to fall in my way, and yet constantly failing in the simplest duties—even to that of common politeness. I behaved like a brute to Home. He's a fine fellow, and only wants to see a thing to do it. I see it well enough, and don't do it. Wilfrid, I shall come to a bad end. When it comes, mind I told you so, and blame nobody but myself. I mean what I say."

"Nonsense, Charley! It's only that you haven't active work enough, and get morbid with brooding over the germs of things."

"Oh, Wilfrid, how beautiful a life might be! Just look at that one in the New Testament! Why shouldn't I be like that? I don't know why. I feel as if I could. But I'm not, you see—and never shall be. I'm selfish, and ill-tempered, and——"

"Charley! Charley! There never was a less selfish or better-tempered fellow in the world."

"Don't make me believe that, Wilfrid, or I shall hate the world as well as myself. It's all my hypocrisy makes you think so. Because I am ashamed of what I am, and manage to hide it pretty well, you think me a saint. That is heaping damnation on me."

"Take a pipe, Charley, and shut up. That's rubbish!" I said. I doubt much if it was what I ought to have said, but I was alarmed for the consequences of such brooding. "I wonder what the world would be like if every one considered himself acting up to his own ideal!"

"If he was acting so, then it would do the world no harm that he knew it."

"But his ideal must then be a low one, and that would do himself and everybody the worst kind of harm. The greatest men have always thought the least of themselves."

"Yes, but that was because they *were* the greatest. A man may think little of himself just for the reason that he is little, and can't help knowing it."

"Then it's a mercy he does know it! for most small people think much of themselves."

"But to know it—and to feel all the time you ought to be and could be something very different, and yet never get a step nearer it! That is to be miserable. Still it is a mercy to know it. There is always a last help."

I mistook what he meant, and thought it well to say no more. After smoking a pipe or two, he was quieter, and left me with a merry remark.

One lovely evening in spring, I looked from my bed-room window, and saw the red sunset burning in the thin branches of the solitary poplar that graced the few feet of garden behind the house. It drew me out to the park, where the trees were all in young leaf, each with its shadow stretching away from its foot, like its longing to reach its kind across dividing space. The grass was like my own grass at home, and I went wandering over it in all the joy of the new spring, which comes every year to our hearts as well as to their picture outside. The workmen were at that time busy about the unfinished botanical gardens, and I wandered thitherward, lingering about, and pondering and inventing, until the sun was long withdrawn, and the shades of night had grown very brown. I was at length sauntering slowly home to put a few finishing touches to a paper I had been at work upon all day, when something about a young couple in front of me attracted my attention. They were walking arm in arm, talking eagerly, but so low that I heard only a murmur. I did not quicken my pace, yet was gradually gaining upon them, when suddenly the conviction started up in my mind that the gentleman was Charley. I could not mistake his back, or the stoop of his shoulders as he bent towards his companion. I was so certain of him that I turned at once from the road, and wandered away across the grass: if he did not choose to tell me about the lady, I had no right to know. But I confess to a strange trouble that he had left me out. I comforted myself however with the thought that perhaps when we next met, he would explain, or at least break, the silence.

After about an hour, he entered, in an excited mood, merry but uncomfortable. I tried to behave as if I knew nothing, but could not help feeling much disappointed when he left me without a word of his having had a second reason for being in the neighbourhood.

What effect the occurrence might have had, whether the cobweb veil of which I was now aware between us would have thickened to opacity or not, I cannot tell. I dare not imagine that it might. I rather hope that by degrees my love would have got the victory, and melted it away. But now came a cloud which swallowed every other in my firmament. The next morning brought a letter from my aunt, telling me that my uncle had had a stroke, as she called it, and at that moment was lying insensible. I put my affairs in order at once, and Charley saw me away by the afternoon coach.

It was a dreary journey. I loved my uncle with perfect confi-

dence and profound veneration, a result of the faithful and open simplicity with which he had always behaved towards me. If he were taken away, and already he might be gone, I should be lonely indeed, for on whom besides could I depend with anything like the trust which I reposed in him? For, conceitedly or not, I had always felt that Charley rather depended on me—that I had rather to take care of him, than to look for counsel from him.

The weary miles rolled away. Early in the morning, we reached Minstercombe. There I got a carriage, and at once continued my journey.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHANGES.

I MET no one at the house-door, or in the kitchen, and walked straight up the stair to my uncle's room. The blinds were down, and the curtains were drawn, and I could but just see the figure of my aunt seated beside the bed. She rose, and without a word of greeting, made way for me to approach the form which lay upon it stretched out straight and motionless. The conviction that I was in the presence of death seized me; but instead of the wretchedness of heart and soul which I had expected to follow the loss of my uncle, a something deeper than any will of my own asserted itself; and as it were took the matter from me. It was as if my soul avoided the sorrow of separation by breaking with the world of material things, asserting the shadowy nature of all the visible, and choosing its part with the something which had passed away. It was as if my deeper self said to my outer consciousness: "I too am of the dead—one with them, whether they live or are no more. For a little while I am shut out from them, and surrounded with things that seem: let me gaze on the picture while it lasts; dream or no dream, let me live in it according to its laws, and await what will come next; if an awaking, it is well; if only a perfect because dreamless sleep, I shall not be able to lament the endless separation—but while I know myself, I will hope for something better." Like this at least was the blossom into which, under my after brooding, the bud of that feeling broke.

I laid my hand upon my uncle's forehead. It was icy cold, just like my grannie's when my aunt had made me touch it. And I knew that my uncle was gone, that the slow tide of the eternal ocean had risen while he lay motionless within the wash of its waves, and had floated him away from the shore of our world. I took the hand of my aunt, who stood like a statue behind me, and led her from the room.



"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

"He is gone, aunt," I said, as calmly as I could.

She made no reply, but gently withdrew her hand from mine, and returned into the chamber. I stood a few moments irresolute, but reverence for her sorrow prevailed, and I went down the stair, and seated myself by the fire. There the servant told me that my uncle had never moved since they laid him in his bed. Soon after, the doctor arrived, and went up-stairs; but returned in a few minutes, only to affirm the fact. I went again to the room, and found my aunt lying with her face on the bosom of the dead man. She allowed me to draw her away, but when I would have led her down, she turned aside, and sought her own chamber, where she remained for the rest of the day.

I will not linger over that miserable time. Greatly as I revered my uncle, I was not prepared to find how much he had been respected, and was astonished at the number of faces I had never seen which followed to the churchyard. Amongst them were the Coninghams, father and son; but except by a friendly grasp of the hand, and a few words of condolence, neither interrupted the calm depression rather than grief in which I found myself. When I returned home, there was with my aunt a married sister, whom I had never seen before. Up to this time, she had shown an arid despair, and been regardless of everything about her; but now she was in tears. I left them together, and wandered for hours up and down the lonely playground of my childhood, thinking of many things—most of all, how strange it was that, if there were a *hereafter* for us, we should know positively nothing concerning it; that not a whisper should cross the invisible line; that the something which had looked from its windows so lovingly, should have in a moment withdrawn, by some back way unknown either to itself or us, into a region of which all we can tell is that thence no prayers and no tears will entice it, to lift for an instant again the fallen curtain, and look out once more. Why should not God, I thought, if a God there be, permit one single return to each, that so the friends left behind in the dark might be sure that death was not the end, and so live in the world as not of the world?

When I re-entered, I found my aunt looking a little cheerful. She was even having something to eat with her sister—an elderly country-looking woman, the wife of a farmer in a distant shire. Their talk had led them back to old times, to their parents and the friends of their childhood; and the memory of the long dead had comforted her a little over the recent loss: for all true hearts death is a uniting, not a dividing power.

"I suppose you will be going back to London, Wilfrid?" said my aunt, who had already been persuaded to pay her sister a visit.

"I think I had better," I answered. "When I have a chance of

publishing a book, I should like to come and write it, or at least finish it here, if you will let me."

"The place is your own, Wilfrid. Of course I shall be very glad to have you here."

"The place is yours as much as mine, aunt," I replied. "I can't bear to think that my uncle has no right over it still. I believe he has, and therefore it is yours just the same—not to mention my own wishes in the matter."

She made no reply, and I saw that both she and her sister were shocked either at my mentioning the dead man, or at my supposing he had any earthly rights left. The next day they set out together, leaving in the house the wife of the head man at the farm to attend to me until I should return to town. I had purposed to set out the following morning, but I found myself enjoying so much the undisturbed possession of the place, that I remained there for ten days; and when I went, it was with the intention of making it my home as soon as I might: I had grown enamoured of the solitude so congenial to labour. Before I left I arranged my uncle's papers, and in doing so, found several early sketches which satisfied me that he might have distinguished himself in literature if his fate had led him thitherward.

Having given the house in charge to my aunt's deputy, Mrs. Herbert, I at length returned to my lodging in Camden Town. There I found two letters waiting me, the one announcing the serious illness of my aunt, and the other her death. The latter was two days old. I wrote to express my sorrow, and excuse my apparent neglect, and having made a long journey to see her also laid in the earth, I returned to my old home in order to make fresh arrangements.

THE PLANET OF LOVE.

At length the true Evening Star reigns supreme in the west. Throughout March, Jupiter was the chief light in the western heavens during the evening twilight hours. In April his rule was divided with that of the star of love. But as he advanced towards the sun's place his lustre slowly waned, while as Venus passed eastwards she grew daily more splendid. Long before the two orbs had met upon the western skies Venus perceptibly outshone Jupiter, and when, after May 12th, Jupiter passed onwards towards the west and Venus eastwards, the vast giant whose light comes to us from beyond so many millions of miles, no longer rivalled the earth's twin sister in lustre. When these lines have appeared, Jupiter will set each evening soon after the sun, and will scarcely be noticed during the short time that he remains visible; while Venus will shine brilliantly for hours after the sun has set. None will need the astronomers to tell them where she is to be looked for, since for months to come no star will bear comparison with her in splendour.

The contrast between Venus and Jupiter (two orbs which at one time during the past spring seemed so strikingly alike that only their position distinguished one from the other) is in reality most complete. It was difficult even for the astronomer to realise the fact that of those orbs one was thirteen hundred times larger than the other, that the surface of the lesser was illuminated some fifty times more brilliantly than that of the farther and greater. It required, too, a strong effort of the imagination to picture to oneself how one orb was solitary, like Mars or Mercury, while the other was the centre of the most symmetrical system of orbs within the planetary scheme.

It may be interesting to consider some of the facts which astronomers have learned respecting the beautiful planet which appropriately bears the name of the loveliest of the heathen goddesses. There is much, indeed, in what is known about Venus which rather tends to disappoint than to satisfy the questioner; much also which is more fitted to invite speculation than to afford any basis for sound theorizing. When we compare what has been learned about Venus with the detailed information which the telescope has given us respecting Mars, or with the grand phenomena whose progress has been traced in the distant orbs of Jupiter and Saturn, we are apt to feel astonished that the planet which approaches us most nearly should have revealed so little, even under the most searching scrutiny.

Yet it is only by comparison with what has been learned about these most interesting orbs, that our information about Venus seems small in amount. In reality there is much which will very well repay our attention, more especially when we consider Venus not merely with reference to what the telescope teaches us respecting her, but also in relation to her position in the scheme of worlds circling around the sun.

It used to be supposed that Venus is rather larger than our own earth. But more careful measurements made in recent times have shown that she is in all probability considerably smaller than the earth. A circumstance had tended to deceive the earlier telescopists. Venus shines with such exceeding brightness as to appear larger than she really is. The fact that bright objects are thus seemingly enlarged is doubtless familiar to most who read this paper. It is strikingly illustrated by the appearance which the new moon presents when the unenlightened half of her globe is visible, or when "the old moon is in the new moon's arms." The dark part appears to belong to a smaller globe than the bright crescent; yet in reality of course the effect is but an optical illusion. Indeed, quite recently astronomers had to reduce their estimate of the moon's mass on account of the very effect I am here referring to. In the case of Venus the effect is, of course, more remarkable, especially when considered with reference to the estimate of Venus's bulk; for she shines much more brilliantly (though of course giving out very much less light altogether) than the moon; and being so much farther away, the same amount of seeming extension outwards corresponds in reality to a much greater error in the estimated diameter. Thus it happens that in Ferguson's astronomy we find the diameter of Venus set down at 7,906 miles, while Sir W. Herschel and Arago set it at 8,100 miles; whereas the estimate now generally regarded as most trustworthy assigns to her a diameter of only 7,500 miles. Thus her estimated bulk has been very considerably diminished; for though her diameter has been reduced but by about one-sixteenth part from Ferguson's estimate, it is easily calculated that her volume has been reduced by fully a seventh part—in which degree it falls short of the earth's. Her surface, which is perhaps a more important feature when we consider her as the probable abode of living creatures, is less than the earth's in the proportion of about nine to ten.

Still, it is hardly necessary to point out that these differences are very slight when compared with those which distinguish the other planets of the solar system from our own earth. Mars, with his diameter of but 4,500 miles, on the one hand, and Uranus, with a diameter of more than 35,000 miles, on the other, seem startlingly unlike our earth after the relations of Venus have been considered; and yet they come next to her in this respect. We have to pass from Mars to small Mercury and the asteroids in following the descending scale of

magnitude, and to pass from Uranus to Neptune, the ringed Saturn, and the mighty mass of Jupiter, in following the ascending scale. In the whole range of planetary bodies, from Jupiter, more than twelve hundred times bulkier than our earth, down to the least asteroid—a globe, perchance, not larger than Mr. Coxwell's balloon—we meet with not one orb which can be regarded as our earth's twin-sister world, save that globe alone whose glories now illuminate our evening twilight skies.

In one respect only the comparison fails. Unlike our earth, Venus has no moon. I shall not enter here into a consideration of the very singular circumstance that many observers, and some of them not unknown for skill and clear-sightedness, have declared that Venus has a moon, and that they have seen it. Astronomers are now agreed that these observers were deceived, and I suppose little doubt can remain in the minds of all who are competent to weigh the evidence, that Venus has no satellite. Still there are few chapters in the history of astronomy more suggestive than that referring to the supposed discovery of a secondary orb, which has, in reality, no existence. Sir William Herschel's temporary belief in the existence of two rings at right angles to each other around the planet Uranus, can by no means be compared with the strange deception which deluded observers in the case of Venus. For Uranus is so far off that his phenomena are seen only with extreme difficulty; and the telescope with which Sir William Herschel chiefly studied the planet was notoriously imperfect as a defining instrument, notwithstanding its wonderful light-gathering power. It "bunched a star into a cocked-hat" we are told, and in effect it *made* the rings round Uranus which for a time perplexed the great astronomer. But in the case of a planet so near to us, and so bright as Venus, one would have thought an optical illusion, such as the telescopic creation of a satellite, was wholly impossible. Here was an orb of which its observers felt able to say that its diameter was about one-fourth of Venus's, its light slightly inferior to hers in brightness, and its seeming shape horned, or gibbous, exactly as her own at the time of observation. And yet that orb was a mere moon-ghost, an unreal telescopic vision.

We shall inquire farther on, however, whether the want of a moon necessarily renders the skies of Venus at night dark and gloomy by comparison with ours, or, at least, with our moonlit nights.

The chief difficulty which the telescopist meets with in trying to examine the surface of Venus arises from the excessive brightness with which she is illuminated. Of course, I am here referring to quite another matter than that splendour which the unarmed eye recognises in her light. Jupiter, when seen on the dark background of the mid-night sky, shines with a splendour fairly comparable with that of Venus; and yet rather the defect than the excess of light is what

troubles the astronomer in the case of Jupiter. I am referring now to the intrinsic brilliancy of the illumination of Venus's surface—this brilliancy depending on her nearness to the sun. The degree of her brightness may very well be illustrated by an example. Suppose the side of a hill to be so sloped that the sun's mid-day rays fall square upon it. Now, if the slope is covered with white sand, it will shine rather less than half as brightly to the eye as the disc of Venus.* But we know how dazzling white sand looks when the sun shines full and squarely upon it; so that it will readily be conceived that the disc of Venus tests the performance of even the best telescopes. For it is to be noticed that although the astronomer can cut off a part of the light by suitable contrivances, yet these must needs impair to some degree the clearness of the definition. Besides, some features may be wholly obliterated by any contrivances for reducing the planet's lustre, precisely as the dark glasses used in observing the sun blot from view altogether the coloured prominences and the sierra which really surround his disc.

But, although Venus is thus rendered a difficult object of study, there is one feature in her telescopic aspect which seems to place it in the power of observers to learn more about her surface-contour than even about the details of the planet Mars. Venus travels on a path inside the earth's. Hence she lies, at times, nearly between the earth and the sun, so that her dark half is turned towards us; while at other times she lies directly beyond the sun, so that her illuminated half is turned towards us. Obviously in one case she is presented as the moon at "new," while in the other she is as the moon at "full;" nor does it need much consideration to show that, in passing from one phase to the other, she must exhibit all the changes of aspect which we recognise in the moon. With, however, *this* further peculiarity, that whereas the moon remains always of about the same seeming size while passing through her phases, Venus, on the other hand, changes most notably in size, as seen in the telescope. When she is directly beyond the sun her distance from us is 66 millions of miles greater than the sun's, or about 157 millions of miles in all. When she is directly between us and the sun, her distance falls short

* This is easily proved. We may be certain that the reflective capacity of Venus's surface is not less than that of the surface of the ruddy Mars. Now Zöllner has shown that Mars reflects rather more of the sunlight which falls on him, than he would if he were a globe of white sandstone. Supposing Venus to do likewise, then as she is so near to the sun as to receive twice as much light as the earth does (surface for surface), her disc must look rather more than twice as bright as white sandstone fully and squarely illuminated. In all such cases (be it noted in passing) distance has no effect. Distance may diminish the brightness of objects seen through air, or other imperfectly transparent media; and of course distance diminishes the total quantity of light received from an object. But distance in no way affects the intrinsic lustre of bodies seen through vacant (or practically vacant) space.

of his by 66 millions of miles, or is reduced to about 25 millions of miles. Her distance in the latter case is less than one-sixth of that which separates her from us in the former case; and her disc is more than 86 times larger. So that as she passes from new to full she is at once crescent and waning. Her orb is becoming larger and larger, while a continually diminishing proportion of it is illuminated. In passing away from full to new she decreases in seeming size, while waxing in the sense in which we use the term when speaking of the moon. The reader will doubtless remember how the discovery that Venus actually changes thus in seeming magnitude and phase was among the earliest which Galileo effected by means of the telescope. That his priority might not be questioned he announced the discovery anagrammatically in the following sentence—"Hæc immatura a me jam frustra leguntur, d.y.," which is very bad Latin for the statement that "These matters still immature, and as yet (studied) in vain, are read by me." Four months later he published the key to the anagram in the following much more elegant piece of Latinity—"Cynthiæ figuras æmulatur mater Amorum," or "Venus, the Mother of the Loves, imitates the changing figures of the moon."

Now when Venus presents her full face towards us she is much too far off to be well seen, and besides she lies directly beyond the sun, and his light prevents us from seeing her. On the other hand, when she is nearest to the earth, her dark hemisphere being turned towards us, she would be invisible even were she not in this case also lost in the sun's light. When she is best seen she presents much less than a full disc; and, in fact, she is actually best placed for study when showing a crescent phase, somewhat like the moon's two days before she is half full.

At first sight it might seem that this should render the study of Venus even more difficult than any of the circumstances yet named. The central part of her disc, just that portion which is alone unforeshortened, can only be seen when Venus is much farther off than Mars is at his nearest—when, also, he is most favourably seen in other respects; while the portion seen when Venus is nearer is seen edgewise, and therefore very unfavourably placed for study.

But in one respect there results a means of studying Venus which is wanting in the case of Mars. I refer to that very means whereby astronomers have been able to measure the height of the lunar mountains. The boundary between the light and dark parts of the moon is the region where, as seen from the moon, the sun is rising or setting. The mountain tops near that boundary catch the sun's light earlier in the lunar morning, and later in the lunar evening, than the plains and valleys close around. Precisely as the traveller who views the phenomena of sunrise from the summit of the Rigi or Faulhorn,*

* One is willing to believe that there are travellers who have been so fortunate.

sees the valleys still enshrouded in gloom, while the mountain tops are all illuminated ; so out yonder, on our satellite, if there are living creatures there, contrasts of like sort, but much more marked, may be witnessed by such Lunarians as care to climb the summits of the peaks around such craters as Tycho, Kepler, and Copernicus. The telescopist can see the lunar mountains lit up by the sun's rays, when the valleys around are in darkness ; for, outside the boundary line, between the light and the dark portions, he sees spots and streaks of white light, which he recognises as the peaks of lunar mountains, or the summits of mountain ranges. And, by measuring the distance at which a lunar peak, which has just caught the light, lies from the boundary between light and darkness—or, as one may say, by measuring how far off the tiny island of light is from the shore-line—he estimates the height of the lunar mountains.

In Venus, similar phenomena are presented. Only her greater distance renders it less easy to study them to advantage. Of course if the planet were a perfectly smooth globe the boundary between the light and dark portions would be quite smooth and uniform. But as early as the year 1700, La Hire could recognise irregularities in the boundary, when the crescent was very narrow. But we owe to the German astronomer, Schröter, the first satisfactory study of these irregularities. Towards the close of the last century he studied the planet with several powerful telescopes ; and he was able to recognise distinct inequalities in the boundary. These irregularities varied in figure from time to time, precisely as they might be expected to do when we consider their cause. Now a plain or sea, now a high table-land would be at some particular part of this border-land between light and darkness ; now valleys, now mountain peaks would diversify the seeming figure of the boundary. Some of the effects recognised by Schröter were so remarkable as to suggest that the mountains on Venus must be very much higher than those on our earth. Schröter, indeed, estimated the height of some of these mountains at no less than twenty-eight miles, or fully four times the height of the loftiest peaks on our own earth.

A circumstance of some interest may be here touched upon in connection with the researches of Schröter. Sir William Herschel, having failed with his more powerful telescopic means, in detecting any of the appearances recorded by Schröter, wrote a somewhat lively criticism upon Schröter's statement. Of this paper, which appeared in the "*Philosophical Transactions*" for 1798, Arago remarked that it was "*une critique fort vive, et, en apparence du moins, quelque peu passionnée.*" It must be said, however, in justice to the greatest telescopist who has ever lived, that the severity of his tone, though not justified by the actual circumstances, was by no means unwarranted by the facts as he saw them. Misapprehension not injustice led to the warmth of his tone. Schröter answered dis-

passionately and effectively in 1795 ; and no doubt now remains of the general accuracy of the German astronomer's observations.

The irregularities whose effects thus show themselves by notching or otherwise distorting the boundary between the light and dark portions of the disc of Venus, have been detected also as faint spots within the illuminated portion of the disc. It is only, however, with great difficulty, and under exceedingly favourable circumstances, that they can be so seen. And, singularly enough, it would by no means appear as though the most powerful telescopes, or even the greatest observing skill, were the necessary conditions for the detection of these spots. On the contrary, they have been seen with small telescopes when large ones failed to show them ; and comparatively inferior observers, like Bianchini and De Vico, have recognised them, when Sir William Herschel and the eagle-eyed Dawes have been unable to detect any traces of their existence. Indeed, all that Sir William Herschel could detect was a slight superiority of brightness in the part of the disc near the edge as compared with the part close by the boundary-line between the bright and dark portions. This peculiarity he misinterpreted strangely ; for he ascribed it to the existence of an atmosphere in Venus, failing to notice that it is clearly recognisable in the airless moon.

The spots in Venus are not seen distinctly enough to enable us to judge whether they indicate the existence of land and water, like the greenish and the ruddy markings on Mars. But they have enabled astronomers to measure the rate at which Venus turns upon her axis, and they have also shown us how her axis is placed, so that we can form an opinion as to the nature of her seasons.

Cassini was the first to time the rotation of Venus. He found that a certain spot returned to the same place on her face at intervals of about 28 hours, so that the length of the day in Venus would be slightly less than that of our own day. But Bianchini, in 1726, came to a very different, and a very startling, conclusion. He said he could not account for all the changes of appearance he had noted in Venus, without assigning to her a rotation period of 24 days and about 8 hours. Cassini had not been certain about his results, because he could not follow the spot far across the face of Venus. Bianchini's results were open to a somewhat similar objection. His observatory had not sufficient sky-room to enable him to follow the planet for more than about 8 hours. Now he was convinced that the spots did not appreciably change their place in that time ; and having made his observations at somewhat wide intervals, and finding that at the end of several days a spot seemed considerably advanced when observed at the same hour of the night, he concluded that all those days had been occupied in the advance *alone*. Cassini had judged that each day there was a circuit and a slight advance *as well*.

That excellent astronomer, Ferguson, whose book (out of Google

as it is) continues far better worth studying than nine-tenths of our modern elementary treatises on astronomy, adopted Bianchini's explanation as seeming to accord best with the evidence. Working out the consequences after his usual sound and laborious fashion, he came to some very strange conclusions respecting the seasonal changes in Venus. Bianchini had seen reason to believe that Venus turns on an axis very much tilted down towards the level of her path round the sun; and the effects of this tilt would be very striking, even though the day of Venus were judged to be equal, or nearly so, to our own. But with the long day of $24\frac{1}{2}$ terrestrial days, the resulting effects were found by Ferguson to be so strange that nothing we are familiar with on earth could be very well compared with them.

In the first place (according always to Bianchini's estimate) there are but $9\frac{1}{2}$ days in the year of Venus.* "We may suppose," says Ferguson, "that the inhabitants of Venus will be always careful to add a day to some particular part of every fourth year, by means of which intercalary day every fourth year will be a leap-year, and will bring her time to an even reckoning, and keep her calendar always right."

Then the day lasting so long, the sun's mid-day height would be very different on successive days; so that if at any place he were overhead at noon on one day, he would be found far removed from the point overhead at noon of the next day. "This appears to be providentially ordered," says Ferguson, "for preventing the too great effects of the sun's heat (which is twice as great on Venus as on the

* In my "Other Worlds" there is a note referring to a remark in Admiral Smyth's "Celestial Cycle," which had gravely perplexed me. For the Admiral says that in the year of Venus there are but $9\frac{1}{2}$ of her days, "reckoned by the sun's rising and setting, owing to which the sun must appear to pass through a whole sign in little more than three quarters of her natural day." In the note referred to, I remark on this, "he gives no reason for this remarkable statement, which most certainly is not correct." I might well, indeed, be perplexed, not only by this particular statement, but by the whole of the Admiral's treatment of the seasonal and diurnal changes in Venus. For though he nowhere adopts Bianchini's estimate of Venus's rotation-period (on the contrary, he remarks that Schröter's researches have established Cassini's value), yet none of his statements are just if Venus turns round in about 24 hours. I have recently found that all Admiral Smyth's remarks on the seasonal and diurnal changes in Venus were founded on Ferguson's examination of the matter. So that their incongruity is at once accounted for. But it is worthy of notice how important it is that no statement—however eminent its authority—should be repeated without due examination, or failing that (as may well happen when a subject is very recondite), a careful reference to the source whence the statement has been drawn. Admiral Smyth doubtless thought that so accurate a mathematician as Ferguson could not go wrong, and so, neglecting inquiry, failed to notice that he was himself misinterpreting Ferguson. On the other hand, I was somewhat sharply censured for questioning the dicta of so sound a mathematician as the esteemed Admiral; yet it is now shown how necessary such questioning was in that instance. But in truth it is always so. Doubt in such matters ought to be held as an almost sacred duty by the scientific author.

earth); so that he cannot shine perpendicularly on the same places for two days together; and on that account the heated places have time to cool." One would have thought the long night of 292 hours would fairly have sufficed for this desirable purpose; but in Ferguson's day men knew more about the final causes of things than we do in our time, so that it is only with extreme diffidence that I venture this suggestion.

When Ferguson wrote, the astronomers of England were paying great attention to the problem of finding a ship's longitude at sea. Ferguson points out how much better off the people in Venus are as respects their means of dealing with this problem. "The sun's altitude at noon being very different at places in the same latitude, according to their different longitudes, it will be almost as easy to find the longitude on Venus, as it is for us to find the latitude on our earth, which is an advantage we can never have." Here is another instance of an easily interpretable design. For our seamen have the moon to help them in finding the longitude; and the voyagers over Venus would be badly off without a moon but for the peculiarity pointed out by Ferguson.

But it is as well, before inquiring what purpose was intended to be fulfilled by certain relations, to assure ourselves that those relations actually exist. For example, before asking why the people in Jupiter and Saturn get so much more moonlight from their many moons than we do from our single one, it is as well to calculate how much light they do actually get; because the argument from design is slightly interfered with when the multiple moonlight in Saturn and Jupiter is found to amount in all to scarce a twentieth of that which our single moon supplies to us. So here, in the case of Venus, it is unpleasing, after calculating all the important advantages afforded by the long day of Venus, to discover that the day in Venus is actually rather less than on our own earth.

This, however, has now been abundantly proved. Schröter, by carefully noting the interval which elapsed between the successive appearances of a certain bright spot close by the southern horn of the crescent Venus, assigned a rotation-period of 28 days 21 minutes and 8 seconds. This was within a minute of the time which had been assigned by the younger Cassinias bringing his father's observations into agreement with Bianchini's. But the Italian observer, De Vico, attacked the question still more earnestly. He and several colleagues studied Venus at the Observatory of the Collegio Romano. They rediscovered Bianchini's spots, and by carefully comparing their own estimate of the planet's rotation with the observed appearance of Venus at such and such hours as recorded by Bianchini, they were able to deduce a very close approximation to the rotation-period of Venus. They assigned as the actual length of the day in Venus 28 hours 21 minutes 23 seconds and 98 hundredth parts of a second.

Without accepting these hundredths as altogether beyond dispute, we may take 28 hours 21 minutes and 24 seconds as doubtless very closely representing the value of Venus's rotation-period.

Here, then, we have a day closely corresponding to that of our own earth, and also to that of Mars. In fact, the day of Venus falls short of our earth's day by about as much as the day of Mars exceeds our earth's. Instead of the year of $9\frac{1}{4}$ of her own days assigned to Venus by Bianchini, we find that she has a year of about 280 days. There is little reason then, thus far, for supposing that the seasonal and diurnal changes in Venus differ importantly from those on our own earth.

But undoubtedly when we inquire into other circumstances on which the seasons and general climate of a planet must depend, we find some difficulty in regarding Venus as likely to be a quite agreeable abode for creatures constituted like ourselves. Before discussing these relations, however, let me as an anticipatory corrective present the enthusiastic description which Flammarion has given of that which he can have seen only with his mind's eye, and that eye gifted with exceptional, and possibly deceptive, powers. "Some ill-disposed minds," he says, as translated—most pleasingly—by Mrs. Lockyer, "have asserted that although Venus is beautiful afar, it is frightful on a nearer view. I fancy I see my young and amiable readers; and I am sure that not one amongst them is of this opinion. Indeed, all the magnificence of light and day which we enjoy on the earth, Venus possesses in a higher degree. Like our globe, it is surrounded by a transparent atmosphere, in the midst of which are combined thousands and thousands of shades of light. Clouds rise from the stormy ocean, and transport into the sky snowy, silvery, golden, and purple tints. At morning and evening, when the dazzling orb of day, twice as large as it appears from the earth, lifts its enormous disc at the east, or inclines towards the west, the twilight unfolds its splendours and charms."

This is very pleasant to contemplate; but it is desirable to inquire how far it is warranted by known facts.

To begin with the excessive light and heat which the sun pours upon Venus. I suppose no one doubts that quite possibly this great light and heat may be so tempered as to be not only endurable, but pleasant to people in Venus. But so far as terrestrial experience is concerned, we are assuredly not justified in saying that this *must* be so. Undoubtedly, if the sun began suddenly to pour twice as much light and heat upon the earth as he actually does, the human race would be destroyed in a very few months. In tropical regions the destruction would be completed in a single day. In temperate regions the beginning of the first summer would be fatal. Nor would the denizens of arctic and subarctic regions live through the heat of a midsummer's nightless day.

Suppose, now, we assume that the atmosphere of Venus, as good observers have judged, is considerably deeper than our own. This we may fairly do, because certainly the estimate of observers would be more likely to fall short of the truth than to pass beyond it; so that, when trustworthy astronomers say that they have seen the twilight zone of Venus extending farther than we know our own does, we may fairly conclude that at a nearer view a yet greater extension of this sunlit atmosphere—for such is the real nature of the source of twilight—would be greater yet. Here, again, all that we know of the effects of a deep atmosphere would lead us to believe that the heat in Venus must be intensified by the action of her deep and dense atmosphere. As a matter of fact, it may not be so. All I urge is, that, judging from the only analogy we have to guide us, the depth and density of the atmosphere of Venus seem to promise no relief from the intense solar heat to which she is exposed.

But it is when we consider the effects of her axial slope that we find the most urgent reasons for questioning how far life would be comfortable to ourselves in that beautiful planet which now adorns our twilight skies.

Bianchini believed in an amount of axial tilt (a tilt of the axis, that is, from uprightness to the path of Venus) which has not been confirmed by De Vico and his colleagues. Still their observations agree in assigning an axial tilt much more than twice as great as the earth's. In other words, the arctic regions in Venus extend more than twice as far from her poles as ours do, and her tropical regions extend more than twice as far as ours from the equator. But we have only to take a terrestrial globe to see that, if we extend more than doubly the range of the tropics and of the arctic regions, these regions will overlap. There will be no temperate zone at all. Instead of it, there will be a region which is both tropical and arctic.

Now, when we remember what is meant when we speak of a region as tropical or arctic, the significance of this statement will be recognised. At a place within the tropics the sun is always twice in each year immediately overhead at noon. At a place within the arctic regions there is always one period in the year when the sun does not rise, and another period when he does not set, all through the twenty-four hours.

Conceive, then, first, the vicissitudes within the zone which is both arctic and tropical. Here we have, at one season, an arctic night—no sun shining all through the twenty-four hours; at another, an arctic day—the sun not setting during all those hours. Between these seasons, but nearer to the latter, we have two seasons, when the sun is overhead at noon. The contrast between the bitterness of a season when the sun does not show at all, and the fiercely scorching heat of seasons when either the great sun of Venus does not set, or shines vertically down at noon upon such beings as may be able to endure

his fury, is certainly not a pleasant prospect for terrestrial beings to contemplate. The young lady whom Flammarion lauds because she promised "swiftly to soar to Venus" when her "imprison'd soul was free," would have been justified in declining the visit on the score of expediency, while still encumbered with a body. And if "now," as Flammarion suggests, "she resides in that isle of light, and contemplates thence the earthly abode which she not long ago inhabited, perhaps she hears," not without amusement, "the prayers of those who, as she did formerly, allow their hopes to mount sometimes" to those pleasant-looking regions.

Nor are the tropical or arctic regions more likely to be comfortable abodes for creatures constituted like ourselves. The seasonal contrasts and vicissitudes in these regions are always very marked, and recur much more rapidly than on our own earth. If the arctic regions are worse off in having a more marked difference between the greatest heat of summer and the greatest cold of winter, the tropical regions are worse off in having two summers and two winters within the short year of two hundred and twenty-seven terrestrial days.

I cannot but think that on a fair examination of the physical habitudes of Venus, we are led rather to Whewell's than to Brewster's opinion; though I am by no means ready to admit that either one or the other opinion is strictly sound. It is but barely possible, if possible at all, that Venus may be a suitable abode for creatures like ourselves and our fellow-inhabitants of this terrestrial globe. But we have no sufficient reasons for believing with Whewell that creatures so constituted as to exist in comfort in Venus must needs be wholly inferior to those which inhabit the earth.

One word on the celestial scenery visible from Venus. It is a circumstance worth noticing that from all the three planets which have no moons, at least one orb can be so seen as to appear more beautiful than any star or planet in our own skies. Jupiter, as seen from Mars, must appear a most noble orb, since his splendour, owing to the greater proximity of Mars (when most favourably situated for observing Jupiter), must be one half greater than that which he displays to ourselves. His satellites, too, may probably be visible from Mars. In the planet Venus, again, Mercury has a noble spectacle. Her lustre, indeed, when seen under the most favourable circumstances, must illuminate the skies of Mercury with a splendour surpassing ten or twelve times that of the planet Jupiter as we see him on a midnight sky. From Mercury also the earth must seem a noble orb, her attendant moon being probably distinctly visible. Venus has not, like Mercury, a view of two planets surpassing Jupiter in splendour. But, on the other hand, the earth as seen from Venus must be the most beautiful spectacle visible throughout the whole range of the solar system. To vision such as ours the earth must present the figure of a disc, because we know that under favourable

circumstances we can ourselves recognise the crescent form of Venus with the unaided eye. This disc cannot fail to exhibit varying colours; now appearing greenish, now reddish, according as the terrestrial seas or oceans are more fully turned towards Venus; while at times, when the atmosphere of our earth is heavily laden with vapours, the glory of the earth as a light in the skies of Venus must be greatly enhanced, the earth's lustre being at such times, however, purely white. In the meantime the moon must be distinctly visible, as a disc about one fourth as large as the earth's in diameter, and not changing in colour as hers does, unless indeed it chances that the side of the moon we do not see differs very much in character from the portion we are able to study.* The seeming distance separating the moon from the earth when they are farthest apart will be somewhat greater than the seeming diameter of the moon as we see her. It need hardly be said that the light actually received from the earth and moon under these circumstances must be very much greater than that which we receive either from Jupiter or Venus when at their brightest. We know that Mars, when seen under most favourable circumstances (once in about a century), is fairly comparable with Jupiter; but at such times Mars is half as far again from us as we are from Venus; he would show a disc much less than half the earth's if both were seen at the same distance; and he is illuminated less than one-half as brightly, owing to his greater distance from the sun. On all these accounts the earth must shine many times more splendidly than Mars does, even on those exceptional occasions when (as once during the last century) his ruddy orb blazes so resplendently as to be mistaken for a new star. When it is remembered, too, that Venus is seen most brightly when by no means at her nearest, and when showing less than a half disc, whereas the earth is seen most favourably from Venus when at her nearest, and showing a full disc, it will be seen that the greater intrinsic lustre of Venus is much more than counterbalanced, and that the earth with her companion moon, as seen from the planet Venus, must form a far more glorious spectacle (besides appearing on a far darker sky) than the Planet of Love when most she solicits our admiration.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

* The actual amount of light received from the earth and moon together, as seen from Venus, probably amounts to nearly the five-hundredth part of that which we receive from the moon at full.

IN THE PORCH.

BY A SUMMER-DAY STOIC.

"Cultivons notre jardin."

Across my neighbour's waste of whins
For roods the rabbit burrows ;
You scarce can see where first begins
His range of steaming furrows ;
I am not sad that he is great,
He does not ask my pardon ;
Beside his wall I cultivate—
I cultivate my garden.

I envy not my neighbour's trees,
To me it nothing matters
Whether in east or western breeze
His "dry-tongued laurel patters."
Me too the bays become ; but still,
I sleep without narcotics,
Though he can bind his brows at will
With odorous exotics.

My neighbour, those for whom you shine
Magnificent assert you ;
Extol your wisdom and your wine—
Your venison and your virtue :
So be it. Still for me the gorse
Will blaze about the thicket ;
The Common's purblind pauper horse
Will peer across my wicket ;

For me the geese will thread the furze,
In hissing file, to follow
The tinker's sputtering wheel that whirs
Across the breezy hollow ;
And look, where smoke of gipsy huts
Curls blue against the bushes,
That little copse is famed for nuts,
For nightingales and thrushes !

But hark ! I hear my neighbour's drums !
Some dreary deputation
Of Envy, or of Wonder, comes
In guise of adulation.
Poor neighbour ! Though you like the tune,
One little pinch of care is
Enough to clog a whole balloon
Of *aura popularis* ;

Not amulets, nor epiderm
As tough as armadillo's,
Can shield you if Suspicion worm
Betwixt your easy pillows ;
And, though on ortolans you sup,
Beside you shadowy sitters
Can pour in your ungenial cup
Unstimulating bitters.

Let Envy crave and misers save,
Let Folly ride her circuit ;
I hold that, on this side the grave,
To find one's vein and work it,
To keep one's wants both fit and few,
To cringe to no condition,
To count a candid friend or two,—
May bound a man's ambition.

Swell, South-wind, swell my neighbour's sails ;
Fill, Fortune, fill his coffers ;
If Fate has made his *rôle* the whale's,
And me the minnow's offers ;
I am not sad that he is great,
He need not ask my pardon ;
Beside his wall I cultivate—
I cultivate my garden.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MISAPPLIED CHARITIES.

We hope that the gratifying interest which is now being exhibited in the cause of Primary Education will not altogether divert public attention from the kindred subject of Secondary Education. We trust that the Elementary Education Act of 1870 will not throw into the shade the Endowed Schools Act of 1869. For the objects proposed by the latter are but one degree less important than those contemplated by the former. There are still parts of the country where the labourer's son can get a better education at the National or British school, than his master's son can obtain at the local grammar school or private "academy."

To correct such an inconsistency as this, to remodel the enormous educational endowments which have scattered grammar schools over the country, and by so doing, to provide a sound liberal education for the middle-class, these are the aims of the Act of 1869. A permanent Commission has, as our readers are aware, been appointed under that Act, with power to propose schemes for the reorganization of the endowed schools, and for the rearrangement of them in the mode best calculated to meet the wants of each district. The Report of the Schools' Inquiry Commissioners, upon which the Act is based, forms, with the evidence, a repertory of information on the subject, the value of which it is impossible to overrate. If similar ability is shown in carrying out the Act, to that which was evinced in the preparation of this Report, secondary education in England will not long remain in its present chaotic and unsatisfactory state.

But, setting aside for the present any further reference to the main functions of the commissioners, we wish to draw attention to one of the subordinate features of the Act—viz., the proposed conversion to purposes of education, under the superintendence of the Commission, of endowments originally granted for other objects, such as endowments designed by the founder to be distributed in loans, in marriage dowries to maidens, in apprenticeship fees for boys, in the establishment of almshouses, in doles of money or kind to the poor, or in other modes now become obsolete. It is perhaps almost impossible to arrive at an exact estimate of the value of these charities. Mr. Hare, the Charity Inspector, calculates that the endowments set apart for apprenticing and advancement in life amount to £50,000 a year, in addition to £70,000 a year for apprenticing, coupled with other objects. The general charities for the poor are computed in the

Reports of the late Charity Commissioners at £167,908 per annum ; but as the income of many of them is derived from landed property, which has, in numerous instances, increased considerably in value, while the capital of others is accumulating, this estimate, based on data collected more than thirty years ago, is doubtless below the mark. It would probably be not an exaggeration to compute the present annual income of these endowments at £200,000. They are distributed over the country very unequally both as to number and amount, Cardigan being the poorest county, with ten guineas a year, while Norfolk has more than ten thousand a year. The disparity observable in their distribution, however, is not more remarkable than the variety of the purposes to which they are applied. The particulars of these endowments in the two thick volumes which form the Analytical Digest of the Reports of the Charity Commissioners, furnish the materials for an unrivalled collection of the curiosities of bequest. Endowments for objects which only the most crotchety and whimsical benevolence could suggest ; endowments coupled with conditions at once eccentric and injurious, or restricted in their operation by local feelings incomprehensible to us whose sympathies are widened by greater facilities of communication ; endowments, again, which set up radically vicious standards of fitness, uniting divine service and doles, bibles and bread, sacramental observance and suits of clothing ; endowments, finally, which appear to have been founded rather with the view of proclaiming the antipathy of the donor against those whom he excluded from his bounty, than his sympathy with those whom he wished to share it.

What now has been the influence of these charities upon the persons they were intended to benefit ? Have they, as the donors contemplated they would, relieved the needy, provided homes for the destitute, clothed the naked, fed the hungry, or placed a successful career within the reach of the deserving poor ? Obviously the influence of the annual distribution of so large a sum cannot have been merely negative ; it must have produced either positive good or positive harm. There can, we think, be no doubt that the harm has far exceeded the good. Dating, as many of these endowments do, from the old monastic times, their action has been tainted with the vice which characterised the old monastic alms-giving—they relieve the pauper, but confirm his pauperism. It is really difficult to discover any considerable minority of instances in which these charities have not worked lasting injury to the locality they were meant to benefit. Here and there, indeed, the enervating influences of the almsgiving seem to have been counteracted by the discretion and care of exceptionally active and intelligent trustees ; but such cases are rare. As a rule, each of these endowments forms, in the words of Dr. Chalmers, “an adhesive nucleus, around which the poor accumulate and settle, misled by vague hopes of benefit which the charities fail to confer ;

while they occasion a relaxation of economy and of the relative duties of parents, children, and relations, which is in the ratio of the hope that is felt, and not of the hope that is realised." Thus, these doles promote pauperism rather than relieve indigence. They do not even inspire gratitude, for what was offered as a favour is accepted as a right. If, from any cause, the bounty ceases, the recipient is more likely to feel that he has been unjustly deprived of an income which he had counted on, than that, for a certain time, he has enjoyed an addition to his means which he had no claim to. The donor wished, by special provision for special needs, to kindle hope and stimulate endeavour; the recipient regards the bounty as a certainty, intended to spare him some exertion he would otherwise have made, or to exempt him from some economy he would otherwise have practised. But the great merit of all charity is its uncertainty. It may be well that absolute destitution should be averted by the certainty of the Poor Law—that rescue from literal starvation should be claimed from the State as a right, and not asked as a boon; but when once this has been conceded, it is only exceptional distress and unavoidable privations, which are the proper objects of charity. And the indispensable conditions of the beneficial exercise of charity are personal investigation, and a wise adaptation of the bounty to the peculiar exigencies of each case. But these are the very conditions in which endowments, recurring at specified intervals, restricted in area, and administered by agents, are deficient. The tendency of the latter is always to create the very wants they were meant to remove. It is only living charities, distributed under the sense of individual responsibility, that can adequately grapple with emergencies, or distinguish between deserving poverty and confirmed mendicancy. It is well known that the pauperism of a country is affected by hardly anything so much as by the care exercised in the bestowal of out-door relief. A judicious application of relief, based upon intimate acquaintance with the merits of each claim, is a wondrous promoter of thrift and providence; while a lax administration shows itself in the disinclination of labourers to support their parents, or to look out for better employment. Now these charities are simply a system of out-door relief, dispensed under absurd conditions, without organization, and secured by none of those precautions which are sure to operate to a greater or less extent when the application of the funds is open to the criticism of the ratepayers.

The truth is that the great bulk of these endowments were founded under the idea that poverty can be cured or permanently alleviated by the simple transfer of so much wealth from the pockets of the rich to those of the poor, instead of by the promotion amongst the needy of habits of industry, frugality, and independence. Now the former plan appeals at once to two very strong feelings. It places the recipient of the charity in a position of grateful dependence upon the

wealthy giver, which is naturally gratifying to the pride of the latter ; it is, moreover, much more easy of execution than the slow and laborious inculcation of habits of providence and thrift, and is, therefore, in accord with the desire, so common to all of us, to see an immediate return for our endeavours. But, there is no royal road to competency and comfort. Money doles, capriciously distributed, tend to make men liars or slaves. The idea of the founders of these charities undoubtedly was to circulate through the country a stream of charity, which should invigorate many a stunted plant and many a withering tree. But the brooks and rivulets which should have helped to swell that stream have become stagnant pools, each of which is a centre of decay, corrupting the vegetation it should have fertilized.

About seventy-seven years ago, George Jarvis, a resident in Herefordshire, died possessed of great wealth. Annoyed with his daughter's marriage, he disinherited all his descendants, and bequeathed the bulk of his property in trust to the Bishop of Hereford and the two county members, to apply the income amongst the poor of Stanton-upon-Wye, Bredwardine, and Letton, in money, provisions, physic, and clothing. As the property amounted to nearly £100,000, it was felt that the income of so large a sum spent according to Jarvis's directions, in three parishes, the united population of which was about eight hundred and fifty, would be simply a premium upon idleness. Application was accordingly made to the Court of Chancery in 1802, by Sir Samuel Romilly on behalf of the trustees, for permission to appropriate a certain proportion of the endowment in education, apprenticing, and in "rewards of virtue." Lord Eldon, however, held that the charity must be administered according to the bequest. "I have nothing to do," said he, "with the argument of policy. If the legislature thinks proper to give the power of leaving property to charitable purposes, however prejudicial, the Court must administer it." The amount to be thus distributed annually nearly equalled the total sum of the wages of the labouring population in the three parishes. The consequences of the doles were simply disastrous. All the lazy and incapable poor from the surrounding district swarmed into the three parishes. Adequate cottage accommodation could not, however, be provided by the trustees, for, with ingenious perversity, Jarvis had forbidden that any of his money should be spent in building. All the evils of overcrowding were soon experienced. As the local gentry would make no provision for a worthless population whom they did not invite, the newcomers herded into wretched hovels, run up by themselves on the waste land. In thirty years the pauper population increased 60 per cent. Meanwhile the gifts of money and food were each year more recklessly distributed. On several occasions one hundred and twenty pounds of beef were given at one time to a single family. The pauperism and helplessness of the recipients were steadily augmented, until, deprived of the ordinary stimulus

to exertion, they sank into a state nearly resembling that of the reptile, whose life consists in the alternation of periods of repletion and of want. At length, in 1852, an Act of Parliament was obtained by which the prohibition to build was abrogated, and the doles of food and clothing were restricted to about 16 per cent. of the income of the charity, then about £3,000 a year. Authority was given by this Act to the trustees to build schools in each of the three parishes, and further, to maintain, clothe, and subsequently apprentice the children who should attend. But the fatuity which suggested the will, seems to have infected all who had to carry out the trust. Obviously one of the worst features in the bequest was the limitation of its benefits to so insignificant an area, yet that limitation was continued by the Act. No provision was made for the improvement of the cottages, but under the Act £80,000 has been spent in boarding and educating the children who, when they leave school, will return to these deplorable hovels. Now the county of Herefordshire claimed and received in the year 1869, under the Revised Code, the sum of £1,800 towards the support of its primary schools; a less sum, be it observed, than was spent during the same period, under George Jarvis's will, in demoralizing the inhabitants of three of the parishes in that county.

But undue restriction of the area of the operation of a charity is not more hurtful than restriction to particular families. The valuable property situate near South Kensington Museum, including Thurlow and Onslow Squares, is vested in the trustees of a Mr. Smith, who, at the time of the Restoration, left it in trust for the exclusive benefit of the family of the Smiths. The proceeds of this charity—which it is said will, at its present rate of increase, soon reach to £50,000 a year—are applied, according to the terms of the trust, to the education of the Smiths, to their apprenticing, and to their relief when old. Shares of the property have been appropriated to certain parishes. The trustees are supposed to be always looking after the needy and destitute members of the Smith family. A firm of London solicitors keeps a pedigree of that family, and tests thereby the validity of each application. But the house of Smith does not appear to have been particularly benefited by the charity of their illustrious ancestor. Under the trust there is a provision for a decayed tailor of the family, and a tailor at the requisite stage of decay is never wanting. Mr. Hare appears to imagine that the Smiths are never likely by ill-advised opulence to defeat the benevolent intentions of the founder of this endowment, for “you will probably find,” he observes, “an indisposition to be too rich among the whole family of the Smiths.” The Guy family has been the object, or, shall we say, the victim, of a charity of a similar kind, and it appears that there never was a Guy who was not a pauper.

Many of the charities dating from the sixteenth century were founded with the design of supplementing the action of the famous

poor-law of Elizabeth. That Act undertook, on the part of the public, to provide work and wages for all the destitute able-bodied ; and these foundations contemplated a similar provision in particular localities. For example, Watts' Charity at Rochester was created for the establishment and maintenance of a house "to lodge poor travellers, being no common rogues or proctors," each traveller to receive four-pence. Further, under Watts' will, flax and hemp were to be purchased "to set the poor of the city to work." From the date of its foundation down to a recent period the charity was applied as a part of the ordinary poor-law administration. As such, therefore, its operation was characterised by all the abuses for which the poor-law of Elizabeth is now notorious. But the Court of Chancery having prohibited the application of the funds of the charity to the purposes with which the revised poor-law undertook to deal, on the ground that such an appropriation of them was rather a relief to the rich than to the poor, the operations of the trustees were confined to the house for wayfarers. The effect of that arrangement is simply to concentrate at Rochester a large number of vagrants, and to confirm that helpless dependence upon others which is the foundation of pauperism.

Often, however, to the evil of an unwise restriction of the scope of a charity, is added the still greater evil of negligent trustees. The latter, indeed, is sometimes the offspring of the former. A charity has, in the course of years, increased in a much greater ratio than the population of the district to which, by the foundation, it is limited. The trustees find themselves possessed of larger funds than they know how to distribute without largely adding to the amount of each dole, or to the number of the recipients. An appeal to the Court of Chancery for an alteration of the trust is an expensive and irksome process. Meanwhile all the lazy and improvident folk in the neighbourhood have scented out the charity, as the fly scents carrion, and the trustees are exposed to every form of solicitation and importunity. To give without inquiry is easy and popular ; to investigate each claim, and then perhaps to refrain from giving, is sure to excite odium, while at the same time it adds still more to the surplus already accumulated. Under such conditions, even a conscientious trustee is likely to become negligent ; an unconscientious one simply gives to the applicant whose entreaties are the most persistent, or whose flattery is the most servile. In the case of the Booth Charities at Salford, where upwards of £2,000 a year is distributed in cash, blankets, shirts, &c., great pains are taken to select only proper objects, by the examination of every recommendation and the restriction of the doles and gifts to persons over sixty years of age. Yet, out of two hundred successful applicants for a share of the charity, only one hundred and twenty could be considered as fit objects. It would appear, moreover, from Mr. Cumin's inquiries, that 67 per cent. of

the recipients would have obtained sufficient help to save them from the workhouse, if there had been no Booth Charity. To that extent, therefore, the charity simply supplanted private benevolence. The remaining 33 per cent. would, but for the charity, have come upon the parish. The actual benefit, therefore, conferred by these charities, was the preservation of the independence of these sixty-six applicants. This, be it remembered, is the case of an endowment, managed under exceptionally favourable conditions, which will operate only just so long as the trustees continue to exhibit unusual discrimination and caution. Of instances where the funds of charities are squandered by careless distribution, the Reports of the Charity Commissioners and of Mr. Cumin are so full that it is difficult to find many cases of a contrary character. An analysis of the list of the recipients of two important charities in Canterbury shows that convicted felons, brothel-house keepers, drunkards, and paupers received doles. Persons in good employment, also, were allowed to participate. At Bewdley, again, people of substance apply for and receive gifts of money from the Mill and Meadow Charities. The Williams Charity in Dorsetshire, originally founded for artificers of certain trades, is practically managed so as to include tradesmen. In Worcester and Coventry the dole charities are a recognised political agency. In Camberwell, which possesses considerable endowments, the innkeepers put on additional waiters whilst the distribution takes place. Lichfield suffers from an ill-conditioned surplus population attracted by its charities. The Mayor's charity at Manchester, amounting to £2,500 a year, is dispensed by nomination of the ratepayers. Though great precautions are taken against fraud, Mr. Cumin found that sometimes the nominator himself was recommended, or the nominee was his relative; in others the names mentioned were fictitious, or those of deceased persons. Beer-house keepers nominated their customers, middlemen recommended their lodgers for blankets and sheets, and so saved their own pockets; a son, himself an employer of labour, recommended his father; one man procured eight nominations for himself, the residences mentioned in seven of them being false. On the whole, the effect of the charity is to debase and pauperise the population, turning the recipients into improvident hypocrites or ungrateful rogues.

Bedford and Chester afford striking instances of the way in which these charities tend to sap the foundation of the independence of the recipients. The former town is extremely rich in charities. With the educational endowments we are not at present concerned, except to say that in our opinion they should no longer be restricted to the town of Bedford; we refer to the £3,000 a year now spent in marriage portions, apprentice fees, and doles to the poor. The doles, we find, have been found to foster pauperism to such an extent that they are not to be continued beyond the lives of the present holders; the

marriage portions are a direct incentive to improvident marriages; and the apprenticeship fees are a waste of money. "The Charity colours and determines," says Mr. Wright, "the whole life of many in Bedford. It bribes the father to marry for the sake of his wife's small portion; it takes the child from infancy and educates him in a set form; settles the course of his life by an apprentice fee, pauperises him by doles, and takes away a chief object of industry by the prospect of an almshouse." In fact, the Bedford charities set before each man a radically false view of the obligations and responsibilities of life. A similar result may be observed at Chester. In 1658 Owen Jones founded an endowment for the poor of the companies of that city, the trade of Chester being in those days restricted to the freemen of companies. Gradually the income of the charity increased, and as some difficulty was experienced in defining the term "poor," the trustees distributed their funds amongst all the members of the companies indiscriminately. Then the Court of Chancery stepped in, and decreed that the companies should be dealt with in rotation, and that the trustees should divide the money according to the necessities of the recipients. The charity is governed by this scheme at the present time. But, meanwhile, the conditions of existence which in 1658 necessitated the enrolment of each artisan in a company have disappeared; and of the twenty-four companies which annually participate in the distribution, not one, with the exception of the Goldsmiths, is anything more than a society kept together for the sole purpose of sharing in Jones's bounty. The charity no longer exists for the companies; the companies (Goldsmiths excepted) exist for the charity. All the members receive gifts; and amongst the recipients the Charity Inspector finds a felon, drunkards, and paupers.

Of the many imprudent restrictions which the founders of charities have sanctioned, none probably are so harmful as those which are based upon a religious test. In very many parishes there are endowments for the distribution of bread after service in the parish church. A direct incentive is thus offered to hypocrisy. The very old and sickly people, whose infirmities prevent their attendance at church, are excluded from the bounty; but all the worthless mendicants in the parish will gladly submit to the unwonted restraint of a place of worship for an hour or two for the sake of the subsequent dole. The Welsh, Mr. Hare tells us, stigmatise the recipients of such gifts as "disciples of the loaves."

A large class of charities, which has become practically useless through the altered conditions of society, is that which consists of gifts for apprenticing and for advancement in life. These charities are administered by municipal corporations, parochial authorities, or private trustees, and the amount of the fee payable in each case varies from £5 to £25. Now, formerly, the bond of apprenticeship was of a domestic as well as of a commercial kind. It gave the boy a home

and an industrial education. The apprentice lodged in the master's house, and was frequently treated on the same footing as the family. The employer's authority extended not only to his behaviour during hours of business, but to his habits and amusements during hours of leisure. Accordingly, in many instances, the apprentice regarded his master rather as a parent or guardian than as an employer. The industrious apprentice of a century or two ago, whose life was supposed to be at once an example and a stimulant, is always represented as an orderly and domesticated member of his employer's household, where he so ingratiates himself that he marries his master's daughter, succeeds to the business, and ultimately ends a virtuous career by becoming Lord Mayor. The fees which these charities dispensed were intended to provide the employer with some remuneration for accepting the responsibility of the supervision of the lad's existence, and the formation of his character. Now, however, the apprentice lives almost invariably with his parents or friends. His master is simply his employer, not his guardian. If the boy be decently educated, masters are glad to receive him as an apprentice without a fee. If, on the contrary, he be ignorant, he is likely to fall into the hands of a needy employer—probably a bad workman—to whom the £5 or £10 fee is a consideration. The fee becomes in fact a bribe, in return for which an indifferent master gets an indifferent apprentice, who is often treated as an errand boy. When these charities are best administered, they are generally confined to the children of the old servants of the trustees and their friends, or of small tradesmen connected with the municipal bodies. In many instances the Charity Inspectors discovered that "the fee was divided by an underhand arrangement between the parent and the master." Often the fund accumulates for want of opportunity to use it. In St. Dunstan's-in-the-West only three applications for fees had been made in six years. The apprenticeship endowment called Coventry's Charity at St. Antholin's, in the City of London, has not been made use of for many years, but has accumulated in the hands of the Merchant Tailors' Company. At Chipping Sodbury and Bingley, funds originally of very small amount have been of such slight service, that the surplus now reaches £660 and £400 respectively. At Aylesbury and Keighley, there being no opportunity of disposing of the charity in apprenticing, the income has, in the former case been applied in exhibitions for the grammar school, in the latter in doles.

Another class of endowments, which is to a great extent inoperative, is the loan charities. These were designed to assist young men of good character to start in life by lending them small sums of money, free of interest, on the security of sureties. The largest of these charities is that of Sir Thomas White, which dates from 1566, and is available in twenty-four cities or boroughs. The proceeds of the charity are to be lent to freemen, not more than thirty-five years of age,

in sums ranging from £25 to £100 for ten years, without interest, the borrowers in each case finding two sureties for repayment. At first sight this would appear to be a harmless way of benefiting a large number of deserving persons. The truth is, however, that it is harmless because useless. Obviously the loan of £100 was a much greater boon in the sixteenth century than it is now. The intense competition which is so conspicuous a feature of the commerce of to-day, the diminution of profits resulting therefrom, the consequent tendency to restrict the trading operations of each district to a few great centres, and the spread of co-operation, unite in making it very difficult for a man to succeed in trade whose capital is hardly more than nominal. The loans are apparently not large enough to enable the journeyman to develop into the trader, while by the terms of the trust they cannot be applied to the relief of the temporary embarrassment of the established shopkeeper.

But whatever the causes of the failure of this charity, of the failure itself there can be no doubt. In Hereford, the Charity Inspector found that "the sureties are the persons ultimately obliged to pay the debt, and there does not appear any known instance of a borrower who has really benefited by the loan. Amongst the obligors in the eleven bonds, only one had risen in the world." Again, at Nottingham, there is a large surplus of the charity in the bank, and the restriction as to the age of the recipients is, in the administration of the charity, set aside. From Colchester, a well-informed correspondent, himself a trustee, writes to us that "the operation of the charity here has been most unsatisfactory. The needy freemen are unable to find sufficient sureties, and the money has been invested in Consols. In very many instances the borrowers have never repaid any part of the loan; in others, they have used the loan to embark in visionary schemes," and their sureties have suffered in consequence. At Burford, a loan charity has been applied by the corporation in donations to poor tradesmen. In Westminster, Mr. Fearon discovered a charity, the value of which was £80,000, and the advantages of which were trifling.

Finally, there are many endowments which it is simply impossible to apply in the mode prescribed by the founder. Such are charities for the payment of the old tax called fifteenths, for providing archery butts, leper hospitals, setting forth soldiers, &c. In the parish of St. Andrew's Undershaft, in the City of London, there is a fund of £80,000 which no one knows how to dispose of. In St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, a tobacconist left a field, the income from which was to be held in trust to supply six poor women with snuff at Barthelmy tide. The value of the field increased to an extent of which the donor could not have dreamed, and the absurdity of applying the annual rent according to the founder's will was so apparent that the property was allowed to accumulate. In this parish alone, the un-

appropriated charities amount to £3,000 a year. In another parish in London, the Rev. Mr. Rogers discovered a fund which had lain untouched for centuries. No one knew how to carry out the intentions of the founder, for he had bequeathed the charity for the destruction of "ladybirds on Cornhill." Again, we read of a testator who had married unhappily. His wedding day, he said, was the most miserable day of his life; the day of his wife's death, his most enjoyable. Accordingly, he left his property in trust under these conditions—that on every anniversary of his wedding day the parish bells should ring a muffled peal, while on every anniversary of his wife's death, they should be rung merrily all day. We cannot discover whether this founder's griefs and joys are still celebrated as he desired, but his gift has attained considerable proportions, and is accumulating.

We have thus endeavoured to present a few salient examples of the various classes of charities which it is proposed to apply to purposes of education, by means of the Endowed Schools Commissioners. The propriety—nay, the necessity of thus appropriating them, is based not only upon the fact that, as at present dispensed, they are doing positive injury, but upon the consideration that, apart from an agency specially constituted for the object, there exists no tribunal adapted to deal with them. The action of the Court of Chancery is tedious, unsatisfactory, and expensive. "As a general rule," says Mr. Senior, "the instant a charity not exceeding £30 a-year becomes the object of a suit, it is gone; one of £60 a-year is reduced one-half; one of a £100, one-third. The prudent friend of such a charity will submit to see it mismanaged to any extent short of the destruction of all its utility rather than risk its ultimate annihilation by the ruinous protection of the court." In the course of years, moreover, the court has remodelled many trusts. In but few instances, however, have the schemes suggested been as beneficial as they might have been; in many, they have introduced evils almost as serious as those they tried to remedy. The court acts in accordance with the doctrine of Cypres, that is, it endeavours, in reforming a trust, to conform as closely as possible to the expressed intentions of the founder. But the operation of the doctrine is partial and capricious. In practice, it means that many of the restrictions which were found pernicious in the old trust, are retained in an altered form in the new, or are replaced by others nearly as bad. Exeter, for example, possesses a most abundant supply of charitable endowments of all sorts. Education, apprenticing, marriage dowries, loans, doles of bread, money, and clothing, church repairing, baths, wash-houses, almshouses, food for prisoners, and shrouds for condemned felons, are all provided for. The Court of Chancery has been called in to reduce this heterogeneous mass of benevolence to something like order. But the result is, in Mr. Cumin's words, "that the trustees are now as much hampered by the restrictions of the court as they were originally hampered by the

terms of the original foundations." The failure of the intervention of the court is traceable to the inadequacy of the Cypres doctrine to the necessities of the case. Again, what help will this doctrine afford towards the remodelling of a charity given, for example, for the payment of a tax now obsolete, or for the redemption of Barbary captives, or for many other objects which exist no longer? In practice, the court, in the effort to render the charity of some advantage, frequently sanctions schemes which diverge as widely from the original trust as would the application of the funds to education, while yet, in its efforts to move in the orbit of the founder's intentions, it permits the continuance of glaring abuses. The fact is, the court cannot look at the subject from the stand-point of social wants or public policy. The scope of its action is limited by the area of the particular charity with which it may have to deal, the principle on which it acts is necessarily imperfect and narrow. What is wanted is a complete alteration of these charities, which shall be neither fragmentary, partial, or local. It is fortunately not needful now to accumulate arguments against the inviolability of founders' designs. To object to revision on such a ground is in effect to sanction the idea that a founder was vain enough to imagine that he could foresee the requirements of all future ages, and credulous enough to believe that his trustees in a remote future would dispense his bounty with all his own zeal and discretion. Why not rather credit the founder with that amount of enlightenment which would have stimulated him, if living now, to have desired the readjustment of his benevolence if it no longer resulted in practical good.

There are, however, three instances in which the Court of Chancery has, in opportune defiance of the Cypres doctrine, applied the proceeds of charities to educational objects, and the result has been in each case so satisfactory that we will mention them. The parochial authorities of St. Clement Danes hold certain lands in trust for the purpose, according to the original grant, of paying the profits in alms to twelve poor people. The property had gradually increased in value, until in 1840 the annual income amounted to £3,957, 10s., and there was, in addition, a sum of £21,118 in the Three per cents. If, therefore, the total income had been divided according to the foundation, each of the twelve recipients would have had £380 a year! But, between 1840 and 1860, the Court of Chancery sanctioned the appropriation of the charity to the building of new grammar and infant schools, and to the aiding of existing parochial schools. With unusual wisdom, the court also established a middle-class school for girls, which, with the others, are pronounced by Mr. Fearon to be well-taught and carefully-conducted institutions. It is credible that, if the founder were now alive, he would wish to see his bounty expended in the instruction of the children in his parish; it is not credible that he would wish to bestow nearly four hundred a year on twelve people.

Again, the Whitechapel Foundation Commercial School, and the Stationers' School, both good schools of the second grade, had a similar origin. The one derives its funds from the proceeds of five charities originally granted for doles after divine service and on Christmas day, and for poor people, at the discretion of the minister. The other is the offspring of an endowment, the objects of which, as laid down by the granter, were, "doles, and the support of a preacher at St. Paul's Cross." The legitimate application of the latter, according to the doctrine of Cyprès, would be, we suppose, to hand it over to the Bishop of London's Fund.

Nor has Parliament been more successful in dealing with charities than the Court of Chancery. Every scheme for the revision of an endowment is sure to excite the hostility of some person or other; and in the teeth of local opposition, however unworthy its motives, it is next to impossible to carry a Bill. But even if these difficulties be overcome, and the Bill passed, the revised scheme, adapted rather to reconcile contending parties, or to adhere to antiquated precedents, than to apply the funds of the charity in the wisest manner, is often deficient in completeness and wisdom. Thus, in the revision of the Jarvis charity, every one of the reforms which ought to have been made, was either omitted, or very inadequately provided for. The restriction of the area of the charity, the deficiency of cottages, the excessive doles, were left practically untouched. Again, in the case of Jones's charity at Chester, so long as the companies exist, no scheme proposed by the Charity Commissioners would have the slightest chance of obtaining legislative sanction in the teeth of the opposition it would be sure to encounter. Yet, as we have mentioned, these companies perform no functions whatever except to share among them the proceeds of Jones's gift. In the present state of the law, the evils resulting from this foundation are virtually irremediable.

We cannot but consider, then, the contemplated application of these charities to educational needs as a great step in advance, for the operations of the Endowed Schools' Commissioners will be liable to none of the drawbacks which impede the action of the Court of Chancery or of Parliament. Dealing, as they will, with each endowment, after minute investigation of the educational requirements of each locality; emancipated from the legal impediments which have obstructed all previous attempts at reform; assured that their intervention will be effectual and will not merely result in frittering away the income of the endowment in litigation, the commissioners will be able to carry out the intention of the founder—the benefit of the poor—far more perfectly than by any scheme which the doctrine of Cyprès could suggest, or which the antagonism of clashing interests would approve. Moreover, numbers of endowments too small individually to be the subject of revision, will find a suitable place in the general educational scheme of each county or district. They may

afford to meritorious poor boys the means of rising to a higher cultivation. They may stimulate and improve the schools over a considerable area by offering openings to their best scholars. In some cases they may possibly be made technical schools, to be filled with picked scholars. The schemes which the commissioners have prepared, afford opportune examples of the important uses these charities may be made to subserve. Up to the time at which we are writing, six schemes have been announced, and they include charities founded for all the more important objects to which we have alluded. Lady Mico's fund for apprenticing, at Fairford, Gloucester; Acham and Freeman's charity for doles, at Northampton; Waterworth's gift for the relief of insolvent debtors, at Liverpool; and the Bull Close charity, at Whittington, in Derby, are all to be appropriated in aid of the endowed schools of the parishes to which they belong. The commissioners, while dealing with these endowments at once, hold themselves at liberty to reconsider this application of them whenever they shall be prepared to frame a general scheme for the management of the endowed schools in each district. The two remaining schemes refer to Lady Boothby's charity for the poor of Micheldever, Hants; and Carpenter's loan-fund, in the ward of Bread Street, London—a locality which has been much deteriorated by the charities of which it is possessed. In the former case, the commissioners contemplate the erection of a primary school, and the creation of exhibitions for deserving scholars of the parish; in the latter, they propose to apply £800 a year of the income of the foundation, in exhibitions, either for boys or girls residing within the ward. There can, we think, be no better appropriation of these endowments than that which renders them the means of placing within the reach of the poorest, the opportunity for obtaining a higher education. Primary instruction is now admitted to be a right which even the poorest and most degraded may claim from the State. All, however, have no right to a higher education, because all are not fitted to acquire it. But those whose natural tastes and talents testify to their fitness for advanced instruction, should receive every assistance which the State can bestow. These endowments, applied in the shape of exhibitions, afford an invaluable agency for the purpose.

It is because we believe that such an application of these charities would be a great benefit to the nation that we regret to observe one condition by which the commissioners are fettered. In no case can they appropriate an endowment without the consent of the governing body. This modification, introduced into the Endowed Schools Bill by Mr. Walpole, will, we fear, sadly impair its efficiency. Probably the trustees who have most abused the trust, will be the most tenacious in retaining their hold on it. For just as the claims of many of the recipients of the charities are rather the offspring of their sloth than of their want, so the management of the charity is often

coveted by trustees, not so much from motives of benevolence as of love of authority and importance. But, in some instances, where trustees are thoroughly persuaded of the necessity for a reappropriation of the funds they distribute, they are unwilling to acquiesce in any change because of the odium they would incur. Instances are not wanting where threats of personal violence have been used towards the conscientious reformer of a charity. One can imagine how unpopular a clergyman, for example, would become, who should lay himself open to a charge of having withdrawn the dole of money or of kind which had for years demoralized his parish. The sycophancy which the participants had formerly exhibited towards him, would be the exact measure of the hate his conduct would now excite. Not even the strictest regard for vested interests, nor the repeated assurance that the charity would be applied towards the education of the recipient's family, would serve to allay altogether the clamour begotten of disappointed hopes and enervated character. The commissioners, however, acting on their own responsibility, and independently of the governors, would be unaffected by any odium their measures might arouse, while they would yet form a convenient scapegoat for the local trustee. On the other hand, the powers which, under the Act, the governors possess, of making objections, to which the commissioners are bound to listen, to the proposed scheme; of themselves submitting an alternative scheme; and of ultimately appealing to the Queen in Council; appear to afford every possible precaution against the infliction of individual hardship, or the neglect of a due regard to vested interests. It is just that the governors should be able to criticize, and, where necessary, modify, the arrangements of the commissioners; it is not just that they should be able to prohibit those arrangements altogether.

ALFRED S. HARVEY.

H A N N A H.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

HANNAH was fond of the Moat-House ; in the way that we are often fond of people thrown temporarily in our way, thinking : " I should like you if I knew you," but well aware that this will never happen. Often, as in her walks she passed by the grey old walls, she could quite understand Mr. Rivers's strong clinging to the only home he ever knew, the resting-place of his family for generations. She sympathised keenly in his admiration for its quaint nooks and corners within—its quaint aspect without; for the moat had been drained, and turned into a terraced garden, and the old drawbridge into a bridge leading to it; so that it was the most original and interesting house possible.

Miss Thelluson would have gone there often, but for a conviction that its inhabitants did not approve of this. Wide as their circle was, and endless as were their entertainments, it was not what Hannah called a hospitable house. That is, it opened its doors wide at stated times ; gave the most splendid dinners and balls ; but if you went in accidentally or uninvited, you were received both by the family and servants with civil surprise. Hannah was, once calling of an evening after an early dinner; when the effort to get her an egg to her tea seemed to throw the whole establishment, from the butler downwards, into such dire confusion, that she never owned to being " hungry " at the Moat-House again.

Nor was it a place to bring a child to. Rosie, always good at home, was sure to be naughty at the Moat-House; and then grand-mamma and aunts always told papa of it, and papa came back and complained to Aunt Hannah; and Aunt Hannah was sometimes sorry, sometimes indignant. So the end was that she and the child never went there unless specially invited; and that paradise of most little people—"grandmamma's house" and "grandmamma's garden"—was to Rosie Rivers a perfect blank.

Nevertheless, Aunt Hannah never looked at the lovely old house without a sense of tender regret; for it was so very lovely, and might have been so dear. Perhaps it would be, one day, when Rosie, its heir's sole heiress, reigned as mistress there. A change which another ten or fifteen years were likely enough to bring about, as Sir Austin was an old man, and young Austin, the hapless eldest son, would never inherit anything. Everybody knew, though nobody said

it, that the Rev. Bernard Rivers would be in reality his father's successor. Even Lady Rivers, who was a rich young widow when she became Sir Austin's wife, and had a comfortable jointure house in another county, openly referred to that time, and as openly regretted that her step-son did not turn his thoughts to a second marriage.

"But he will soon, of course; and you ought to take every opportunity of suggesting it to him, Miss Thelluson; for, in his position, it is really his duty, and he says one of the great advantages you are to him is, that you always keep him up to his duty."

To these remarks Hannah seldom answered more than a polite smile. She made a point of never discussing Mr. Rivers's marriage: first, because if his family had no delicacy on the subject, she had; and, second, because every day convinced her more and more that he was sincere when he told her he had no present intention of the kind.

Yet he was perfectly cheerful now—not exactly in his old buoyant fashion, but in a contented, equable way, that Hannah, at least, liked much better. Theirs was a cheerful house, too. "Use hospitality without grudging" was Bernard's motto; and he used it, as she once suggested to him, principally to those "who cannot repay thee." So the House on the Hill—the clergyman's house—was seldom empty, but had always bed and board at the service of any who required it, or enjoyed it. Still, this kind of hospitality, simple as it was, kept Hannah very busy always. Not that she objected to it: nay, she rather liked it; it roused her dormant social qualities, made her talk more and look brighter and better—indeed some people congratulated her on having grown ten years younger since she came to Easterham. She felt so herself, at any rate.

Besides this outside cheerfulness in their daily life, she and her brother-in-law, since their quarrel and its making-up, seemed to have got on together better than ever. Her mind was settled on the marriage question; she dreaded no immediate changes, and he seemed to respect her all the more for having "shown fight" on the question of Grace Dixon—alas, Mrs. Dixon no longer now!—she took off her wedding-ring, and was called plain Grace; she had no right to any other name.

"And my boy has no name either," she said once, with a pale, patient face, when, the worst of her sorrow having spent itself, she went about her duties, outwardly resigned.

"Never mind!" Hannah replied, with a choke in her throat. "He must make himself one." And then they laid the subject aside, and discussed it no more.

Neither did she and her brother-in-law open it up again. It was one of the sore inevitables, the painful awkwardnesses, best not talked about. In truth—in the position in which she and Mr. Rivers stood to one another—how could they talk about it?

The Rivers's family did sometimes; they had a genius for discussing unpleasant topics. But happily the approaching marriage of Mr. Melville and Adeline annihilated this one.

"Under the circumstances nobody could speak to him about it, you know; it might hurt his feelings," said the happy bride-elect. "And pray keep Grace out of his way, for he knows her well; she was brought up in his family. A very nice family, are they not?"

Hannah allowed they were. She sometimes watched the dowager Mrs. Melville among her tribe of step-daughters, whom she had brought up, and who returned her care with unwonted tenderness,—thought of poor Grace, and—sighed.

Adeline's marriage was carried out without delay. It seemed a great satisfaction to everybody, and a relief likewise. Young Mr. Melville, who was rather of a butterfly temperament, had fluttered about this nosegay of pretty girls for the last ten years. He had, in fact, loved through the family—beginning with the eldest, when they were playfellows, then transferring his affections to Helen, and being supposed to receive a death-blow on her engagement; which, however, he speedily recovered, to carry on a long flirtation with the handsome Bertha; finally, to everybody's wonder, he settled down to Adeline, who was the quietest, the least pretty, and the only one out of the four who really loved him.

Bertha was vexed at first, but soon took consolation. "After all, I only cared to flirt with him, and I can do it just as well when he is my brother-in-law. Brothers are so stupid; but a brother-in-law, of one's own age, will be so very convenient. Miss Thelluson, don't you find it so?"

Hannah scarcely answered this—one of the many odd things which she often heard said at the Moat-House. However, she did not consider it her province to notice them. The Riverses were Bernard's "people," as he affectionately called them, and his loving eye saw all their faults very small, and their virtues very large. Hannah tried, for his sake, to do the same. Only, the better she knew them the more she determined on one thing—to hold firmly to her point, that she, and she alone, should have the bringing-up of little Rosie.

"I daresay you will think me very conceited," she said one night to Rosie's father—the winter evenings were drawing in again, and they were sitting together talking, in that peaceful hour after "the children are asleep"—"but I do believe that I, her mother's sister, can bring up Rosie better than anybody else. First, because I love her best, she being of my own blood; secondly, because not all women—not even all mothers—have the real motherly heart. Shall I tell you a story I heard to-day, and Lady Rivers instanced it as 'right discipline?' But it is only a baby-story; it may weary you."

"Nothing ever wearies me that concerns Rosie—and you."

"Well, then, there is an Easterham lady—you meet her often at dinner-parties—young and pretty, and capital at talking of maternal duties. She has a little girl of six, and the little girl did wrong in some small way, and was told to say she was sorry. 'I have said

it, mamma, seventy-times-seven—to myself.' (A queer speech; but children do say such queer things sometimes; Rosie does already). 'But you must say it to me,' said mamma. 'I won't,' said the child. And then the mother stood, beating and shaking her, at intervals, for nearly an hour. At last the little thing fell into convulsions of sobbing. 'Fetch me the water-jug, and I'll pour it over her.' (Which she did, wetting her through.) 'This is the way I conquer my children.' Now," said Hannah Thelluson, with flashing eyes, "if any strange woman were ever to try to 'conquer' my child——"

"Keep yourself quiet, Hannah," said Mr. Rivers, half smiling, and gently patting her hand. "No 'strange woman' shall ever interfere between you and Rosie."

"And you will promise never to send her to school, at Paris or anywhere else, as Lady Rivers proposed the other day, when she is old enough. Oh, papa" (she sometimes called him "papa," as a compromise between "Bernard," which he wished, and "Mr. Rivers") "I think I should go frantic if anybody were to take my child away from me."

"Nobody ever shall," said he, earnestly pressing her hand, which he had not yet let go. Then, after a pause, and a troubled stirring of the fire—his habit when he was perplexed—he added, "Hannah, do you ever look into the future at all?"

"Rosie's future? Yes, often."

"No; your own."

"I think—not much," Hannah replied, after slight hesitation, and trying to be as truthful as she could. "When first I came here I was doubtful how our plan would answer; but it has answered admirably. I desire no change. I am only too happy in my present life."

"Perfectly happy? Are you quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I suppose I ought to be."

Yet he sighed, and very soon after he rose with some excuse about a sermon he had to look over; went into his study, whence, contrary to his custom, he did not emerge for the rest of the evening.

Hannah sat alone, and rather uncomfortable. Had she vexed him in any way? Was he not glad she declared herself happy, since, of necessity, his kindness helped to make her so? For months now there had never come a cloud between them. Their first quarrel was also their last. By this time they had, of course, grown perfectly used to one another's ways; their life flowed on in its even course—a pleasant river, busy as it was smooth. Upon its surface floated peacefully that happy, childish life, developing into more beauty every day. Rosie was not exactly a baby now; and often when she trotted along the broad garden walk, holding tightly papa's hand on one side and auntie's on the other, there came into Hannah's mind that lovely picture of Tennyson's:—

"And in their double love secure
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure."

That was the picture which she saw in a vision, and had referred to—why had it vexed the father? Did he think she "spoiled" Rosie? But love never spoils any child, and Aunt Hannah could be stern, too, if necessary. She made as few laws as possible; but those she did make were irrevocable, and Rosie knew this already. She never cried for a thing twice over—and oh how touching was her trust, how patient her resigning!

"I don't know how far you will educate your little niece," wrote Lady Dunsmore, in the early days of Hannah's willing task; "but I am quite certain she will educate you."

So she did; and Hannah continually watched in wonder the little new-born soul, growing as fast as the body, and spreading out its wings daily in farther and fairer flights, learning, she knew not how, more things than she had taught it, or could teach.

Then Rosie comforted her aunt so—with the same sweet, dumb comfort that Hannah used to get from flowers and birds and trees. But here was a living flower, which God had given her to train up into beauty, blessing her with twice the blessedness she gave. In all her little household worries, Rosie's unconscious and perpetual well-spring of happiness soothed Hannah indescribably, and never more so than in some bitter days which followed that day, when Mr. Rivers seemed to have suddenly returned to his old miserable self, and to be dissatisfied with everything and everybody.

Even herself. She could not guess why; but sometimes her brother-in-law actually scolded her, or, what was worse, he scolded Rosie; quite needlessly, for the child was an exceedingly good child. And then Aunt Hannah's indignation was roused. More than once she thought of giving him a severe lecture, as she had occasionally done before, and he declared it did him good. But a certain diffidence restrained her. What right indeed had she to "pitch into him," as he had laughingly called it, when they were no blood relations?—if blood gives the right of fault-finding, which some people suppose. Good friends as she and Mr. Rivers were, Hannah scrupled to claim more than the rights of friendship, which scarcely justify a lady in saying to a gentleman in his own house, "You are growing a perfect bear, and I would much rather have your room than your company."

Which was the truth. Just now, if she had not had Rosie's nursery to take refuge in, and Rosie's little bosom to fly to, burying her head there oftentimes, and drying her wet eyes upon the baby-pinafore, Aunt Hannah would have had a sore time of it.

And yet she was so sorry for him—so sorry! If the old cloud were permanently to return, what should she do? What possible influence had she over him? She was neither his mother nor sister, if indeed either of those ties permanently affect a man who has once

been married, and known the closest sympathy, the strongest influence a man can know. Many a time, when he was very disagreeable, her heart sank down like lead; she would carry Rosie sorrowfully out of papa's way, lest she should vex him, or be made naughty by him; conscious as she clasped the child to her bosom, of that dangerous feeling which men sometimes rouse in women—even fathers in mothers—that their children are much pleasanter company than themselves.

Poor Bernard! poor Hannah! Perhaps the former should have been wiser, the latter more quick-sighted. But men are not always Solons; and Hannah was a rather peculiar sort of woman. She had so completely taken her own measure and settled her voluntary destiny, that it never occurred to her she was not quite the old maid she thought herself, or that, like other mortal creatures, her lot, as well as her individuality, was liable to be modified by circumstances. When Bernard once told her she was a well-liked person, growing very popular at Easterham, she smiled, rather pleased than not; but when he hinted that an elderly rector, a rich widower, who had lately taken to visiting constantly at the House on the Hill, did not visit there on his account, but hers, Miss Thelluson at first looked innocently uncomprehending, then annoyed, as if her brother-in-law had made an unseemly jest. He never made it again. And soon afterwards, either from her extreme coldness of manner, or some other cause, the rector suddenly vanished, and was no more seen.

Presently, and just at the time when she would have been most glad of visitors to cheer up her brother-in-law, their house seemed to grow strangely empty. Invitations ceased, even those at the Moat-House being fewer and more formal. And in one of her rare visits there, Lady Rivers had much annoyed her by dragging in—apropos of Adeline's marriage, and the great advantage it was for girls to get early settled in life—a pointed allusion to the aforesaid rector, and his persistent attentions.

"Which of course everybody noticed, my dear. Everybody notices everything in Easterham. And allow me to say that if he does mean anything, you may count on my best wishes. Indeed, I think, all things considered, to marry him would be the very best thing you could do."

"Thank you; but I have not the slightest intention of doing it."

"Then, do you never mean to marry at all?"

"Probably not," replied Hannah, trying hard to keep up that air of smiling politeness, which she had hitherto found as repellent as a crystal wall against impertinent intrusiveness. "But, really, these things cannot possibly interest any one but myself. Not even benevolent Easterham."

"Pardon me. Benevolent Easterham is taking far too much interest in the matter, and in yourself too, I am sorry to say,"

observed Lady Rivers mysteriously. "But, of course, it is no business of mine."

And with a displeased look, the old lady disappeared to other guests, giving Hannah unmistakably "the cold shoulder" for the remainder of the evening.

This did not afflict her much, for she was used to it. Of far greater consequence was it, when, a little while after, she saw by Bernard's looks that his spirits had risen, and he was almost his old self again. It always pleased him when his sister-in-law was invited to the Moat-House, and made herself agreeable there, as she resolutely did. The habit of accepting a man's bread and salt, and then making oneself disagreeable in the eating of it, or abusing it afterwards, was a phase of fashionable morality not yet attained to by Miss Thelluson. She did not care to visit much; but when she did go out, she enjoyed herself as much as possible.

"Yes, it has been a very pleasant evening; quite lively—for the Moat-House," she would have added, but checked herself. It was touching to see Bernard's innocent admiration of everything at the Moat-House. The only occasions when it vexed her was when they showed so little appreciation of him.

"Oh, why can he not always be as good as he is to-night!" thought Hannah, when, as they walked home together, which they did sometimes of fine evenings instead of ordering the carriage, he talked pleasantly and cheerfully the whole way. They passed through the silent, shut-up village, and up the equally silent hill-road, to the smooth "down" at its top. There the extreme quietness and loneliness, and the mysterious beauty of the frosty starlight, seemed to soothe him into a more earnest mood, imparting something of the feeling which bright winter nights always gave to Hannah—that sense of nearness to the invisible, which levels all human griefs, and comforts all mortal pain.

"Perhaps, after all," said he, when they had been speaking on this subject, "it does not so very much matter whether one is happy or miserable during one's short life here; or one is inclined to feel so on a night like this, and talking together as you and I do now. The only thing of moment seems to be to have patience and do one's duty."

"I think it does matter," Hannah answered; but gently, so as not to frighten away the good angel which she rejoiced to see returning. "People do their duty much better when they are happy. I cannot imagine a God who could accept only the sacrifices of the miserable. We must all suffer, less or more; but I never would suffer one whit more, or longer, than I could help."

"Would you not?"

"No; nor would I make others suffer. What do you think the child said to me yesterday, when I was removing her playthings at bed-time? I suppose I looked grave, for she said, 'Poor Tannie! Isn't Tannie sorry to take away Rosie's toys?' Tannie was sorry,

and would gladly have given them all back again if she could. Don't you think," and Hannah lifted her soft, grey truthful eyes to the winter sky, "that if Tannie feels thus, so surely must God?"

Mr. Rivers said nothing; but he pressed slightly the arm within his, and they walked on, taking the "sweet counsel together," which is the best privilege of real friends. It was like old days come back again, and Hannah felt so glad.

"Now you may perceive," Bernard said after a little, apropos of nothing, "why the charming young ladies who come about my sisters, and whom they think I don't admire half enough, do not attract me as I suppose they ought to do. They might have done so once, before I had known sorrow; but now they seem to me so 'young,' shallow, and small. One half of me—the deepest half—they never touch; nor do my own people neither. For instance, the things we have been talking of to-night I should never dream of speaking about to anybody—except you."

"Thank you," replied Hannah, gratified.

Had she thought herself bound to tell the full truth, she might have confessed that there was a time when she, on her part, thought Mr. Rivers as he thought these girls, "young, shallow, and small." She did not now. Either he had altered very much, or she had much misjudged him. Probably both was the case. He had grown older, graver, more earnest. She did not feel the least like his mother now; he was often much wiser than she, and she gladly owned this. It would have relieved her honest mind to own likewise a few other trifles on which she had been egregiously mistaken. But in some things, and especially those which concerned herself and her own feelings, Hannah was still a very shy woman.

"Not that I have a word to say against those charming girls," continued he, relapsing into his gay mood. "No doubt they *are* very charming, the Miss Melvilles and the rest.

" 'He that loves a rosy cheek,
And a coral lip admires,'

may find enough to admire in them. Only—only—you remember the last verse?" And he repeated it; with a tender intonation that rather surprised Hannah—

" 'But a true and constant mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts in equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.'

That is my theory of loving—is it yours?"

"I should fancy it is most people's who have ever deeply thought about the matter."

"Another theory I have, too," he went on, 'apparently half in earnest, half in jest, "that the passion comes to different people, and at different times of their lives, in very contrary ways. Some 'fall' in

love as I did, at first sight, with my lost darling,"—he paused, a full minute. "Others walk into love deliberately, with their eyes open; while a few creep into it blindfold, and know not where they are going till the bandage drops, and then——"

"And which of these do you suppose was the case of Adeline and Mr. Melville?"

"Good heavens! I was not thinking of Adeline and Mr. Melville at all."

He spoke with such needless acerbity that Hannah actually laughed, and then begged his pardon, which seemed to offend him only the more. She did not know how to take him, his moods were so various and unaccountable. But whatever they were, or whatever he was, she felt bound to put up with him; nay, she was happier with him in any mood than when far apart from him, as when he had held himself aloof from her of late.

"You are very cross to me," said she simply, "but I do not mind it. I know you have many things to vex you, only do please try to be as good as you can. And you might as well as not be good to me."

"Be good to you!"

"Yes; for though I may vex you sometimes, as I seem to have done lately, I do not really mean any harm."

"Harm! Poor Hannah! Why, you wouldn't harm a fly. And yet——" he stopped suddenly, took both her hands, and looked her hard in the face, "there are times when I feel as if I hated the very sight of you."

Hannah stood aghast. Such unkind, causelessly unkind words! Hate her—why? Because she reminded him of his wife! And yet, except for a certain occasional "family" look, no two sisters could be more unlike than she and Rosa. Even were it not so, what a silly, nay, cruel reason for disliking her! And why had not the dislike shown itself months ago, when he seemed to prize her all the more for belonging to the departed one, whom he still fondly called his "lost darling."

Miss Thelluson could not understand it at all. She was first startled; then inexpressibly pained. The tears came, and choked her. She would have run away if she could; but as she could not, she walked on, saying nothing, for she literally had not a word to say.

Mr. Rivers walked after her. "I beg your pardon. I have spoken wildly, ridiculously. You must forgive. You see, I am not such a calm, even temperament as you. Oh, Hannah, do forgive me. I did not mean what I said—I did not indeed!"

"What did you mean then?"

A question which some people, well versed in the science which Mr. Rivers had just been so eloquently discussing, may consider foolish in the extreme, showing Hannah to have been, not merely the least

self-conscious, but the most purblind of her sex. She was neither. But there are natures so exceedingly single-minded and straightforward, that what seems to them not a right or fitting thing to be done, they no more think of doing themselves, or of suspecting others of doing, than of performing that celebrated feat of "jumping over the moon." Besides, her idea of herself was, in many ways, as purely imaginary as her idea of her brother-in-law. The known, notable fact, that "hate" is often only the agonised expression of a very opposite feeling, never once suggested itself to the innocent mind of Hannah Thelluson.

They had by this time reached their own gate. Her hand was on the latch, not reluctantly. He took it off.

"Don't go in—not just this moment, when you are displeased with me. The night is so fine, and there is nobody about." (What would that matter? Hannah thought.) "Just walk a few steps farther, while I say to you something which I have had on my mind to say for weeks past:—a message, no, not a message, but a sort of commission from a friend of mine."

By his hesitation, his extreme awkwardness and uncomfortableness of manner, Hannah guessed directly what it was. "Et tu, Brute!" she could have bitterly said, remembering the annoyance to which she had been just subjected by Lady Rivers; whom she had seen afterwards in close conclave with Bernard. Had he, then, been enlisted on the same side—of the obnoxious rector? Well, what matter? She had better hear all, and have done with it.

But there was delay, and for fully ten minutes; first by Bernard's silence, out of which she was determined not to help him in the least; and secondly, by their encountering a couple out walking like themselves, the village apothecary and the village milliner,—known well to be lovers,—who looked equally shy at being met by, and astonished at meeting, their clergyman and his sister-in-law out on the hill at that late hour. Mr. Rivers himself looked much vexed, and hastily proposed turning homeward, as if forgetting altogether what he had to say, till they once more reached the gate.

"Just one turn in the garden, Hannah—I must deliver my message, and do my duty, as Lady Rivers says I ought. I beg your pardon," he added formally, "it is trenching on delicate ground, but my friend, Mr. Morecamb, has asked me confidentially to tell him whether you have any objection to his visiting our house."

"Our house? Certainly not."

"But the house means you,—visits paid to you, with a certain definite end,—in plain terms, he wishes to marry you."

"And has confided that intention to you, and to all Easterham! How very kind! But would it not have been kinder to put the question to me himself, instead of making it public through a third party?"

"If by the 'third party' you mean me, I assure you, I was no

willing party; and also, that I have sedulously kept the secret forced upon me. Even to-night, when Lady Rivers was questioning me on the subject, I was careful not to let her suspect, in the smallest degree, that there was any foundation for the report beyond Easterham gossip at Morecamb's frequent visits. I kept my own counsel, ay, and submitted to be rated roundly for my indifference to your interests, and told that I was hindering you from making a good marriage. Is it so?"

"You ought to have known me better than to suppose I should ever make a 'good' marriage; which means, in Lady Rivers's vocabulary, a marriage of convenience. She is very kind, to take my affairs so completely into her own hands. I am deeply indebted to her—and to you."

The tone was so bitter and satirical, so unlike herself, that Bernard turned to look at her in the starlight,—the pale pure face, neither young nor old, which, he sometimes said, never would be either younger or older, because no wear and tear of human passion troubled its celestial peace.

"I have offended you, I see. Can it be possible that ——"

"Nothing is impossible, apparently. But I should have supposed that you yourself would have been the first to put down all remarks of this kind; aware that it was, at least, highly improbable I could have any feeling concerning Mr. Morecamb—unless it was resentment at his having made me a public talk in this way."

"He could not help it, I suppose."

"He ought to have helped it. Any man who really loves a woman will hide her under a bushel, so to speak,—shelter her from the faintest breath of gossip, take any trouble, any blame even, upon himself, rather than let her be talked about. At least, that is how I should feel if I were a man and loved a woman. But I don't understand you men—less and less the more I know of you. You seem to see things in a different light, and live after a different pattern from what we women do."

"That is only too true,—the more the pity," said Mr. Rivers, sighing. "But as to gossip: the man might not be able to prevent it. There might be circumstances—— What do you think Morecamb ought to have done?"

Hannah thought a moment. "He should have held his tongue till he knew his own mind fully, or guessed mine. Then he should have put the question to me direct, and I would have answered it the same, and also held my tongue. Half the love-miseries in the world arise, not from the love itself, but from people's talking about it. I say to all my young friends who fall in love, whether happily or unhappily,—'Keep it to yourself: whatever happens, hold your tongue.'"

"Oracular advice—as if from a prophetess superior to all these human weaknesses," said Bernard bitterly. "A pity it was not given

in time to poor Mr. Morecamb. What do you dislike in him—his age ? ”

“ No ; it is generally a good thing for the man to be older than the woman—even much older.”

“ His being a widower, then ? ”

“ Not at all ; but—” and Hannah stopped, as indignant as if she had really loved Mr. Morecamb. That her brother-in-law should be pleading the cause of a gentleman who wanted to marry her, or that any gentleman should be wanting to marry her, seemed equally extraordinary. She could have laughed at the whole matter, had she not felt so strangely, absurdly angry. She stood—twirling her hands in and out of her muff, and patting with fierce little feet the frosty ground, and waited for Mr. Rivers to speak next. He did so at length, very formally.

“ I have, then, to convey to my friend a simple negative, and say that you desire his visits here to cease ? ”

“ Not if he is your friend, and you wish them to continue. What right have I to shut the door upon any of your guests ? My position is most awkward, most uncomfortable. Why did not you spare me this ? If you had tried, I think—I think you might.”

It was a woman's involuntary outcry of pain, and appeal for protection—until she remembered she was making it to a sham protector ; a man who had no legal rights towards her ; who was neither husband, father, nor brother ; who, though she was living under his roof, could not shelter her in the smallest degree, except as an ordinary friend. He was that anyhow, for he burst out in earnest and passionate rejoinder.

“ How could I have spared you—only tell me ! You talk of rights—what right had I to prevent the man's seeking you—to stand in the way of your marrying, as they tell me I do. Oh, Hannah ! if you knew what misapprehension, what blame, I have subjected myself to, in all these weeks of silence. And yet now you—even you—turn round and accuse me.”

“ I accuse you ! ”

“ Well, well, perhaps we are taking a too tragical view of the whole matter. You do not quite hate me ? ”

“ No ; on the contrary, it was you who said you hated me.”

And that sudden change from pathos to bathos, from the sublime to the ridiculous, which, in talk, constantly takes place between people who are very familiar with one another, came now to soothe the agitation of both.

“ Let us make a paction, for it will never do to have another quarrel, or even a coolness,” said Mr. Rivers, with that bright, pleasant manner of his, which always warmed Hannah through and through like sunshine ; she whose life, before she came to Easterham, had been, if placid, a little sunless, cold, and pale. “ I know, whenever you tap your foot in that way, it is a sign you are waxing

wrath. Presently you will burst out, and tear me limb from limb, as—allegorically speaking—you delight to do, you being a ‘big lion,’ as *Sosie* says, and I as innocent as a lamb the whole time.”

Hannah laughed, and “got down from her high horse,” as he used to call it, immediately. She always did when he appealed to her in that irresistibly winning, good-humoured way. It is one of the greatest of mysteries—the influence one human being has over another. Oftener than not, because of extreme dissimilarity. Upon Hannah’s grave and silent nature, the very youthfulness, buoyantness, and frankness of this young man came with a charm and freshness which she never found in grave, silent, middle-aged people. Even his face, which she had once called too handsome—uninterestingly handsome,—she had come to look at with a tender pride—as his mother (so she said to herself at least) might have done.

“Well, papa,” she replied, “I don’t know whether you are a lamb or a lion, but you are without doubt the sweetest-tempered man I ever knew. It is a blessing to live with you, as *Rosa* once said.”

“Did she say that? poor darling! And—and do you think it? Oh, Hannah!” and he lifted up in the starlight a suddenly grave, even solemn, face; “if you knew everything—if she were looking at us two here—would she not say—I am sure she would——”

But the sentence was never ended; for just as they stood at the hall-door, a scream resounded from within—an unmistakable woman’s scream.

“That is *Grace*’s voice. Oh, my baby, my baby!” cried Hannah, and darted away, Mr. Rivers following her.

CHAPTER VII.

No harm had befallen baby. Hannah, flying up-stairs on terror-winged feet, that carried her she hardly knew how, found her treasure all safe, lying fast asleep, as warm and soft as a little bird in its nest, in the quiet nursery.

Grace was not there, and yet it was certainly Grace’s voice she had heard. What could have happened? The uneasy fear that some time or other something uncomfortable might turn up concerning *Jem Dixon* was seldom long absent from Hannah’s mind, though it was not strong enough to take away the comfort she had in her intelligent and faithful nurse.

Of course the whole household, as well as every household at *Easterham*, knew Grace’s story. In such a small community concealment was impossible, even had *Miss Thelluson* wished it, which she did not. She had a great horror of secrets, and besides she felt that in this painful matter perfect openness was the safest course. Therefore, both to her servants and her neighbours, she had never hesitated to mention the thing, telling the plain story, accept-

ing it as an inevitable misfortune, and then protecting Grace to the utmost by her influence—the influence which any lady can use, both with equals and inferiors, when she is, like Hannah, quite firm in her own mind, and equally fearless in expressing it. Whatever people said behind her back, before Hannah's face nobody breathed a word against the poor nurse, who cowered gratefully under the shelter of her mistress's kindness, and kept out of other people's way as much as possible.

In her class broken hearts are rare; working women have not time to die of grief. But though Grace said little or nothing, often when she sat sewing, with Rosie playing at her feet, Hannah watched with pity the poor sad face, and thought of the blighted life which nothing could ever restore. For, as has been said, Grace, brought up as little maid to the Miss Melvilles, had caught from them a higher tone of feeling, and a purer morality, in great things and small, than, alas! is usually found among servants; and she suffered accordingly. Her shame, if shame it could be called, seemed to gnaw into her very heart. So did her separation from the children. How far she grieved for their father could not be guessed; she never named him, and, Hannah was certain, saw and heard nothing of him. But that scream, and a slight confusion which was audible down-stairs, convinced her that something—probably the vague something she always feared—had happened; James Dixon had re-appeared.

She went down-stairs and found it so. In the servants' hall, the centre of an excited group—some frightened at him, some making game of him—stood a little, ugly-looking man, half-drunk, but not too drunk to be incapable of taking care of himself, or knowing quite well what he was about. He held Grace tight round the waist with one hand, and brandished a kitchen carving-knife with the other, daring everybody to come near him;—which nobody did, until Mr. Rivers walked quietly up and took the knife out of his hand.

“James Dixon, what business have you in my house at this time of night?”

“I want my missis. I'm come to fetch my missis,” stammered the man drunkenly, still keeping hold of Grace in spite of her violent struggles to get free.

“*She* isn't his missis,” cried some one from behind. “Please, sir, he married my cousin, Ann Bridges, only two months ago. He's always a-marrying somebody.”

“But I don't like Ann Bridges now I've got her. She's for ever rating at me and beating the children; and I'm a fond father, as doesn't like to see his little 'uns ill-used,” added Jem, growing maudlin. “So I'd rather get rid of Ann and take Grace back again.”

When he spoke of the children, Grace had given a great sob; but now, when he turned to her his red, drunken face and wanted to kiss her, she shrank from him in disgust, and making one struggle wrenched herself free, and darted over to Mr. Rivers.

"Oh, please save me! I don't want to go back to him. I can't, sir, you know." And then she appealed despairingly to her mistress. "Did you hear what he said? That woman beats the children; I knew she would; and yet I can't go back. Miss Thelluson, you don't think I ought to go back?"

"Certainly not," said Hannah, and then her brother-in-law first noticed her presence.

"Pray go away," he whispered, "this is not a place for you. See, the man is drunk."

"I do not mind," she answered. "Just look at poor Grace; we must save her from him."

For Jem had again caught the young woman in his arms, where she lay, half-fainting, not resisting at all, evidently frightened to death.

"This cannot be endured," said Mr. Rivers angrily. "Dixon, be off with you! Webb, Jacob, take him between you and see him clear out of the gate."

Butler and footman advanced, but their task was not easy. Dixon was a wiry little fellow, sharp as a ferret, even in his cups. He wriggled out of the men's grasp immediately, and tried again to snatch at the kitchen-knife.

"Hands off, mates; I'll go fast enough. It isn't much a fellow gets in this house. Grace wouldn't even give me a drop o' beer. I'll be off, Mr. Rivers; but I'll not stir a step without my wife, that's the young woman there. I married her in church, same as I did t'other woman, and I like her the best o' the two; so do the little ones. I promised them I'd fetch her back. You'll come, Grace, won't you? and I'll be so kind to you."

"Oh, Jem, Jem!" sobbed poor Grace, melted by the coaxing tone; but still she tried to get away, and cried imploringly to her master to release her from Dixon's hold. Mr. Rivers grew angry.

"Let the woman go, I say. You have not the smallest claim upon her, no more than she upon you. If she chooses to stay here she shall. Begone, before I set the police on you!"

"Do it if you dare, sir," said Dixon, setting his back against the door. "I'll not stir a step without Grace; she's a pretty girl, and a nice girl, and I married her in church, too. I found a parson to do it, though you wouldn't."

"Your marriage is worth nothing; I told you so at the time. It was against the law, and the law does not recognise it. She is not your wife, and so, very rightly, she refuses to go back to you, and I, as magistrate, will protect her in this refusal. Let her go." And Mr. Rivers, following words by action, again shook off the fellow's grasp and left the young woman free. "Now, Grace, get away upstairs, and let us put an end to this nonsense."

For, in spite of their respect for their master, the other servants seemed rather amused than not at this spectacle of a gentleman arguing with a drunken man for the possession of his wife; or,

perhaps, some of them having as confused notions of the marriage laws as James Dixon, had thought Jem was rather hardly used, and ought to get Grace if he wanted. John the butler, an old servant, even ventured to hint this, and that it was a pity to meddle between man and wife.

"Did I not say plainly that she is not his wife?" cried Mr. Rivers in much displeasure. "A man cannot marry his wife's sister. I am master here, and out of my house she shall not stir against her will. Grace, go up-stairs immediately with Miss Thelluson."

Then Dixon's lingering civility and respect for the clergy quite left him. He squared up at Mr. Rivers in drunken rage.

"You're a nice parson, you are. Mind your own business and I'll mind mine. Your own hands bean't so very clean, I reckon. Some folk 'ud say mine were the cleanest o' the two."

"What do you mean, you scoundrel? Speak out, or I'll take you by the neck and shake you like a rat."

For Mr. Rivers was a young man, and his passions were up; and Dixon looked so very like a rat, with his glittering, hungry eyes, and a creeping way he had till he showed his teeth and sprung upon you. Hannah wondered how on earth poor, pretty Grace could ever have been persuaded to marry him. But no doubt it was like so many marriages, the mere result of circumstances, and for the sake of the children. "If ever I could marry that man, it would be for the sake of his children," said once a very good woman; and though men are probably too vain to believe it, many another good woman may have felt the same.

"What do I mean, sir?" said Dixon, with a laugh; "oh, you knows well enough what I mean, and so do your servants there, and so does all Easterham. There bean't much to choose betwixt you and me, Mr. Rivers, if all tales be true."

"What tales?" said Bernard slowly, turning white, though he still held his ground and deliberately faced the man. For all his servants were facing him, and on more than one countenance was a horrid kind of smile, the smile with which, in these modern days, when the old feudal reverence seems so mournfully wearing off, the kitchen often views the iniquities of the parlour. "What tales?"

"Of course it isn't true, sir—or else it doesn't matter—gentlefolks may do anything they likes. But people do say, Mr. Rivers, that you and I row in the same boat: only I was honest enough to marry my wife's sister, and you—wasn't. That's all!"

It was enough. Brief as the accusation was put, there was no mistaking it, or Dixon's meaning in it. Either Mr. Rivers had not believed the man's insolence would go so far, or was unaware of the extent to which the scandal had grown, but he stood, for the moment, perfectly paralysed. He neither looked to one side nor the other—to Hannah, who had scarcely taken it in, or to the servants, who had taken it in only too plainly. Twice he opened his lips to speak, and twice

his voice failed. At last he said, in a voice so hollow and so unlike his own that everybody started—

“It is a lie! I declare, before God and all now present, that what this man says against me is a foul, damnable lie!”

He uttered the ugly words as strongly and solemnly as he was accustomed to read such out of the Bible in his pulpit at church. They sent a thrill through every listener, and sobered even the drunken man. But Jem soon saw his advantage, and took it.

“Lie or not, sir, it looks just the same, and folks believe it all the same. When a poor man takes a young woman into his house, and either marries her or wants to, what an awful row you kick up about it! But when a gentleman does it—oh, dear! it's quite another thing!”

Mr. Rivers almost ground his teeth together, but still no words came except the repetition of those four, “It is a lie!”

“Well, if it is, sir, it looks uncommon queer, anyhow. For a young lady and a young gentleman to live together, and be a-going out and a-coming home together; and when we meets 'em, as I did a bit ago, not exactly a-going straight home, but a-walking and a-whispering together in the dark—'twas them, sure, for the lady had got a red hood on, and she's got it on still.”

Hannah put up her hand to her head. Until this moment, confused and bewildered, and full of pity for unfortunate Grace, she had scarcely understood the scandal with regard to herself. Now she did. Plain as light—or, rather, black as darkness—she saw all that she was accused of, all that she had innocently laid herself open to, and from which she must at once defend herself. How?

It was horrible! To stand there and hear her good name taken away before her own servants, and with her brother-in-law close by! She cast a wild appealing look to him, as if he could protect her; but he took no notice—scarcely seemed to see her. Grace only—poor, miserable Grace—stole up to her and caught her hand.

“It is a lie, miss—and Jem knows it is! You mustn't mind what he says.”

And then another of the women servants—an under-housemaid to whom she had been specially kind—ran across to her, beginning to cry. Oh, the humiliation of those tears!

Somebody must speak. This dreadful scene must be ended.

“Sister Hannah,” said Mr. Rivers, at length recovering himself, and speaking in his natural manner, but with grave and pointed respect, “will you oblige me by taking Grace up-stairs? Webb and Jacob, remove this fellow from my house immediately; or else, as I said, we must fetch the police.”

Mr. Rivers had great influence when he chose to exercise it, especially with his inferiors. His extraordinarily sweet temper, his tender consideration for other people's feelings, his habit of putting himself in their place—the lowest and most degraded of them, and judging them mercifully, as the purest-hearted always do judge—these things

stood him in good stead both in his household and his parish. Besides and when a mild man once gets thoroughly angry, people know he means it, and are frightened accordingly.

Either Dixon felt some slight remorse, or dreaded the police, but he suffered himself to be conveyed quietly outside, and the gate locked upon him, without making more ado than a few harmless pullings of the garden bell. These at last subsided, and the household became quiet.

Quiet, after such a scene! As if it were possible! Retiring was a mere form. The servants sat up till midnight, gossiping gloriously over the kitchen fire. Hannah heard them where she, too, sat, wide awake, in the dreadful silence and solitude of her own room.

She had gone up-stairs with Grace, as bidden; and they had separated, without exchanging a word, at the nursery door. For the first time in her life Hannah went to bed without taking one watchful, comforting look, one kiss of her sleeping darling. She went to bed in a mechanical, stunned way; for though it was still quite early, she never thought of rejoining her brother-in-law. She heard him moving up and down the house for an hour or more, even after that cruel clamour of tongues in the kitchen was silent; but to meet him again that night never struck her as a possibility. What help, what comfort, could he be to her?—he who was joined with her in this infamous slander? Henceforth, instead of coming to him for protection, she must avoid him as she would the plague.

“Oh, what have I done, and how have I erred, that all this misery should fall upon me?” moaned poor Hannah, as bit by bit she realised her position—the misinterpretations that might be put upon her daily conduct, even as upon to-night’s walk across the hill. Perhaps what Dixon said was true—that all Easterham was watching her and speaking evil of her? Was this the meaning of Lady Rivers’s dark hints—of the eager desire to get her married to Mr. Morecamb—of the falling-off of late in social civilities—a certain polite coldness in houses where her visits used to be welcomed—a gradual cessation of lady visitors at the House on the Hill? As all these facts came back upon her mind, fitting into one another, as unpleasant facts do, when one once fancies one has got the key to them, Hannah groaned aloud, feeling as if she could lay her down and die. It had all come so suddenly. She had gone on her way in such happy unsuspectingness. Yes! now she recognised with mingled wonder and—was it terror also?—how very happy she had been. There seemed nothing left for her but to lay her down and die.

Everybody knows the story of the servant lamenting his master’s dying innocent, to whom the master said, “Would you have me die guilty?” Nevertheless, it is hard to die, even when innocent. No bitterer hour ever came to Hannah, or was likely to come, than that first hour after a bad man’s wicked words had forced from Mr. Rivers the declaration—which, in itself, and in his ever feeling it incumbent upon himself to make it, was disgrace enough—“It is a lie!”

Of course it was ; and any friend who really knew them both would be sure of that. But what of the world at large—the careless world, that judges from hearsay—the evil world, which is always so quick to discover, so ready to gloat over, anything wrong ? And there must be something wrong, some false position, some oversight in conduct, some unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, to make such a lie possible.

“Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.” Most true ; but the calumny is rarely altogether baseless—some careless, passing hand may have smutched the snow, or the ice have let itself be carried too near the fire. Hannah remembered now, wondering she could have forgotten it so long, Lady Dunsmore’s warning : “He is not your brother ; it is only a social fiction that makes him so.” And if Bernard Rivers and she were not brother and sister, if there was no tie of blood between them, nothing that, if he had not been Rosa’s husband first, would have prevented their marrying—why, then, she ought not to have gone and lived with him. The chain of argument seemed so plain, that in thinking it out Hannah suddenly begun to tremble—nay, she actually shuddered ; but, strange contradiction ! it was not altogether a shudder of pain.

Fictions, social and otherwise, may have their day, when both the simple and the cunning accept them. But it is not a day which lasts for ever. By-and-by they tumble down, like all other shams ; and the poor heart who had dwelt in them is cast out, bare and shelterless, to face the bitter truth as best it may.

Hannah’s was the most innocent heart possible—strangely so for a woman who had lived, not ignorantly, in the world for thirty years. Whatever mistake she had fallen into—under whatever delusion she had wrapped herself—it was all done as unknowingly, as foolishly, as if she had been a seven-years’ old child. But that did not hinder her from suffering like a woman—a woman who, after a long dream of peace, wakes up to find she has been sleeping on the edge of a precipice.

That pleasant fiction which had been torn down by the rough hands of James Dixon, opened her eyes to its corresponding truth, that nature herself sets bounds to the association of men and women—certainly of young men and young women—and that, save under very exceptional circumstances, all pseudo-relationships are a mistake. Two people, who are neither akin by blood nor bound in wedlock, can seldom, almost never, live together in close and affectionate friendship without this friendship growing to be something less or something more. The thing is abnormal, and against nature ; and nature avenges herself by asserting her rights and exacting her punishments.

The law says to people in such positions—to brothers and sisters-in-law especially—“You shall not marry.” But it cannot say, “You shall not love.” It cannot prevent the gradual growth of that

fond, intimate affection which is the surest basis of married happiness. Suppose—Hannah put the question to herself with frightened conscience—suppose, instead of that tender friendship which undoubtedly existed between them, she and Bernard had really fallen in love with one another?

That he was very fond of her, in a sort of way, she never doubted. That she was fond of him—yes, that also was true. She could not help it. He was so good; he made her so happy. Many a man is deeply attached to a woman—wife or sister—whom he yet entirely fails in making happy. He thinks too much of himself, too little of her. But Bernard was a different kind of man. That sweet sunshininess of nature, that generous self-forgetfulness, that constant protecting tenderness—more demonstrative in deeds than words—qualities so rare in men, and so precious when found, were his to perfection. He was not brilliantly clever; and he had many little faults; rashnesses, bursts of wrath, sudden, childish, fantastic humours, followed by pathetic contrition; but he was intensely lovable. Hannah had told him truly when she said—oh, how hot she grew when she recalled it!—“that it was a blessing to live with him,” for everybody whom he lived with he contrived to make happy.

“Oh, we have been so happy together,” Rosa had sighed, almost with her last breath. And Rosa’s sister, in the bitter pang which seemed like death—for it must surely result in a parting as complete—could have said the same.

Yes, of course she must go away. There seemed to her at first no other alternative. She must quit the House on the Hill the very next day. This, not alone for her own sake. It was, as Bernard had once said, truly a house on a hill, exposed to every comment, a beacon and example to every eye. No cloud of suspicion must be suffered to rest upon it—not for a day, an hour. She would run away at once.

And yet, was that the act of innocence—did it look like innocence? Was it not much more like the impulse of cowardly guilt? And if she did run, could she take Rosie with her?

Then, poor Hannah at once fell prone, crushed by a weight of misery greater than she could bear. To go away and leave her child behind! All Easterham might be howling at her, but she could never do that. Life without Rosie—the old, blank, sunless, childless life—she could not endure it. It would kill her at once. Better a thousand times stay on here, strong in her innocence, and let Easterham do and say its worst. For she had done no wrong, and, come what would, she had been happy. This sense of happiness, never stronger than a few hours ago, when she and Bernard were taking together that innocent-guilty walk, and finding out more than ever the deep, true harmony of soul, which, in spite of their great differences of character, existed between them, seemed to wrap her up, close and warm, her only shelter against the bitter outside blast.

What would her brother-in-law say? She could not act for herself alone; the position was as cruel for him as for her. She must think of him too, and wait for his opinion, whatever it might be. And then she became conscious how completely she had learned to look to Bernard's opinion, to lean upon his judgment, to consult his tastes, to make him, in short, for these many months, what no man who is neither her relative nor her lover ought to be to any woman—the one primary object of her life.

Utterly bewildered, half-frightened, and unable to come to the slightest conclusion, Hannah, after lying awake half the night, fell heavily asleep, nor wakened till the sound of little feet in her room, and the shrill, joyous cry—as sweet as the song of a lark springing up into the morning air over a clover field—“Tannie, Tannie! Wake up, Tannie!” dispersed in a moment all the cloudy despairs of the night.

Tennyson knew human nature well when he made the rejected lover say,—

“My latest rival brings thee rest:

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.”

That is, they press out every image unholy, or painful, or despairing. Such cannot long exist in any heart that is filled with a child. Hannah had sometimes read in novels of women who were mothers falling in love, and with other men than their own husbands; kissing their babies in their innocent cradles, and then flying from lawful homes to homes unlawful. All these stories seemed to her then very dreadful, very tragical, but not quite impossible. Now, since she had had Rosie, they almost did seem impossible. How a woman once blessed with a child could ever think of any man alive she could not comprehend.

Hannah had not held her little niece beside her for five minutes—feasting her eyes on the loving, merry face, and playing all the funny little games which Rosie and Tannie were so grand at when together—before all the agony of last night became as unreal as last night's dreams. This was the real thing—the young life entrusted to her care—the young soul growing up under the shelter of her love. She rose and dressed for breakfast, feeling that with the child in her arms she could face the whole world.

Ay, her brother-in-law included; though this was a hard thing. She would not have been a woman not to have found it hard. And if he decided that she must stay—that, strong in their innocence, they must treat Dixon's malicious insolence as mere insolence, no more, and make no change whatever in their way of life—still, how doubly difficult that life would be! To meet day after day at table and fireside; to endure, not in cheerful ignorance, but painful consciousness, the stare of all suspicious eyes, especially of their own household, who had heard them so wickedly accused, and seen—they must have seen!—how deep the wound had gone. It would be dreadful—almost unbearable.

And then—with regard to their two selves !

Bernard was—Hannah knew it, felt it—one of the purest-hearted of men. Living in the house with him was like living with a woman ; nay, not all women had his delicacy of feeling. Frank and familiar as his manner was—or had been till lately—he never was free with her—never caressed her ; nothing but the ordinary shake of the hand had ever passed between them, even though he was her brother-in-law. Hannah liked this reserve ; she was not used to kissing ; as people in large families are, as the Moat-House girls were ; it had rather surprised her to see the way they all hung about young Mr. Melville. But, even though in their daily conduct to one another, private and public, she and Bernard could never be impeached, still the horrible possibility of being watched—watched and suspected—and that both knew it was so, was enough to make the relations between them so painful, that she hardly knew how she should bear it.

Even this morning her foot lingered on the stair, and that bright breakfast-room, with its pleasant morning greeting, seemed a sort of purgatory that she would have escaped if she could.

She did escape it, for it was empty of everybody but Webb, the butler, whom she saw hovering about ; near, suspiciously near, to an open note, or rather a scrap of paper, left on the table, open—was it intentionally open ?—for anybody's perusal ?

"Master has just gone off to the railway in the dog-cart, Miss Thelluson. He left me this bit of paper, with an apology to you ; saying he was in a great hurry, and hadn't time to write more, or he would miss the London train."

"He has gone to London ?" said Hannah, with a great sense of relief, and yet of pain.

"Yes, miss, I think so ; but the note says——"

Then Webb *had* gratified his curiosity by reading the paper.

Anybody might have read it, certainly. It might have been printed in the *Times* newspaper, or declaimed by the Easterham town-crier for the benefit of the small public at the market-place. And yet Hannah's eyes read it eagerly, and her heart beat as she did so in a way that no sight of Bernard's familiar handwriting had ever made it beat before.

"DEAR SISTER HANNAH,

"I am away to town to visit a sick friend, and am obliged to start very early. I hope to be back by Sunday, but do not expect me till you see me. Give papa's love to his little Rosie, and believe me,

"Your affectionate brother,

"BERNARD RIVERS.

"Perhaps you will kindly call at the Moat-House to-day, and tell them I am gone ?"

CLASS MORALITY.

THE state of our class morality is becoming both nationally and socially a most serious question. In a debate upon the great failures, "which have grown of late alarmingly common," Mr. Gladstone animadverted most severely upon "the haste to get rich, the decline of commercial honour in England, even putting aside the cases of money acquired by direct fraud, or by the many ways of taking advantage of circumstances, which are deemed fair in commerce, though a person of delicate conscience would scruple to use them in most other concerns of life."

How serious these trade dishonesties may become nationally has lately been seen in the discovery by the German troops of muskets with the stamp, "Tower, 1870," on them, in the hands of the French soldiers, which brought upon us an angry remonstrance from the German ambassador for thus selling government arms to the French. The reputation of England was imperilled by such a supposed breach of faith. It has been proved satisfactorily that no muskets of the pattern in question were made for Government since 1869, and that the "Tower" mark had been forged by the Birmingham manufacturers to give credit to their goods; but it is sufficiently ignominious to be even suspected of such an offence. It is proverbially difficult to prove a negative to an angry disputant, and although in England the accusation sounds simply absurd, it is clear that Germany was only half-convinced. If the evident ill-will she has already shown should be aggravated by similar supposed causes of affront, and a quarrel is brought about between Prussia and England, we may feel that it is due in great measure to the men who have thus recklessly risked their country's honour by these wretched forgeries for the sake of a small additional profit.

It is only part of a system. In the struggle for existence, which is becoming so hot in commerce, both at home and abroad, our virtue has given way in a manner which must go far to break up the confidence of the world in our national honesty, and which may already account for some of the decline in trade complained of in Sheffield and elsewhere. Formerly, our good name for honourable dealing stood so high, that, for instance, in the towns of the Pacific, forty or fifty years ago, English goods were the only ones which were bought by invoice—i.e., on trust, without examination, before their arrival, while the buyers always insisted on seeing the wares from other countries before they ventured their money. Our reputation is now no longer the same; short lengths, imperfect textures, guns which burst after a few discharges, knives which will not cut, bid fair to destroy the good

repute of the nation, built up by centuries of fair dealing ; and confidence, which can never be restored, may be lost over vast areas in an incredibly short space of time by a few great frauds.

A sort of feeling seems to have grown up that international morality, like gravitation, diminishes as the squares of the distance increase, and that we may cheat without harm if it is only far enough off—"among the savages ;"—as Mr. Gordon Cumming describes himself chuckling over his exchange of infamously bad guns for ivory, in the heart of Africa, with the comfortable reflection that he would be far away when they burst in the negroes' hands.

Christians in the nineteenth century, and in England, are supposed to hold theoretically one standard of right and wrong, however little they may practise it ; but if we dig below the surface of this general acquiescence, which means nothing, it is strange to find how wide is the range permitted by the different codes according to which different classes govern their conduct. Men of different castes in England have so little knowledge of each other, that it is sometimes almost as difficult to realise our neighbours' "stand-point" as if we lived in different planets.

For instance, an educated man can hardly conceive a decent, respectable tradesman taking up a handful of sand, or chromate of lead, or mahogany dust to mix with his sugar or pepper ; deliberately putting salt and cocculus indicus into his beer to increase thirst, and making it bitter by strychnine and petroleum ; while the list of abominations mixed with our tea, such as the remains of silkworms, warehouse dust, iron filings, &c., "finished up" with a solution of gum, is almost too disgusting to detail. Yet Mr. Hassall's investigations prove how large is the proportion of shops which sin in this way. Indeed, hitherto the revelations have done little but harm, as they have only informed the trade how much systematic adulteration is habitually going on, without affixing any penalty to the discovery. It is particularly on the poor that the evil falls most heavily—the rich can buy wholesale—and the small retail shops are those which of course offend the most.

It is to be hoped that the Government will now legislate seriously upon these questions, which individual efforts can hardly reach, and which perhaps can only be satisfactorily dealt with by some form of co-operative stores. There is hardly a trade which is exempt. Quinine can be bought far cheaper at a little village chemist's than wholesale in London ; what proportion of the real bark can be contained in the compound ? It is often worse than useless to have a prescription made up by these licensed poisoners, as the drugs ordered by the doctor can hardly be said to be there in any form whatever.

An official report of the goldsmiths and jewellers in England showed that nine-tenths of the articles sold as gold and paid for as such, ought properly to be called copper alloyed with gold. "Ordinary jewellery is a mixture containing only from 15 to 40 per cent. of the

precious metal," which is thus sold with impunity, the unlucky customers being quite unaware of the fact, and having no means of detecting the amount of alloy.

Whole trades exist at Birmingham simply for purposes of deception. False "antiquities" in metal and pottery of all kinds and adapted to all countries and all dates—jars and flint weapons made as the produce of British cairns, gods sent out to be "found" in Egypt, coins and bronze ornaments to Rome, Nismes, &c., are a wholesale export, not an accidental rascality. There is a manufacture of sham stones, used by lapidaries at sea-side places to be exchanged for any really good pebbles picked up by visitors, which as often happens are brought to them to be polished. That it is rightful to make and sell whatever there may be a demand for, appears to be fast becoming an axiom of traders.

Again, the multiplication of small shops has become so great that the neck and neck race to obtain any profit is very severe; "half a pinch" may often make the difference in underselling their competitors, accordingly false balances come in to their help, and are leniently regarded by the sellers. At the successive special sessions, week after week, the dismal list of tradesmen convicted of having false weights and measures in their possession appears. Little notice is taken of it by the public in their insane desire for cheap goods; the sinners are fined, and apparently find it worth while to go on as before, for the same names appear again and again. Ought not the fine to be at least doubled each time the offence is repeated?

The different trades are pretty evenly represented. At one session, and not a particularly heavy one, there were sentenced—2 marine-store dealers, 20 publicans, 28 chandlers and cheesemongers, 8 bakers, 1 eating-house keeper, 5 coal dealers, 6 butchers, 1 oilman; 62 in all. The fines on one occasion amounted to £150. In some countries the conviction and the sentence are nailed up over each delinquent's door, which probably has some effect; and the Turkish plan, by which the sinner's hand is struck off, is no doubt excellent, only we should scarcely by this time have a hand left to serve us among our trades folk if it were carried out.

In commerce the tone of morality does not appear to be much higher. It was announced last autumn, that whereas Australia had hitherto received furniture from England, the things sent were so intolerably bad that the colonists have begun to make their goods for themselves. There had been a regular system called the "getting up trade" for the exportation of rubbish to the colonies. Again, it is considered perfectly legitimate to use any prior information, whatever it may be, to obtain advantages which the buyer would refuse if he possessed the same knowledge. In this way a merchant at Liverpool, hearing privately that his ship had been lost, sold her cargo all the same, and when the fact came out, his world only considered that he had been "very sharp."

The want of morality in the management of railroads has in some cases amounted to swindling. The paying of dividends out of capital, the cooking of accounts, the manner in which private convenience and private pique among the officials, has regulated the arrangements between different lines, the public being considered as a natural enemy only to be despoiled, the greed of gain from high to low, culminating in the worship of the Railway King Hudson, has been one of the phases of the nineteenth century of which, when its history is written, it will have least cause to be proud.

Again, among artisans the tyranny exercised by the majority over the minority, admits almost any amount of fraud and force in carrying out a point of trades' union law with scarcely any reproach. Yet the Sheffield workman, who considers it a venial offence to throw vitriol with intent to put out his neighbour's eyes, to "ratten" him, i.e., to blow him up with gunpowder and broken bottles for refusing to join in a strike, talks by the hour of the oppression of the masters and the landlords. At this moment many of the very men who, in the days of the agitation against the corn-laws were most open-mouthed about "the selfishness" of farmers and squires in keeping up the price of wheat for their own interest, are clamouring for protection to enhance the price of cotton, or whatever may be the article by which they themselves profit. "Free-trade in everything but bristles," says the brush maker.

With regard to the upper class, there is an unwritten code of what befits gentlemen, which even the less scrupulous amongst them must be far gone before they break. There are a number of deeds which the law of honour makes simply impossible to many a man whose principles are not very stern, and which place him at a disadvantage in trade, where he is sometimes brought in contact with practices and ways of thought repugnant to his gentlemanly feeling, quite independent of his instinct of right and wrong. It is well for him to remember that he has never been tempted in such matters. There is a curious latitude on certain other points allowed. With regard to horses, "*caveat emptor*" is held to be good manners and good morals by high-bred English gentlemen, who would not stain what they conceive to be their "honour" for any consideration.

In elections the code has hitherto been wonderfully lax (though in this case it has been in the spending, not the getting of money), and an amount of underhand work has been connived at, to say the least, not more reputable to the briber than the bribed. In the House of Commons it used to be only necessary to look down the names forming an election committee to feel pretty sure of the result. "Three Tories out of five members—then poor — was doomed." "Three Whigs—then lucky — was safe." Scarcely any disguise was considered necessary in such party questions. Fortunately this practice has now been put an end to by entrusting election trials to the ordinary tribunals, which are politically unbiassed.

Men in office have been sometimes called on to imply a denial of

that which is true and yet cannot be acknowledged ; but there is a certain received manner in which this must be done, and in the present generation, an official (and an honourable gentleman too) overstepped this limit and entered on the "lie circumstantial," which could be, and was, immediately found out, and was therefore unpardonable. He felt so keenly the sort of ostracism inflicted upon him, that he left England on a mission of self-devotion in order to reinstate himself in his own and public opinion. Being new to official life, he had in his enthusiasm, like the Othello in "*Nicholas Nickleby*," blacked himself all over in order to play his part, whereas society only allowed the blacking as far as his hands and face.

Every class, every profession, lawyers, schoolboys, ladies, servants, clergymen, have their own special code of laxity—matters which they can and cannot do according to the judgment of their peers, very far indeed removed from the standard of perfect uprightness.

Each, too, has a special gift for making light of its own special failing, and falling heavily on that of other folk ; the point of most temptation being, of course, that where the conscience of the class is always most lax. The fence may be high and strong where danger is weak and far removed ; but where the treading has been severe and the pressure trying, it is generally beaten down so as to be hardly visible.

Besides which, with the world at large crime is hardly regarded as such unless it shocks public opinion, and public opinion with most people is simply that of their own class. A man who lives in Grosvenor Square cares nothing for the opinion of Grosvenor Alley. He who lives in Grosvenor Alley is equally indifferent to the opinion of the square, even if he is a small tradesman and "serves" it. The opinion of my lord's man or my lady's-maid is of great consequence ; but the potentates themselves are of as little importance to him as the Emperor of Morocco or the Tycoon of Japan.

As to shocking conscience, if properly manipulated, may be trained to almost any abomination—to stuffing your father's mouth with Ganges mud, and drowning him for the benefit of his soul, or delivering him over to the Inquisition ; to putting your superfluous little girls to death in India, or shutting them up in convents when they are older, as in Italy.

It is true that a sin, not recognised as such by a man's set or caste, does not injure his character to the amount which its absolute sinfulness would seem to entail. But, on the other hand, to do what his class or conscience, however ill-directed, declares to be a sin, seriously impairs the moral sense even when it is perfectly innocent. Murderers and thieves often attribute their beginnings of evil to some most innocent piece of what is called "sabbath-breaking." And rightly : neither they nor their fathers have been able to keep the strictness of the Jewish enforcement of it, as sometimes administered ; but having been taught, for instance, that it was wicked to take a walk on Sunday, the feeling of guilt was incurred by doing so, and the power of resistance in greater matters weakened.

When, however, the steam cannot get out at the spout, it makes an unlawful opening for itself elsewhere. At Glasgow the blinds are pulled down and walking even in the fields is forbidden by public opinion on the Sabbath, but it is allowable to drink whisky *ad libitum* in the back parlour; while in Greece the brigands, reversing the compensatory process, did not scruple at the trifle of murdering our five poor countrymen, but risked much in coming down from the mountains to keep their Easter, and were extremely rigid in their fasts and devotions. The same feeling appears in the English shopkeeper, who half-poisons his customers by adulterations, but is most particular in his keeping of Sunday, his church or chapel pew; and all his little dues of respectability are not at all infringed in his mind by such trifles as false weights and bad goods.

“Compound for sins we are inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to,”

has not lost its force since Hudibras' time.

There is a singular want of proportion in the morality of most people. They have acquired their principles at different periods of their lives. It is specially the case with the uneducated. One part of their conduct is no criterion for what they will do in the rest of life; one sense seems often to have grown, while the others remain in embryo. The ordinary cotters in Ireland can only be considered in many respects as savages at a very low stage of development; yet they have the sense of chastity, which the much more cultivated inhabitants of a Scotch town or village consider it scarcely a fault to infringe. The report of a Commission shows that “amongst the agricultural population in the north and east of Scotland personal chastity is the exception rather than the rule,” and in the towns the number of illegitimate children reported in the census year after year is frightful; while in Ireland, as has been often remarked, they are scarcely known; yet the Irish peasant is entirely wanting in the thriving, comfortable, law-abiding virtues which education develops among the Scotch, and which might be supposed most likely to bring this further result with them.

Landlord-killing, if not absolutely right, is a venial offence in Ireland, but to eat a mutton chop on a wrong day endangers a man's salvation. A fugitive who had been carefully hidden, as having committed murder, was driven out ignominiously when a newcomer cried out, “Not he; he's not killed a man! it's pig-staling they're after him for;” he was then delivered over remorselessly to justice. Pig-stealing is a crime which affects their own class; landlord-killing is, at worst, a misfortune for that of their neighbour.

The code of servants, even the most respectable, often allows a certain latitude as to perquisites and presents from tradesmen, and in certain sets an amount of petty scandal “and harm of slanderous tongues” which it is not pleasant to come across. Above all their “honour” requires that “tales” are not to be told. Even when serious

misdeeds are going on, not a word must be uttered, even by those who disapprove. Let the unlucky master find them out if he can, though the comfort of the whole establishment may be imperilled meantime.

There is a curious equivalent to this code among schoolboys even of the higher class. The amount of untruth permitted by public opinion amongst them at our great schools, was said the other day in a sermon by Dr. Vaughan, on a visit to his old haunts at Harrow, to be grievous. Boys may bully, they may lie, they may commit a variety of misdeeds without losing caste; but if they tell tales, their character is gone. A boy has often an entirely different standard for the two halves of the year—one conscience for home, another for school. It would not even occur to him to commit school sins at home, or to introduce home morality at school: "He leaves it behind, as he does his pony or his gun." There is a strange casuistry in his mind, which makes, for instance, one particular kind of lie harmless, such as answering in another boy's name at "Bill," while the truant is perhaps gone off "ona spree" (upon a promise of reciprocity); while the equivalent lie, direct to a master, is a "shame," and the boy who commits it a "brute." "Honour" is his rule. Now honour is an excellent thing, but its code is, to say the least, a variable one. It is the "outward and visible sign" of the inward grace, principle. Honour is the opinion of a deed as seen in the world's eye; principle, as it is seen by the inward standard. But we require the help of both restraints. We must correct our reckoning, as at sea, whichever way it is taken. If we square action by outside opinion, we shall fall very low. On the other hand, if we "descend into the depths of our own consciousness" for our law, we are at least as likely to fail—to make special rules for each circumstance—all exceptions.

Women and clergymen have in general little honour, though often a great deal of principle—i.e., they would suffer tortures before doing what they think wrong, but they are apt to make a law for themselves of their own little prejudices and feelings, adjusting justice to their own special case, and for much the same reason—namely, the lack of the open discipline of the world. A man in the battle of life is laughed at or worried out of all singularities of feeling not based upon some tangible foundation; his reason may not always be a very reasonable one, but it is seldom with him a mere fancy, he feels that he is obliged to give some argument for the faith that is in him. While the clergyman labours under the immense disadvantage of standing up three or four times a week and discoursing on anything he pleases, without any possibility of contradiction. He may (and does) enounce any amount of platitudes, of unreason, of want of logic, of ignorance of what can be said on the other side, not only without ever hearing himself opposed at the time, but it is thought as wrong to criticise the sermon afterwards among many good people, as if it came from the lips of St. Paul himself. If the clergyman is young and ignorant and silly, and even the most pious Churchman will allow that this is possible (at least in that portion of the Church to which he does not himself belong), he

transfers the sacredness of the subject to his own expression of it, and becomes infallible in his own mind from having Sunday after Sunday to lecture those who may be far older and wiser than himself upon their doctrines and their duties.

Women have hitherto laboured under something of the same disadvantage; the want of logic or of reason in what a woman, particularly a pretty one, utters, is not laughed at or corrected as if it came from the lips of a man; indeed, to hear her run on, confusing, confounding, asserting, guessing, with her quick perceptions and her imperfect education, gives a certain pleasant feeling of superiority to her male acquaintance. They smile in gentle contempt, and "thank heaven that they are not as this woman," as they "make allowances" for her. One consequence of this want of an external tribunal of opinion, and of the limitation of the interests of women to purely personal and family objects, is the tendency to encourage a lower standard on questions of public morality. "A couple of pounds will be so useful to send Tommy to school, what's the harm of taking it?" says the poorer woman to her husband at an election. "It will be so useful for the girls to go to that great ministerial party; why on earth can't you vote for government, and then we should be asked?" says the upper class one to hers. Such scruples must appear utterly vain to those in whose eyes politics are only a tiresome mystery.

In a smaller way, the cheating and bullying, the flirting and unjustifiable pressure which ladies, particularly of the severer forms of faith, allow themselves to commit at bazaars and the like, under cover of "charitable purposes" (1), are a wonder to the outside world.

There is another degradation of national morality which is increasing rapidly, and threatens to have very serious effects—i.e., the giving of false characters and testimonials. The dislike of inflicting pain, or the fear of incurring trouble, the temptation to make things pleasant, is admitting incompetent persons to all sorts of situations, with most disastrous consequences. The discussions on a late great public school appointment may make the necessity of more distinct rules in such matters still more evident. It is surely a part of that honourable truth upon which we so much pride ourselves as a nation, to give an honest opinion on a person's qualifications if we give one at all. Indeed, most of our lapses may be resolved into the absence of the highest kind of truth. Our duty to our neighbour certainly demands that he be not cheated into believing that which is false.

The extraordinary difference, however, of our standards of morality is visible in nothing perhaps so much as in the estimate of truth on the two shores of the Channels which divide us from our Celtic neighbours on both sides. The Irish nature, with its impulsive love of sympathy and its pleasure in being agreeable, tries to find out what answer will be pleasant to its interlocutor, and replies accordingly, quite irrespective of any slavish adherence to truth. If it is not the fact, so much the worse for the fact. While in France the impossibility of telling unpleasant truths of any kind to the nation

may be said to have been the ruin of the country during the whole period of the war.

But the subject of the comparative standards of national morality is far too great to enter upon here. There is, as yet, hardly any sign of their melting into each other; but at least every nation and every class has the satisfaction of despising every other whose code differs from its own. Absolute morality is hardly even aspired to at present, among any body of men, either internationally or socially. Indeed, in the highest class, we have hardly yet made up our minds whether, when one man has injured another in the most painful possible manner, he has not entirely wiped out the offence by offering to shoot the sufferer through the body.

The mist of words covers much confusion of thought, and is answerable for a multitude of sins. It would be a help if we were to hear things called by their right names. Many a worthy tradesman would be shocked if he were told that he commits theft habitually of a very aggravated kind; theft of the health, as well as of the pockets, of his customers. Many an excellent man and woman would be horrified at their own conduct if they could be convinced that to help to recommend an unfit person for a post is not only a lie, but a cruel and wicked one. And an artisan might pause if he could be made to understand that blowing up a man with gunpowder is murder, however disguised under the name of justice.

Our sermons are supposed to have lost a part of their savour, might not clergymen try the experiment of a kind of teaching somewhat more like that of the Founder of our faith? *i.e.*, of bringing before us the sins we commit in words which we all can understand?—Political sermons, showing that a vote is a trust, on whichever side it is given, imposing a duty as well as giving a right to its holder, and that the briber is even more blamable than the bribed.—Social sermons, showing that duty to our neighbour includes the not sanding his sugar, and not taking advantage of his ignorance or confidence in any way.—Sanitary sermons, showing the connection between cleanliness and godliness, and that landlords, small as well as great, are cheating, when they exact rent for dwellings scarcely fit even for beasts to inhabit—whose foul air and foul water must entail the loss of health in soul and body alike.—In short, to attempt to raise our mean class-codes into the light of a higher, broader morality.—Showing how no act, however small, is really indifferent, but each is done to the glory of God or the glory of the devil. This would be at least more like the “parables” which we affect to admire, and do not think of copying, than the endless arguments on metaphysical points of doctrine, far above the comprehension of the majority of audiences, on which the ordinary sermon delights to expatiate. We have fortunately got rid of that “dignity of history” which consisted in a colourless series of generalities, and the omission of all details and small individual interests,—the “dignity” of preaching in the same sense might perhaps fall through with advantage; though it may be objected that it would demand a rare union of tact,

good feeling, and weight of age and experience to make such direct application useful, or even safe.

With regard to the adulteration of food and drugs, and the question of short weights, it is to be hoped that the promised legislation of the present session may sharpen the blunted consciences of the class in fault. But a deeper reform is necessary. We have lately seen the collapse of a great nation, mainly from the utter disorganisation in her army and administration, produced by peculation extending, it is said, from the highest to the lowest officials. The magnificent preparations on which her Emperor and his ministers relied, existed only on paper. Every one had robbed to the best of his ability. It has been told how the congregation of a newly-installed rabbi proposed generously to furnish him with wine. Every Jew carried a jug down into the priestly cellar, and emptied it into a cask. When the contents were drawn, however, it was found to contain nothing but water. Each Jew had thought that his own jugful would not be detected in the general flood of wine, and, like the French officials, had not calculated what would be the consequences if all were as sharp as himself.

Some revelations have lately been made in a series of trials which show a very alarming state of morals among a class of English *employés* hitherto considered as "most respectable." The ships' stewards of our men-of-war are entrusted by necessity with great power over the provisioning of their vessels, and in their hands is much of the material comfort of the crew. Probity is, of course, the most necessary of their qualifications, and one which the captains are supposed to spare no pains to secure. It has just been discovered that a regular system of fraud has long been carried out by these men. They demanded exorbitant bribes for the "custom" of their ships from the different contractors—particularly the butchers; these, to recoup themselves, sent in habitually a much smaller amount of meat than that paid for by Government—in some cases *none at all*. The rations of men who happened to have been on shore with leave were put down as having been given out on board, while the paymasters, whose duty it was to see that the accounts of men and food tallied, were too fine gentlemen to go into such minor details. "On the 27th October, 1870, 750 lbs. of fresh beef reported to the paymaster; none at all received," was by no means an isolated instance of such a proceeding. This cheating, connived at for their own profit, was considered by the stewards as such a matter of course, that it does not seem to have troubled the consciences of men whose characters stood highest.

Such discoveries make one ask anxiously what may be going on in other public departments as well as in private service. We cannot afford to be uncertain on such points. We must set our house in order before it is too late, for there is no reformation possible in the face of the enemy (to put it on the lowest ground), as has been too painfully seen in the misfortunes and failures of our poor neighbour. Nationally and socially we may do well to examine our "class morality."

FESTINALENTE.

IGNORANT people never read this magazine, but if they did, and any country cousin were to make a dash at this paper, taking Festina to be Italian for a pretty girl, and expecting a love-story, how disappointed he would be to find that it was Latin, and that the whole title meant, Hasten slowly. It is one of those two-faced maxims that have a great deal to answer for. You may praise the concentrated wisdom of an epigram as long as you please, but every stroke of proverbial wit like this is more of a fool-trap than any thing else. Clever people invent such things for their own entertainment and that of other clever people; and what is the consequence? The clever people have their joke; but the great mass of mankind are perplexed and put about by the use to which the stupid folk put the smart saying. There is no proof that the Fat Boy in "Pickwick" fortified himself by meditation on this proverb; but there is no proof that he did not, and at all events he might have done if he had liked. Assuredly there are plenty of slack-minded people who are corrupted by what the proverb has suggested. Mankind are not, as a rule, so expeditious that they need telling to be slower.

When I was a boy I suffered many things at the hands of a fable entitled, "The Hare and the Tortoise," which still dwells, though perhaps a little imperfectly, in my recollection. As a check upon the rapidity of my movements, I was recommended to get it by heart, and I did so. In the first couplet, the word "genius" was printed in italics by way of indicating that it was a term of reproach:—

"A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat 'em hollow."

Then the fabulist proceeds to say that, the Hare and the Tortoise being set to race each other, the Hare, deriding the pace of his competitor, went to sleep, and so the Tortoise won, saying—

"You may deride my awkward pace,
But slow and steady wins the race."

But *which* race, pray? Of course it was *that* race, because the quick-footed runner overslept himself. But does any sane person believe that if the Hare had gone on running as hard as ever he could, the Tortoise would have got in first? If Captain Barclay and the Fat

Boy (supposing they had been contemporaries, which I neither affirm nor deny) had been backed for a race from London to Richmond, and Barclay had thought proper to go to bed at Putney and stay there long enough, of course the Fat Boy might have got to Richmond first. But that does not prove that "slow and steady" is better than "swift and steady." All this I used to represent when I was a youngster, but I was only assured in return that when I was older I should be wiser.

Now I am not a bit wiser. I still maintain that if two persons start fair to traverse a distance of say twenty miles, and one of them goes five miles an hour, while the others goes only two-and-a-half, the first will win—that is, if nothing happens to him, such as a lethargy, or a fit of apoplexy, or a broken leg. Supposing that to be so, it only remains to inquire whether the five-mile man is more likely to have an accident than the other. But I submit that we have no statistics to enable us to decide the question. "General observation?" *Ah, craitment!* I think I know what *that* is worth.

However, if general observation is any test, I suppose my general observation is worth as much as other people's. Now, we have been over and over again lately told by "experts"—a class of persons in whom I have no faith whatever—that the rate of speed at which we live in modern days has caused a great increase of insanity and heart-disease. Well, I have been about town a good deal; and I do not see that people are more insane than they used to be. I watched heaps of them to-day, and they looked much the same as usual. I could not tell whether they had heart-disease, but they did not, as a rule, carry it in their faces, and I think I know *angina pectoris* when I see it. Besides that, some of the slowest people I have ever known have had heart-disease; and others of the same sort have gone mad. It is all very well to say that Turks and Red Indians, who are never in a hurry, do not go mad; but, in the first place, I firmly believe they do; and, even if they do not, there is a sort of diffused idiocy about the whole body of them, which comes to pretty much the same thing.

A great many extraneous arguments have been employed by fanciful people in order to make their fellow-creatures go slower. Not content with what was to be found at his own door and ours, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has actually gone back to the grey twilight of history for inducements:—

"Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-checked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath."

"Think of the patriarchs!" Well, I do think of the patriarchs. And what then? What had the patriarchs to do? They lived in tents which they moved about just as they liked. Abraham never heard of the assessed taxes in all his life. The patriarchs had nothing

to do but to tend their flocks and herds like the shepherd in *As You Like It*. They had to count the sheep, milk the cows (or see that they were milked), and cherish their wives, of which each patriarch seldom had more than two at a time. This—making some allowance for diversions to repel marauding expeditions by neighbouring tribes—was a very empty sort of existence; for there is every reason to believe that in those days two wives, or twenty, gave less trouble than one does now. So, what inference can be drawn from patriarchal times that would be fairly applicable to our own? Moralists must be very hard driven for topics when they have to go back to Mesopotamia, and Kirjath-Jearim, and places of that sort, for an idea. Did Abraham ever keep an appointment in Fleet Street? No. Then what are we to do? Are we to abolish Fleet Street? I should like to see the man who would try it on. In that case, it only remains that we accommodate ourselves to the exigencies of the situation, and do our work as fast as ever we can.

If we proceed on any other principle, we shall eventually come to a pretty pass. "Haven't you got any other pace than that?" said an enraged master to an errand-boy who was walking at the rate of two miles an hour. "Ye-es," yawned the youngster; "I've got another, but it's slower." Just so. If we only succeed in impressing mankind with the notion that they are moving too fast, they will go from slowness to slowness till at last they stand clean stock-still. This might be agreeable to certain evil-disposed persons, but it would never do for those who believe in progress, and love it. If we have a goal to reach, the quicker we go the sooner we shall get there. All we need take care of is, that we move in the right direction. It is notorious that sheep, and other imitative creatures, will follow each other in any direction whatsoever, and take the time from their compatriots—if that is the right word, which I doubt. But we are not sheep. Nor are we bound for the butcher's yard. We have a destiny. We have a goal. We have an Atlantis. We have a *sum-mum bonum*. We have a millennium. Let us get at it as quickly as ever we can!

Let us remember, also, that the sooner we have done our work the more time we shall have for play. I strenuously adhere to the early-closing movement. You know very well that a tune upon a hurdy-gurdy may be played faster or slower. If the player would only give his mind to it, he might get through the *repertoire* of his hurdy-gurdy in an infinitesimally small space of time. Why should we not treat the labours of existence upon the same principle? Turn the handle as fast as ever you can; have done with the work; and then we shall have practically boundless tracts of leisure for recreation.

Opposite the very room in which I am now writing there is a dead wall. Upon that dead wall there were, a few days back, about half-a-dozen pictorial posters. There was one of Binko's Paper Blue—with

a daintily-buxom girl up to the elbows in soap-suds. There was another of a lady, with eyes like Solitaire-balls, carrying an umbrella; and underneath was an injunction to the observer to look and see where his umbrella was worn out. Then there was Thorley's Food for Cattle, and Horniman's Pure Uncoloured Tea. I have no doubt you have observed, with inexpressible anguish, the tedious rate at which "the working-man" goes through his labours;—it cannot have escaped your attention, if you have had the plumber, or the gas-fitter, or the paper-hanger about the place. Well, one morning, four great hulking lubbers—I presume from the Metropolitan Board of Works, for the wall is an august wall—marched up to these posters with ladders, pails, scrapers, and brooms, in battle array; and it took those four stalwart Englishmen—a general term which I employ under reserve, for one or more or all of the fellows might have been Scotch or Irish—I say it took them two whole days to remove those posters. The sight made my blood boil. I would, unassisted, have cleaned that wall in two hours, or I would have lived on Binko's Paper Blue for a week. Yet this is the sort of thing to which those "experts," who raise the cry of "*Festina lente*" wish to bring us! It is true that "*Hasten slowly*" may be taken to mean what Lord Bacon meant when he said he "knew one that would say, 'Let us tarry awhile that we may make an end the sooner;'" that is, that a little wise use of the brains may save a good deal of misapplied trouble. Very well. But I do not like Bacon. He was always quoting some Mrs. Harris or other for things that he did not care to say in his own person. And I maintain that the natural tendency of the general run of mankind to be slow is so serious a matter, that any man who furnishes them with epigrammatic excuses for going slower still is a common enemy. Much more, if he tells them that they will have heart-disease, or go mad, if they live so fast. True, there is in this matter the same sort of unequal distribution that there is in others. That is, if some poor devils appear too quick, it is because all the rapid work is devolved upon their shoulders. "*Drive the willing horse.*" Of course. But your deterrents will never influence those persons. They will go on till they drop. Meanwhile, the slow coaches will go slower and slower still; and the fast ones will have a harder, and yet a harder time of it. I protest against this arrangement.

It is deeply to be regretted that neither imaginative writers nor men of science have had the courage of their fancies, or their convictions, as the case may have been, upon this very simple subject. The poet Shakspeare, we are told, was not for an age, but for all time. Was he? Then why didn't he take more liberties with it? Why was he not better acquainted with, so to speak, the properties of time? He makes Ariel propose to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes; but did any reader of an expansive mind ever feel satisfied with this? Was it worth while to invent an Ariel for a con-

clusion so lame and impotent as that? Why forty minutes? Forty winks are all very well, but that is after dinner. It is quite another matter when you can "ride on the curl'd clouds;" and forty seconds would have been much more like what you are entitled to expect when magic is a foot. But, for the matter of that, why forty seconds? Why twenty? Why ten? It is true that if you go on like this you must come to the total annihilation of time. A captious critic might say, "If Ariel takes exactly no time to put a girdle round the earth, there is no interval between his starting to do it and his coming back after having done it; and, in that case, why should Ariel start at all? Your proposition takes away the succession of events altogether, and brings us to the *punctum stans*." But I scorn the insinuation. These difficulties belong to the sphere of the infinite. Read Dean Mansel's "Bampton Lectures," and get what you can out of them. Read Hegel: *seyn* = *nicht-seyn*. I know all about it, and I don't care. I will discuss these matters with the Infinite when I come across it. In the meanwhile my motto is, Go ahead. Cut it short. *Vade, age, nate, voca zephyros, et labere pennis*. Just so. *Ite; ferte citi flammas; data vela; impellite remos*. Exactly. None of your *quid loquor, aut ubi sum?* That is hesitation. *Ite!* Yet so faint-hearted are even the very men whose vocation it is to save time, that James Watt would not hear of high pressure, and George Stephenson talked of ten miles an hour as the limit of railway speed. Talk not of railway accidents; say not that they come of the unnatural speed of express trains. Palpable sophistry! It is not because the express trains go so fast, but because the goods trains go so slow, that we have these catastrophes. And I only wish that those who do not like to move at express speed would shunt themselves on to a second line of rail. The poet Longfellow has lamented that at the end of every day there is something left undone. That is because the slow people will not co-operate with the swift. Otherwise we might all go to bed to-morrow night like Christians, and get up next morning with nothing else to do for the rest of our lives. The Hare might lie down with the Tortoise, and the Idle Apprentice eat air with the Industrious. *Hoc age* would be an idle legend, and a deserving universe would have its holiday. At all events, I shall do my share, and be as quick as ever I can.

If people go mad, it is their own affair. It is my own design to go as fast as possible, and I do not believe I shall go mad. If I do, I give the experts my free leave to talk as cleverly, and as long as they please, concerning Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

LAUREATION AND POETS-LAUREATE.

IN ancient days, the reward of glorious deeds was a crown. To be ennobled or dignified in any way was to be crowned, and in ordinary speech, a crown and victory became correlative terms. In confirmation of this we do not require to point to the "bright examples of old Greece and Rome," nor indeed to those of any particular country. The practice was universal. All history shows that from the king upon the throne, from the general at the head of a triumphant army, or the statesman who had successfully directed his country's affairs, down to the meanest competitor in some national or local game, the mark and meed of his superiority was the bestowal of a crown.* Every custom has its reason or rationale; and in this custom of coronation we think we trace a species of that worship which has in all ages been paid to the head or intellect of a man. "In man," says the Greek metaphysician, "there's nothing great but mind," and this practice we take to be an implied acknowledgment of that doctrine. In modern times, and amongst ourselves, we have adopted other modes of showing our regard for excellence and success; but even yet, when we wish to ennoble our public men, we do very much what the Greeks † did by theirs—we confer a *coronet* as well as a title.

These ancient insignia were made of various materials, as olive, pine, parsley, and sometimes even of gold and iron; but the crown

* It is to this universal practice amongst the ancients that St. Paul refers, when he says: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible" (1 Cor. ix. 24, 25). And again, in his Second Epistle to Timothy, he writes: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8). See also 2 Tim. ii. 5. The Hebrews, like ourselves, and indeed all nations, placed a crown or cap of state upon the head of their kings; and it is with reference to this custom that Roman soldiers, when they led Jesus forth, "platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head" (John xix. 2, 5; Matt. xxvii. 29). In the Bible generally "a crown" is frequently used figuratively as an emblem of dignity and a sign of victory. See, for example, Prov. xii. 4; xvi. 31; Lam. v. 16; Phil. iv. 1; Rev. iv. 4; xii. 1; xix. 12.

† Our classical readers may recollect that it was on the occasion of its being proposed to award a crown to Demosthenes, that that statesman and his opponent Æschines delivered themselves of two of their most famous orations.

that was most commonly employed was composed of laurel. There was much in the nature of this evergreen—this last being itself an emblem of immortality—to justify this selection of it; but the main cause of its adoption was doubtless owing to the fact that it was specially sacred to Phœbus Apollo. When this deity was on earth, the story goes that he fell in love with a beautiful young damsel, the daughter of Peneus. Day by day, in the garb of a shepherd, did he attempt to win the affections of this lady, but to her his addresses were distasteful. Notwithstanding his handsome appearance and engaging manners, she would not listen to his suit; and one day, to rid herself of his importunity, she sought safety in flight. The gallant gave chase; and as he was nearing on her, the maiden besought the protection of the gods, who suddenly converted her into a laurel.

In those prehistoric times, such metamorphoses were not uncommon; and our lover, in place of being horrorstruck at the transformation of his innamorata, boldly plucked off some of the leaves of the tree, and in fond remembrance placed them round his brows. This was the first instance of *laureation* with which we are acquainted, and from that day the accomplished Apollo was never seen without his bays. But there were other things besides affairs of love to which this scion of divinity turned his attention. He was a great poet and a splendid musician; and in course of time he was universally regarded as the presiding genius of poetry and most of the fine arts. Odes and invocations were addressed to his name; hymns and pœans were sung in his praise; and games or displays of intellectual skill, where a garland of laurel was the sole prize, were instituted in his honour. He became in fact the patron saint of all the followers of the Nine; and the laurel, dear to the master, was naturally an object of intense regard to the disciple as well. In this way it was that the bay came not only to be associated with victory and success, but also to be regarded as the special honour and ornament of those who distinguished themselves in the domain of poetry and the fine arts. “Laurelled” came to be a common epithet of the bard, and to be deemed worthy of this decoration was to be ennobled in the highest degree. We find that this is a favourite idea of the poets themselves, both ancient and modern. Horace, for example, while expatiating on the beauties of Pindar, evidently wishes to speak of him in the highest possible terms when he exclaims,—

“*Laureâ donandus Apollinari,*” &c.

Or again, while discoursing on his own qualifications as a poet, it is easy to see that he prays for what he regards as the crowning honour of his life, when, addressing his muse, he says,—

“*Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, et mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.*”

Our own Chaucer too, in his "Flower and the Leaf," remarks on the "Nine Worthies :"—

" And for their worthiness ful ofte have bore
The crowne of laurer leaves on their hede,
As ye may in your olde bookes rede."

Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and others, frequently give expression to the same idea, but it is unnecessary to multiply quotations on this point.

There is one thing, however, which is worthy of remark here. In these and similar passages the language is entirely figurative. Nowhere do the writers speak as if the priests of Phœbus Apollo were actually invested with the bays, but only as *worthy of being* such. A crown they knew was the emblem of victory and renown, and in their imagination they crowned the worthiest of their line with the Apollonic wreath. Garlands for feats of strength, for skill in arms, and for all manner of physical displays, were common; but so far as we are aware, it was only at the Delphic games,* which, by the way, were dedicated to Apollo, that the tuneful race received this meed of praise. When these fell into disuse, the devotee of art had no public or regular opportunity of distinguishing himself, and was left to shift as best he might. There was, it is true, a tradition that Virgil and Horace were solemnly crowned with laurel by Augustus in the Roman Capitol; but later researches have shown that there is no foundation for this. It was left to the Emperor Domitian (A.D. 81—96) to revive to some extent the intellectual contests, or agones, of the Greeks, and to make the laurel wreath, as of yore, the prize for excellence therein. At these exhibitions the successful candidate was actually laureated, or crowned, by the emperor or one of his assistants, in presence of the assembled multitudes. This custom continued with more or less *éclat* till the reign of Theodosius, "when," according to the elder D'Israeli, "it was abolished as a remnant of paganism."

After the overthrow of the Roman Empire, and during a great portion of what is known as the "dark ages," we hear nothing of these displays and distinctions. Garlands and proud titles were then reserved for the "prowess knight" of tilt and tourney; and it is not, in fact, till the beginning of the fourteenth century that poetry may be said to have regained its "ancient lustre." Then feudalism and the service of knighthood were on the decline, and the spirit of arts and learning was again abroad. This will be sufficiently apparent when we mention that it was the age of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Froissart. Even in their own day the writings of such men were not without their influence; and perhaps the best instance of the truth of this is to be found in the public

* It was at these games that Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides frequently contended for the dramatic prize, and where Sophocles was so frequently successful.

coronation of Francis Petrarch in the Capitol of Rome in the year 1341. This was in imitation of the honour that was supposed to have been conferred on Virgil and Horace, and may be said to have been one of the first tributes that the darkness and rude energy of the immediately preceding centuries paid to the "sweetness and light" of this. An account of this interesting ceremonial has been preserved; and from it we gather that, notwithstanding the eminence of the recipient, the distinction was not bestowed entirely *pro causâ honoris*. On the contrary, according to some, it was not till after the third day's examination—formal, no doubt—in various branches of literature, that the poet was conducted to the Capitol, and presented to the senate and people as one worthy to be crowned. Gibbon's description of this proceeding is highly picturesque:—"The ceremony of his coronation was performed in the Capitol by his friend and patron, the Supreme Magistrate of the Republic. Twelve patrician youths were arrayed in scarlet, six representatives of the most illustrious families in green robes, with garlands of flowers, accompanied the procession; in midst of the princes and nobles the Senator, Count of Anguillara, a kinsman of the Colonna, assumed his throne, and at the voice of a herald Petrarch arose. After discoursing on a text of Virgil, and thrice repeating his vows for the prosperity of Rome, he knelt before the throne, and received from the senator (in the chair) a laurel crown, with a more precious declaration, 'This is the reward of merit.' The people shouted long life to the Capitol and the poet. A sonnet in praise of Rome was accepted as the effusion of genius and gratitude, and after the whole procession had visited the Vatican, the profane wreath was suspended before the shrine of St. Peter." Nor was this enrolment amongst the order of poets an empty distinction. In those days men were not at liberty to write and teach what or where they pleased; but to the person so *laureated* there was granted, "as well in the holy city as elsewhere, the free and entire power of reading, disputing, and interpreting all ancient books, to make new ones, and compose poems, which, God assisting, shall endure from age to age." It may not be generally known that a similar "reward" was designed for the poet Tasso in 1594, but he unfortunately died the night before the ceremony was to have taken place.

From Italy this custom seems to have found its way into Germany, and thence throughout all Europe. In Germany the Emperor Maximilian I. founded what he called a Poetical College at Vienna in 1504, and expressly reserved for himself or his appointees the right of conferring the wreath. The decoration, though it might be bestowed by one of his Counts Palatine, was meant to come direct from the emperor himself; and the selected bard was called *Il Poeta Cesareo*. Of course the honour gradually became very common, and was awarded not so often to the poet as to the versifier. This very

institution of a "poetical college" was a standing contradiction to the maxim "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," and shows not only the idea that was then entertained about poetry, but also suggests the notion that the acquisition of the laurel crown would soon be regarded as a mere college degree. And that was exactly what happened. Towards the close of the Middle Ages, one of the best signs of the revival of letters and of the interest that was taken in intellectual pursuits was the foundation of numerous universities in various parts of Europe. These having in their infancy the good fortune to number amongst their professors such men as Abelard, Peter Lombard, Thomas Aquinas, and others equally eminent, soon became the most famous and fashionable places of resort in Europe. Students flocked to them from all quarters, and, as might be expected, the old contests of the arena gave place to the disputes of the lecture-hall. The spirit of the age was still strongly combative, and victory was as much coveted in the one display as it used to be in the other. Amongst these early university studies the art of poetry, or rather versification, was one of the chief objects of attention. It comprehended several departments of learning, but the chief effort was to be able to cap verses well and readily, to produce, in fact, on the shortest notice, hexameters and pentameters that might provoke a comparison with those of Virgil and Ovid. For excellence in this art a crown of laurel, once reserved for the brow of a Petrarch or a Tasso, was held to be the appropriate reward. The successful competitor was thereupon styled *poeta laureatus*, and ever after was reckoned a poet, at least of a certain order. It is for this reason that Selden, in his treatise on "Titles of Honour," speaks of the crown of laurel as "an ensign of the degree taken of mastership in poetry."

What we have just said applies to the early English and Scotch, as well as to the Continental, universities, and there is little doubt that it was from these scholastic laureations that the appellation of "poet-laureate" took its rise. Other countries, as Italy and Germany, may have had their "laurelled bards," who were so created solely by the favour, and perhaps by the hand, of the king; but in England there is pretty conclusive evidence that all poets-laureate originally emanated from the universities. This much, at least, is certain, that there is nothing to show that any of our poets was ever crowned by the hands of, or at the request of, the sovereign.

The earliest form and title which the Court or royal poet assumes in English history is that of a *Versificator*. He wrote in Latin, which, of course, implied a learned education, and his theme is generally a battle or expedition in which the king had borne a part, and of which the writer had been a witness. Thus, so early as the reign of Richard I. we meet with a royal *versificator* in the person of *Gulielmus Peregrinus*—the *cognomen* or surname in this case being, in all probability, the result of his wanderings—who accompanied that monarch to Palestine, and gave an account of the first crusade. Nor

does the presence of such an attendant in the camp of that wild, though generous and lion-hearted king, at all surprise us. In contradistinction to most of his nobles and followers, and perhaps also to the general spirit of the times, it is well known that Richard had a passionate regard for the minstrel's art, or the "Gay Science," as it was then called. Of this element in his character Sir Walter Scott, in his "Talisman," makes skilful use, when he brings Blondel de Nesle, a Norman *trouvère*, upon the scene, and from a "budget fraught with newest minstrelsy" caused him to chant the lay of the "Bloody Vest" in presence of Queen Berengaria, the lovely Edith Plantagenet, and all the lords and ladies of the Court. On that occasion our readers may recollect that Richard claimed to be "a guild brother of the *Joyeuse Science*," and canvassed Blondel's stanzas with all the keenness of a professed critic.

In those early days, records of even public events were very scant, and it would be unreasonable to expect anything like an unbroken list of the names and works of the royal versifiers that flourished under the successive monarchs. Still, we are not left entirely without information regarding these functionaries. In the time of Henry III., for example, we find by two separate entries in the records that a pension of one hundred shillings—a greater sum than at first appears—was paid to the *regis versificator* of that day. In the following reigns also of Edward I. and Edward II., we learn that the post was held by a somewhat notable personage called Andrew Baston. This Baston was a Carmelite monk, and according to a very learned authority, Bishop Bale, a laureated poet and public orator at Oxford. Like Gulielmus Peregrinus, he accompanied the king on his military expeditions, and took care to commemorate his master's exploits in suitable heroics. In this capacity he went with Edward I. to Scotland in 1304, and as the result of what he saw and experienced at various times there, gave to the world—at least, to as many as were able to peruse the same—his "De Strivilniensi Obsidione" (Siege of Stirling Castle), his "De Altero Scotorum," and other poems, some of which are still to be found in Fordun. About this same Baston a story is told, to the effect that, being part of the retinue that Edward II. took with him to the north, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Bannockburn, and by way of payment for his ransom was ordered by Robert the Bruce to celebrate the victory of the Scotch in his best manner. This was turning the tables with a vengeance; but perhaps he had reason to feel, with another poet, "liberty's a glorious feast," and acted accordingly.

Continuing our course historically, there flourished during the reigns of Edward III. and his successor, Richard II., the immortal Chaucer and the "moral Gower," both of whom, it is sometimes asserted, were the laureates, or Court poets, of the day. Of this, however, there is no evidence, but much to the contrary, especially in the case of the former. In the first place, there is no positive

proof that he belonged to either of the universities, and far less that he was laureated. In the second place, whatever the extent of his learning may have been, all his poems were written in the vernacular, which, according to Warton, it was not customary for the royal laureate to do till after the period of the Reformation. And, in the third place, it is almost unnecessary to remark that his poems are about as far removed from the usual order of regal "versified" productions as they can well be. The only ground that we can discover for the assertion is the fact that he was on terms of considerable intimacy with Edward and Richard, and received pensions or sums of money at various times from both. On investigation, however, it will be found that his connection with royalty was a political rather than a poetical one, and that what he received from the Treasury was the reward, not of his fame as a poet,—for he was rather late in life in distinguishing himself in that capacity,—but of the eminence of his public services, both at home and abroad. But, indeed, there is little need to indulge in conjecture on this point. If Chaucer himself, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson may be regarded as authorities, it was Henry Scogan that was the Court poet of Edward III., Richard II., and partly of Henry IV. In one of the minor poems of the first-named bard, entitled "L'Envoy de Chaucer à Scogan," there occurs the following verse, which we think is pretty well decisive of this matter:—

"Scogan, thou knelest at the stremes hede *
Of grace, of alle honour, and of worthynesse.
In th'ende of which streme I am dul as dede,†
Forgete in solytary wildernesse;
Yet, Scogan, thinke on Tullius' kyndenesse;
Mynde thy frende there it may fructyfye,
Farewel, and loke thou never eft love dyffie."

Of this same Scogan, Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of the Fortunate Isles*, writes:—

Mere Fool. Scogan? What was he?

Sophiel. O, a fine gentleman, and master of arts of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises for the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal, daintily well.

Mere Fool. But wrote he like a gentleman?

Sophiel. In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme and flow and verse.

This qualification of "Master of Arts," which Sophiel mentions here, confirms what we have said above about the connection between the university and the Court.

It is not till the reign of Edward VI. (1461—1483) that we meet with the first distinct mention of the title "poet-laureate," as applied to the Court poet of the time. This occurs in a translation of the "History of the Siege of Rhodes," by John Kay, who, in dedicating the book to the king, calls himself "hys humble poete laureate."

* Alluding to Scogan's residence at the Court of Windsor.

† Chaucer was then residing at Greenwich in rather embarrassed circumstances.

During the short and troubled reigns of Edward V. and Richard III. it would be almost preposterous to look for a representative of the followers of "the Nine" at Court; but on the accession of Henry VII. and the termination of the Wars of the Roses, learning and the other arts of peace again met with their acknowledgment and reward. The year after Henry VII. was crowned, he, by an instrument entitled *Pro Poeta Laureato*, a copy of which is to be found in Rymer's *Fœdera*, created one Andrew Bernard his poet-laureate, and assigned to him a salary of fifteen marks, until he should obtain some other appointment. This Bernard was a native of Toulouse, an Augustine monk, and a very learned man. All his pieces as laureate were in Latin, and from the title of these we see that it was with him that the practice of writing birthday odes, and other congratulations to royalty, may be said to begin. Besides the laureateship, he held the post of historiographer to the king, and several other preferments, both lay and ecclesiastical. As historiographer, he wrote in prose a "Chronicle of the Life and Achievements of Henry VII. to the taking of Perkin Warbeck," which has recently appeared as one of the publications issued by the Master of the Rolls. These appointments he seems to have retained till his death in the reign of his patron's successor.

After Bernard, or even during his lifetime, it is frequently stated that John Skelton was the laureate and Court poet of Henry VIII. This, we think, is a mistake. Skelton was only a laureate graduate, and not a royal bard. It is true that at an early period of his career he was tutor to some of the royal princes, but afterwards, when he took to writing satirical pieces, he was not only disowned by the king, but became an object of hatred and persecution to Wolsey and the party in power at that day. He appears to have laureated at Oxford and, according to some, also at Cambridge and the University of Louvain, about the close of the fifteenth century. He was a clergyman, and rector of Diss, in Norfolk. His character, however, does not seem to have been of the most correct description. He led a loose life, and was fond of indulging in buffooneries in the pulpit. For these he was suspended by his bishop; and on account of his scurrilous invectives against the "proud cardinal," and others of the priesthood, he was further obliged to seek the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where he died in 1529. There is no doubt that he was a rather noted personage, being, in fact, regarded by such a man as Erasmus as the "light and glory of British letters;" and this, coupled with the fact of his laureation, may have afterwards given rise to the notion that he was the poet-laureate, in the sense of his being the Court poet of that reign. But, apart from the nature of his writings and the facts of his life, which distinctly negative this, there is evidence that amongst his contemporaries, at least, he was regarded as only a laureate of the schools. Barklay, for example, a poet of that day, in speaking of Skelton, makes use of the following rather uncomplimentary and unsavoury verse:—

"Then is he decked as poets laureate
 When stinking Thais made him her graduate;
 If they have smelled the artes triviall,
 They count them poets hye and heroically."

And in a poem prefixed to an edition of his works, published in 1568, there occur the lines—

"Nay, Skelton wore the laurel wreath,
 And past in scholes ye knoe,"

This case of Skelton's seems to confirm our remark that in this country the appellation of poet-laureate had its origin in an academical degree. Up to this time it is extremely probable that, as a rule, only eminent university scholars, who had obtained this degree, were appointed to the post of "versifier" in the royal household. In this way they became Court poets as well as poets-laureate. After the Reformation, however, a different state of things arose. Hitherto, as we have stated above on the authority of Warton, "it was not customary for the royal laureate to write in English;" but, continues the same authority, "with the Reformation our veneration for the Latin tongue diminished, and gradually a better sense of things banished the pedantry of monastic erudition, and taught us to cultivate our native tongue." As a consequence of this we find, in the immediately succeeding reigns, the names of men who were promoted to the office of Court poet, certainly more from their eminence as English writers than as Latin versifiers. These were still called poets-laureate; but this was entirely by way of metaphor and respect for the ancient dignity of the title. Nay, the appellation was retained after its real significance was gone; for, about the period of which we are speaking, the practice of laureation itself at our English universities fell into disuse, and all that remained to remind one of the ancient ceremonial was the name bestowed on a certain Court official, who may never have been within the halls of a university at all.

The first, and perhaps the most distinguished of the more modern order of royal poets, was the author of the "*Faerie Queen*," who speaks of the laurel as the—

"Mead of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage."

Malone and others insist that Elizabeth had no laureate; but, although the patent and title do not seem to have been formally granted to Spenser, there is no doubt that he was both the Court poet and a pensioner of that reign. His "*Gloriana*," however, was too parsimonious a woman to be over-liberal to a writer of verses; and there is too good ground for believing that this "child of fancy" was frequently subjected to great privations, and was giving expression to his own experience when he wrote—

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not try'd
 What Hell it is, in suing long to bide."

The patent under which the existing laureateship is held is dated

1630, and was granted by Charles I. in favour of no less a poet than "Rare Ben Jonson." It fixes his salary at £100 per annum and a tierce of Spanish Canary wine from the cellars of Whitehall.* From this period the poet-laureate becomes more distinctly than before an officer of the king's household, whose business it was to address congratulatory odes and other verses to royalty, especially on particular public events.

After Jonson there came Sir William Davenant, of whom about the most that can be said is, that he wrote a heroic poem entitled "Gondibert," and fought most valiantly on behalf of his royal master, Charles I. To Davenant succeeded the mighty Dryden. Besides the laureateship he held the post of historiographer royal, which brought him another £200 per annum. To secure these appointments it is feared that "Glorious John" was not very scrupulous in what he said or did respecting royalty. He might almost be called the poetical Vicar of Bray. On the principle of worshipping the "rising sun" it is well known that he put together some very pretty rhymed flatteries respecting Richard Cromwell; and it has been suspected that it was to please the Catholic James that he changed his religion and penned the "Hind and Panther." With the revolution and the accession of William III. Dryden was discarded, and the wreath conferred upon his enemy, "honest Thomas Shadwell," best known as a writer of very indifferent comedies. This acceptance of the laurel, however, was not a step upon which Shadwell had reason to congratulate himself. To say nothing of the loss of office and emolument, the insult implied in the appointment was such that the satiric Dryden could hardly be expected to brook. Accordingly he gave to the world his "Mac Flecknoe, in which no pains are spared successfully to impale his substitute and rival. After Shadwell, there came in succession Nahum Tate, the collaborateur of Brady in the metrical translation of the Psalms of David; Nicholas Rowe, the translator of "Lucan; and one Laurence Eusden, "a parson much bemused in beer," and the author of some most execrable coronation and birthday odes. What does the reader think of the following stanza, part of an address to George II., by the last-named bard:—

"Hail, mighty Monarch! whose desert alone,
Would, without birthright, raise thee to a throne;
Thy virtues shine peculiarly nice,
Ungloom'd with a confinity to vice."

Surely the "force of fancy could no further go!" But the truth on this matter is soon told. After Dryden there were no laureates

* This measure of wine was afterwards commuted into an additional annual payment of £27; so that all the wit of the "Bon Gaultier" and other bards about

"The laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,"

falls to the ground.

worthy of the name till comparatively recent times. Accordingly, about the beginning of the last century the wreath fell into a very withered and languishing condition, and the office itself into utter disrepute. The effusions of the "stipendiary poet" abounded in the most abject and fulsome flatteries, unredeemed by the faintest ray of poetic light. Nor was this all. In former times the poet had, as a rule, confined the display of his art to some great or public occasion, but from the time of Eusden (appointed in 1727) it became the custom of the laureate to compose, at least twice a year, odes in praise of the monarch and his government, which were set to music, and sung in all the chapels-royal. In this state of things it is not to be wondered at that the post and the appointee became the butt of all the gibes and ridicule of the climbers of Parnassus. To adopt the language of Sir John Falstaff, "Men of all sorts took a pride to gird at them, and without being witty in themselves they were certainly the cause of much wit in other men." This mode of satire upon the laureates began, according to Dr. Johnson, with Suckling; and, as all readers of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" will admit, has been successfully maintained down to the present day. But while most of these squibs were very good-natured and clever, there were, on the other hand, not a few which were dictated solely by a spirit of malice and detraction. One of the worst of this description is a prose piece by Pope, entitled, "The Poet-Laureate," in which, under the pretence of writing a history of the order, he contrives to lash his enemies Dennis, Cibber, and Tibbald. On the death of Eusden in 1730, it was the second of these, Colley Cibber, hero of the "Dunciad," that was appointed to the post. For seven-and-twenty years Colley favoured the *Gentleman's Magazine* with his biennial instalment of nonsense verses in the shape of birthday and new year's odes to royalty. This course of laureate degradation was continued in the person of William Whitehead. Whitehead was no poet, but seems to have been a bit of a humourist. The attacks of the critics he took in very good part, and occasionally was able to give as good as he got. In a piece of his entitled, "An Apology for all Laureates, past, present, and to come," he thus addresses his assailants:—

"Ye silly dogs, whose half year lays
Attend, like satellites or bays,
And still with added lumber load
Each birthday and each new-year ode,
Why will ye strive to be severe?
In pity to yourselves forbear;
Nor let the sneering public see
What numbers write far worse than he."

Of the irksomeness of his duties he appears to have been painfully conscious, and sounds the following note of apology for the poverty of the laureate's effusions:—

"His muse *obliged* by sack and pension,
Without a subject or invention,

Must certain words in order set,
As innocent as a gazette ;
Must some half meaning half disguise,
And utter neither truth nor lies."

It was left for Thomas Warton, author of the "History of English Poetry," and successor of Whitehead, to be the first to help to raise the laurel out of the mire and contempt into which it had fallen. It so happened also that the ancient custom of laureation at the University of Oxford was revived in the person of Warton, and he was thus the first in modern times to combine the double honour of being a laureated as well as a Court poet. He was a shrewd, sensible man of letters, and his pieces are a vast improvement upon the drivelling flatteries and far-fetched conceits of his immediate predecessors. His odes are manly, independent, and loyal ; and though it cannot be said that he had much of the genius of the *poeta natus*, yet it must be admitted that some of his verses are not without the ring of true poetry about them. Of course, his biennial "measure of praise and verse" exposed him to the shafts of the wits, who, in his case at least, very much overshot the mark. One of the wittiest and most successful of these poetic wags was Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcot), who thus sums up the qualifications of a royal bard :—

"Laureats should boast a bushel of invention,
Or yield up all poetical pretension."

In another piece, entitled "Advice to a Future Laureat," he says, speaking of Warton :—

"Tom prov'd unequal to the laureat's place,
Luckless, he warbled with an Attic grace:
The language was not understood at Court,
Where bow and curts'y, grin and shrug resort.
Tom was a scholar—luckless wight,
Lodg'd with old manners in a musty college;
He knew not that a palace hated knowledge,
And deem'd it pedantry to spell and write."

We make these quotations, not so much to illustrate the nature of the attacks to which the laureate was perpetually subjected, as to give the reader some notion of the mighty difference between the present and the past aspect of things.

Once more, but only once more, was the laurel destined to wither for a time on the brows of Henry James Pye, a name now utterly unknown to fame, and which we have no desire further to call up from the "dull oblivion of its drear abode."

On his death, in 1818, the laureateship was offered to Sir Walter Scott, but was declined with thanks. In this, it is said, Sir Walter imitated the example of Gray, who had been pressed to accept the office on the death of Cibber. At last the disgrace which had so long attended the garland was about to be effectually removed. For a time the appointment went a-begging, but to the oft-repeated cry

"Wanted a Laureate," Robert Southey—not without many misgivings on his part—happily responded. Southey was certainly not a poet of the first rank, but his name was the first for more than a century that lent a freshness and a lustre to the crown that had once been worn by a Spenser, a Jonson, and a Dryden. Several years before, Gibbon, in a note to his account of the coronation of Petrarch, had strongly condemned "the ridiculous custom" of furnishing twice a year "the measure of praise and verse," to which we have alluded above; and from the time of George III.'s illness in 1810, the practice fell into entire disuse. From this almost degrading task, therefore, Southey was exempt, and henceforth we find but few allusions to "the beauties and graces" of royalty. The author of "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama," held the post for thirty years, and on his decease was succeeded by his friend and "master," Wordsworth, of whom it is unnecessary to say a word save this, that of the many hundreds of poems which he wrote, not one can we find in his collected works which has any connection with his position as laureate. Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that he retained the appointment only seven years. On his decease in 1850, the public voice unanimously declared the author of "Locksley Hall," "The Princess," "Mariana," and other famous poems which had then appeared, to be his worthiest successor. Nor was Mr. Tennyson slow to accept the honour. No longer was there any need for Southey's misgivings. The laurel now bloomed in all its pristine freshness; and gratefully did the poet assume a poet's "highest meed and praise," so much the

"Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base."

During the twenty years that Mr. Tennyson has worn the bays, his official, or quasi-official, productions may be said to number only four. These are his Odes on the death of Wellington and the opening of the Great Exhibition, his "Welcome to Alexandra," and the Dedication of his Idylls to the late Prince Consort. These are all worthy of his great name, and stand in striking contrast to the measured panegyric and pompous conceits of less than a century ago.

With the advent of Southey the reader will perceive that the Apollonic garland entered upon a new and bright, and still more bright career, until at length the publication of a volume by the laureate is regarded as an event of the season. Again the wreath and renown are correlative terms; and, forgetting the *poeta laureatus* as he appears in English history, we are unconsciously carried back to the more ancient and symbolical significance of the title. We close by expressing the hope that the modern line of "laurelled bards" thus happily inaugurated, may prove a long and glorious one; but that the time is far distant when we shall be called upon to look for a successor to the present high priest of Phœbus Apollo.

SAINT PAULS.

JULY, 1871.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALEC FORBES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROPOSALS.

MRS. HERBERT attended me during the forenoon, but left me after my early dinner. I made my tea for myself, and a tankard filled from a barrel of ale of my uncle's brewing, with a piece of bread and cheese, was my unvarying supper. The first night I felt very lonely, almost indeed what the Scotch call *erie*. The place, although inseparably interwoven with my earliest recollections, drew back and stood apart from me—a thing to be thought about; and, in the ancient house, amidst the lonely field, I felt like a ghost condemned to return and live the vanished time over again. I had had a fire lighted in my own room; for, although the air was warm outside, the thick stone walls seemed to retain the chilly breath of the last winter. The silent rooms that filled the house forced the sense of their presence upon me. I seemed to see the forsaken things in them staring at each other, hopeless and useless, across the dividing space, as if saying to themselves, "We belong to the dead, are mouldering to the dust after them, and in the dust alone we meet." From the vacant rooms my soul seemed to float out beyond, searching still—to find nothing but loneliness and emptiness betwixt me and the stars; and beyond the stars more loneliness and more emptiness still—no rest for the sole of the foot of the wandering Psyche—save—one mighty saving—an exception which if true must be the one all-absorbing rule. "But," I was saying to myself, "love unknown is not even equal to love lost," when my reverie was broken by the dull noise of a horse's hoofs upon the sward. I rose and went to the window. As I crossed the room,

my brain rather than myself suddenly recalled the night when my pendulum drew from the churning trees the unwelcome genius of the storm. The moment I reached the window—there through the dim summer twilight, once more from the trees, now as still as sleep, came the same figure.

Mr. Coningham saw me at the fire-lighted window, and halted.

"May I be admitted?" he asked ceremoniously.

I made a sign to him to ride round to the door, for I could not speak aloud: it would have been rude to the memories that haunted the silent house.

"May I come in for a few minutes, Mr. Cumbermede?" he asked again, already at the door by the time I had opened it.

"By all means, Mr. Coningham," I replied. "Only you must tie your horse to this ring, for we—I—have no stable here."

"I've done this before," he answered, as he made the animal fast. "I know the ways of the place well enough. But surely you're not here in absolute solitude?"

"Yes, I am. I prefer being alone at present."

"Very unhealthy, I must say! You will grow hypochondriacal if you mope in this fashion," he returned, following me up the stairs to my room.

"A day or two of solitude now and then, would, I suspect, do most people more good than harm," I answered. "But you must not think I intend leading a hermit's life. Have you heard that my aunt——?"

"Yes, yes.—You are left alone in the world. But relations are not a man's only friends—and certainly not always his best friends."

I made no reply, thinking of my uncle.

"I did not know you were down," he resumed. "I was calling at my father's, and seeing your light across the park, thought it possible you might be here, and rode over to see.—May I take the liberty of asking what your plans are?" he added, seating himself by the fire.

"I have hardly had time to form new ones; but I mean to stick to my work anyhow."

"You mean your profession?"

"Yes, if you will allow me to call it such. I have had success enough already to justify me in going on."

"I am more pleased than surprised to hear it," he answered. "But what will you do with the old nest?"

"Let the old nest wait for the old bird, Mr. Coningham—keep it to die in."

"I don't like to hear a young fellow talking that way," he remonstrated. "You've got a long life to live yet—at least I hope so. But if you leave the house untenanted till the period to which you allude, it will be quite unfit by that time even for the small service you propose to require of it. Why not let it—for a term of years? I could find you a tenant, I make no doubt."

"I won't let it. I shall meet the world all the better if I have a place of my own to take refuge in."

"Well, I can't say but there's good in that fancy. To have any spot of your own, however small—freehold, I mean—must be a comfort. At the same time, what's the world for, if you're to meet it in that half-hearted way? I don't mean that every young man—there are exceptions—must sow just so many bushels of *avena fatua*. There are plenty of enjoyments to be got without leading a wild life—which I should be the last to recommend to any young man of principle. Take my advice, and let the place. But pray don't do me the injustice to fancy I came to look after a job. I shall be most happy to serve you."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," I answered. "If you could let the farm for me for the rest of the lease, of which there are but a few years to run, that would be of great consequence to me. Herbert, my uncle's foreman, who has the management now, is a very good fellow, but I doubt if he will do more than make both ends meet without my aunt, and the accounts would bother me endlessly."

"I shall find out whether Lord Inglewold would be inclined to resume the fag-end. In such case, as the lease has been a long one, and land has risen much, he would doubtless pay a part of the difference. Then there's the stock—worth a good deal, I should think. I'll see what can be done. And then there's the stray bit of park?"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "We have been in the way of calling it the *park*, though why, I never could tell. I confess it does look like a bit of Sir Giles's that had wandered beyond the gates."

"There is some old story or other about it, I believe. The possessors of the Moldwarp estate have, from time immemorial, regarded it as properly theirs. I know that."

"I am much obliged to them, certainly. I have been in the habit of thinking differently."

"Of course, of course," he rejoined, laughing. "But there may have been some—mistake somewhere. I know Sir Giles would give five times its value for it."

"He should not have it if he offered the Moldwarp estate in exchange," I cried indignantly; and the thought flashed across me that this temptation was what my uncle had feared from the acquaintance of Mr. Coningham.

"Your sincerity will not be put to so great a test as that," he returned, laughing quite merrily. "But I am glad you have such a respect for real property. At the same time—how many acres are there of it?"

"I don't know," I answered curtly and truly.

"It's of no consequence. Only if you don't want to be tempted, don't let Sir Giles or my father broach the subject. You needn't

look at me. I am not Sir Giles's agent. Neither do my father and I run in double harness. He hinted, however, this very day, that he believed the old fool wouldn't stick at £500 an acre for this bit of grass—if he couldn't get it for less."

"If that is what you have come about, Mr. Coningham," I rejoined, haughtily I dare say, for something I could not well define made me feel as if the dignity of a thousand ancestors were perilled in my own, "I beg you will not say another word on the subject, for sell this land I *will not*."

He was looking at me strangely: his eye glittered with what, under other circumstances, I might have taken for satisfaction; but he turned his face away and rose, saying, with a curiously altered tone, as he took up his hat,

"I'm very sorry to have offended you, Mr. Cumberland. I sincerely beg your pardon. I thought our old—friendship may I not call it?—would [have justified me in merely reporting what I had heard. I see now that I was wrong. I ought to have shown more regard for your feelings at this trying time. But again I assure you I was only reporting, and had not the slightest intention of making myself a go-between in the matter. One word more: I have no doubt I could *let* the field for you—at good grazing rental. That I think you can hardly object to."

"I should be much obliged to you," I replied—"for a term of not more than seven years—but without the house, and with the stipulation expressly made that I have right of way in every direction through it."

"Reasonable enough," he answered.

"One thing more," I said: "all these affairs must be pure matters of business between us."

"As you please," he returned, with, I fancied, a shadow of disappointment if not of displeasure on his countenance. "I should have been more gratified if you had accepted a friendly office; but I will do my best for you, notwithstanding."

"I had no intention of being unfriendly, Mr. Coningham," I said. "But when I think of it, I fear I may have been rude, for the bare proposal of selling this Naboth's vineyard of mine would go far to make me rude to any man alive. It sounds like an invitation to dishonour myself in the eyes of my ancestors."

"Ah! you do care about your ancestors?" he said half musingly, and looking into his hat.

"Of course I do! Who is there does not?"

"Only some ninety-nine hundredths of the English nation."

"I cannot well forget," I returned, "what my ancestors have done for me."

"Whereas most people only remember that their ancestors can do no more for them. I declare I am almost glad I offended you. It

does one good to hear a young man speak like that in these degenerate days, when a buck would rather be the son of a rich brewer than a decayed gentleman. I will call again about the end of the week—that is if you will be here—and report progress.”

His manner, as he took his leave, was at once more friendly and more respectful than it had yet been—a change which I attributed to his having discovered in me more firmness than he had expected, in regard, if not of my rights, at least of my social position.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARRANGEMENTS.

My custom at this time, and for long after I had finally settled down in the country, was to rise early in the morning—often, as I used when a child, before sunrise, in order to see the first burst of the sun upon the new-born world. I believed then, as I believe still, that, lovely as the sunset is, the sunrise is more full of mystery, poetry, and even, I had almost said, pathos. But often ere he was well up I had begun to imagine what the evening would be like, and with what softly mingled, all but imperceptible gradations it would steal into night. Then when the night came, I would wander about my little field, vainly endeavouring to picture the glory with which the next day's sun would rise upon me. Hence the morning and evening became well known to me; and yet I shrink from saying it, for each is endless in the variety of its change. And the longer I was alone, I became the more enamoured of solitude, with the labour to which, in my case, it was so helpful; and began indeed to be in some danger of losing sight of my relation to “a world of men,” for with that world my imagination and my love for Charley were now my sole recognizable links.

In the fore-part of the day, I read and wrote; and in the after part found both employment and pleasure in arranging my uncle's books, amongst which I came upon a good many treasures whereof I was now able in some measure to appreciate the value—thinking often, amidst their ancient dust and odours, with something like indignant pity, of the splendid collection, as I was sure it must be, mouldering away in utter neglect at the neighbouring Hall.

I was on my knees in the midst of a pile which I had drawn from a cupboard under the shelves, when Mrs. Herbert showed Mr. Coningham in. I was annoyed, for my uncle's room was sacred; but as I was about to take him to my own, I saw such a look of interest upon his face that it turned me aside, and I asked him to take a seat.

“If you do not mind the dust,” I added.

“Mind the dust!” he exclaimed, “—of old books! I count it almost sacred. I am glad you know how to value them.”

What right had he to be glad? How did he know I valued them? How could I but value them? I rebuked my offence, however, and after a little talk about them, in which he revealed much more knowledge than I should have expected, it vanished. He then informed me of an arrangement he and Lord Inglewold's factor had been talking over in respect of the farm; also of an offer he had had for my field. I considered both sufficiently advantageous in my circumstances, and the result was that I closed with both.

A few days after this arrangement, I returned to London, intending to remain for some time. I had a warm welcome from Charley, but could not help fancying an unacknowledged something dividing us. He appeared, notwithstanding, less oppressed, and, in a word, more like other people. I proceeded at once to finish two or three papers and stories, which late events had interrupted. But within a week London had grown to me stifling and unendurable, and I longed unspeakably for the free air of my field, and the loneliness of my small castle. If my reader regard me as already a hypochondriac, the sole disproof I have to offer is, that I was then diligently writing what some years afterwards obtained a hearty reception from the better class of the reading public. Whether my habits were healthy or not, whether my love of solitude was natural or not, I cannot but hope from this that my modes of thinking were. The end was, that, after finishing the work I had on hand, I collected my few belongings, gave up my lodging, bade Charley good-bye, receiving from him a promise to visit me at my own house if possible, and took my farewell of London for a season, determined not to return until I had produced a work which my now more enlarged judgment might consider fit to see the light. I had laid out all my spare money upon books, with which in a few heavy trunks I now went back to my solitary dwelling. I had no care upon my mind, for my small fortune along with the rent of my field was more than sufficient for my maintenance in the almost anchoritic seclusion in which I intended to live, and hence I had every advantage for the more definite projection and prosecution of a work which had been gradually shaping itself in my mind for months past.

Before leaving for London, I had already spoken to a handy lad employed upon the farm, and he had kept himself free to enter my service when I should require him. He was the more necessary to me that I still had my mare Lilith, from which nothing but fate should ever part me. I had no difficulty in arranging with the new tenant for her continued accommodation at the farm; while, as Herbert still managed its affairs, the services of his wife were available as often as I required them. But my man soon made himself capable of doing everything for me, and proved himself perfectly trustworthy.

I must find a name for my place—for its own I will not write: let

me call it The Moat: there were signs, plain enough to me after my return from Oxford, that there had once been a moat about it, of which the hollow I have mentioned as the spot where I used to lie and watch for the sun's first rays, had evidently been a part. But the remains of the moat lay at a considerable distance from the house, suggesting a large area of building at some former period, proof of which, however, had entirely vanished, the house bearing every sign of a narrow completeness.

The work I had undertaken required a constantly recurring reference to books of the sixteenth century; and although I had provided as many as I thought I should need, I soon found them insufficient. My uncle's library was very large for a man in his position, but it was not by any means equally developed; and my necessities made me think often of the old library at the Hall, which might contain somewhere in its ruins every book I wanted. Not only, however, would it have been useless to go searching in the formless mass for this or that volume, but, unable to grant Sir Giles the desire of his heart in respect of my poor field, I did not care to ask of him the comparatively small favour of being allowed to burrow in his dust-heap of literature.

I was sitting, one hot noon, almost in despair over a certain little point concerning which I could find no definite information, when Mr. Coningham called. After some business matters had been discussed, I mentioned, merely for the sake of talk, the difficulty I was in—the sole disadvantage of a residence in the country as compared with London, where the British Museum was the unfailing resort of all who required such aid as I was in want of.

“But there is the library at Moldwarp Hall,” he said.

“Yes, *there* it is; but there is not *here*.”

“I have no doubt Sir Giles would make you welcome to borrow what books you wanted. He is a good-natured man, Sir Giles.”

I explained my reason for not troubling him.

“Besides,” I added, “the library is in such absolute chaos, that I might with less loss of time run up to London, and find any volume I happened to want among the old-book-shops. You have no idea what a mess Sir Giles's books are in—scarcely two volumes of the same book to be found even in proximity. It is one of the most painful sights I ever saw.”

He said little more, but from what followed, I suspect either he or his father spoke to Sir Giles on the subject; for, one day, as I was walking past the park-gates, which I had seldom entered since my return, I saw him just within, talking to old Mr. Coningham. I saluted him in passing, and he not only returned the salutation in a friendly manner, but made a step towards me as if he wished to speak to me. I turned and approached him. He came out, and shook hands with me.

"I know who you are, Mr. Cumbermede, although I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you before," he said frankly.

"There you are mistaken, Sir Giles," I returned; "but you could hardly be expected to remember the little boy who, many years ago, having stolen one of your apples, came to you to comfort him."

He laughed heartily.

"I remember the circumstance well," he said. "And you were that unhappy culprit? Ha! ha! ha! To tell the truth, I have thought of it many times. It was a remarkably fine thing to do."

"What! steal the apple, Sir Giles?"

"Make the instant reparation you did."

"There was no reparation in asking you to box my ears."

"It was all you could do, though."

"To ease my own conscience, it was. There is always a satisfaction, I suppose, in suffering for your sins. But I have thought a thousand times of your kindness in shaking hands with me instead. You treated me as the angels treat the repentant sinner, Sir Giles."

"Well, I certainly never thought of it in that light," he said; then, as if wishing to change the subject,—“Don't you find it lonely now your uncle is gone?” he asked.

"I miss him more than I can tell."

"A very worthy man he was—too good for this world by all accounts."

"He's not the worse off for that now, Sir Giles, I trust."

"No; of course not," he returned quickly, with the usual shrinking from slightest allusion to what is called the other world.—“Is there anything I can do for you? You are a literary man, they tell me. There are a good many books of one sort and another lying at the Hall. Some of them might be of use to you. They are at your service. I am sure you are to be trusted even with mouldy books, which from what I hear must be a greater temptation to you now than red-cheeked apples,” he added with another merry laugh.

"I will tell you what, Sir Giles," I answered. "It has often grieved me to think of the state of your library. It would be scarcely possible for me to find a book in it now. But if you would trust me, I should be delighted, in my spare hours, of which I can command a good many, to put the whole in order for you."

"I should be under the greatest obligation. I have always intended having some capable man down from London to arrange it. I am no great reader myself, but I have the highest respect for a good library. It ought never to have got into the condition in which I found it."

"The books are fast going to ruin, I fear."

"Are they indeed?" he exclaimed, with some consternation. "I was not in the least aware of that. I thought so long as I let no one meddle with them, they were safe enough."

"The law of the moth and rust holds with books as well as other unused things," I answered.

"Then, pray, my dear sir, undertake the thing at once," he said, in a tone to which the uneasiness of self-reproach gave a touch of imperiousness. "But really," he added, "it seems trespassing on your goodness much too far. Your time is valuable. Would it be a long job?"

"It would doubtless take some months; but the pleasure of seeing order dawn from confusion would itself repay me. And I *might* come upon certain books of which I am greatly in want. You will have to allow me a carpenter though, for the shelves are not half sufficient to hold the books; and I have no doubt those there are stand in need of repair."

I have a carpenter amongst my people. Old houses want constant attention. I shall put him under your orders with pleasure. Come and dine with me to-morrow, and we'll talk it all over."

"You are very kind," I said. "Is Mr. Brotherton at home?"

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"I heard the other day that he had sold his commission."

"Yes—six months ago. His regiment was ordered to India, and—and—his mother—— But he does not give us much of his company," added the old man. "I am sorry he is not at home, for he would have been glad to meet you."

Instead of responding, I merely made haste to accept Sir Giles's invitation. I confess I did not altogether relish having anything to do with the future property of Geoffrey Brotherton; but the attraction of the books was great, and in any case I should be under no obligation to him; neither was the nature of the service I was about to render him such as would awaken any sense of obligation in a mind like his.

I could not help recalling the sarcastic criticisms of Clara when I entered the drawing-room of Moldwarp Hall—a long, low-ceiled room, with its walls and stools and chairs covered with tapestry, some of it the work of the needle, other some of the Gobelin loom; but although I found Lady Brotherton a common enough old lady, who showed little of the dignity of which she evidently thought much, and was more condescending to her yeoman neighbour than was agreeable, I did not at once discover ground for the severity of those remarks. Miss Brotherton, the eldest of the family, a long-necked lady, the flower of whose youth was beginning to curl at the edges, I found well-read, but whether in books or the reviews of them, I had to leave an open question as yet. Nor was I sufficiently taken with her not to feel considerably dismayed when she proffered me her assistance in arranging the library. I made no objection at the time, only hinting that the drawing up of a catalogue afterwards might be a fitter employment for her fair fingers; but I resolved to create such a fearful

pothor at the very beginning, that her first visit should be her last. And so I doubt not it would have fallen out, but for something else. The only other person who dined with us, was a Miss Pease—at least so I will call her—who, although the law of her existence appeared to be fetching and carrying for Lady Brotherton, was yet in virtue of a poor-relationship, allowed an uneasy seat at the table. Her obedience was mechanically perfect. One wondered how the mere nerves of volition could act so instantaneously upon the slightest hint. I saw her more than once or twice withdraw her fork when almost at her lips, and, almost before she had laid it down, rise from her seat to obey some half-whispered half-nodded behest. But her look was one of injured meekness and self-humbled submission. Sir Giles now and then gave her a kind or merry word, but she would reply to it with almost abject humility. Her face was gray and pinched, her eyes were very cold, and she ate as if she did not know one thing from another.

Over our wine, Sir Giles introduced business. I professed myself ready, with a housemaid and carpenter at my orders when I should want them, to commence operations the following afternoon. He begged me to ask for whatever I might want, and after a little friendly chat, I took my leave, elated with the prospect of the work before me. About three o'clock the next afternoon, I took my way to the Hall to assume the temporary office of creative librarian.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PREPARATIONS.

It was a lovely afternoon, the air hot, and the shadows of the trees dark upon the green grass. The clear sun was shining sideways on the little oriel window of one of the rooms in which my labour awaited me. Never have I seen a picture of more stately repose than the huge pile of building presented, while the curious vane on the central square tower glittered like the outburning flame of its hidden life. The only objection I could find to it was that it stood isolated from its own park, although the portion next it was kept as trim as the smoothest lawn. There was not a door anywhere to be seen except the two gateway entrances, and not a window upon the ground floor. All the doors and low windows were either within the courts, or opened on the garden which, with its terraced walks and avenues and one tiny lawn, surrounded the two further sides of the house, and was itself enclosed by walls.

I knew the readiest way to the library well enough: once admitted at the outer gate, I had no occasion to trouble the servants. The rooms containing the books were amongst the bedrooms, and after crossing the great hall, I had to turn my back on the stair which led

to the ball-room and drawing-room, and ascend another to the left, so that I could come and go with little chance of meeting any of the family.

The rooms, I have said, were six, none of them of any great size, and all ill-fitted for the purpose. In fact, there was such a sense of confinement about the whole arrangement as gave me the feeling that any difficult book read there would be unintelligible. Order, however, is only another kind of light, and would do much to destroy the impression. Having with practical intent surveyed the situation, I saw there was no space for action. I must have at least the temporary use of another room.

Observing that the last of the suite of book-rooms farthest from the armoury had still a door into the room beyond, I proceeded to try it, thinking to know at a glance whether it would suit me, and whether it was likely to be yielded for my purpose. It opened, and, to my dismay, there stood Clara Coningham, fastening her collar. She looked sharply round, and made a half-indignant step towards me.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss Coningham," I exclaimed. "Will you allow me to explain, or must I retreat unheard?"

I was vexed indeed, for, notwithstanding a certain flutter at the heart, I had no wish to renew my acquaintance with her.

"There must be some fatality about the place, Mr. Cumbermede!" she said, almost with her old merry laugh. "It frightens me."

"Precisely my own feeling, Miss Coningham. I had no idea you were in the neighbourhood."

"I cannot say so much as that; for I had heard you were at The Moat; but I had no expectation of seeing you—least of all in this house. I suppose you are on the scent of some musty old book or other," she added, approaching the door where I stood with the handle in my hand.

"My object is an invasion rather than a hunt," I said, drawing back that she might enter.

"Just as it was, the last time you and I were here!" she went on, with scarcely a pause, and as easily as if there had never been any misunderstanding between us.

I had thought myself beyond any further influence from her fascinations, but when I looked in her beautiful face, and heard her allude to the past with so much friendliness, and such apparent unconsciousness of any reason for forgetting it, a tremor ran through me from head to foot. I mastered myself sufficiently to reply, however.

"It is the last time you will see it so," I said; "for here stands the Hercules of the stable—about to restore it to cleanliness, and what is of far more consequence in a library—to order!"

"You don't mean it!" she exclaimed with genuine surprise.
"I'm so glad I'm here!"

"Are you on a visit then?"

"Indeed I am; though how it came about I don't know. I dare say my father does. Lady Brotherton has invited me, stiffly of course, to spend a few weeks during their stay. Sir Giles must be in it: I believe I am rather a favourite with the good old man. But I have another fancy: my grandfather is getting old; I suspect my father has been making himself useful, and this invitation is an acknowledgment. Men always buttress their ill-built dignities by keeping poor women in the dark; by which means you drive us to infinite conjecture. That is how we come to be so much cleverer than you at putting two and two together, and making five."

"But," I ventured to remark, "under such circumstances, you will hardly enjoy your visit."

"Oh! shan't I? I shall get fun enough out of it for that. They are—all but Sir Giles—they are great fun. Of course they don't treat me as an equal, but I take it out in amusement. You will find you have to do the same."

"Not I. I have nothing to do with them. I am here as a skilled workman—one whose work is his sufficient reward. There is nothing degrading in that—is there? If I thought there was, of course, I shouldn't come."

"You *never* did anything you felt degrading?"

"No."

"Happy mortal!" she said, with a sigh—whether humorous or real, I could not tell.

"I have had no occasion," I returned.

"And yet, as I hear, you have made your mark in literature?"

"Who says that? I should not."

"Never mind," she rejoined, with, as I fancied, the look of having said more than she ought. "But," she added, "I wish you would tell me in what periodicals you write."

"You must excuse me. I do not wish to be first known in connection with fugitive things. When first I publish a book, you may be assured my name will be on the title-page. Meantime, I must fulfil the conditions of my *entrée*."

"And I must go and pay my respects to Lady Brotherton. I have only just arrived."

"Won't you find it dull? There's nobody of man-kind at home but Sir Giles."

"You are unjust. If Mr. Brotherton had been here, I shouldn't have come. I find him troublesome."

I thought she blushed, notwithstanding the air of freedom with which she spoke.

"If he should come into the property to-morrow," she went on, "I fear you would have little chance of completing your work."

"If he came into the property this day six months, I fear he would find it unfinished. Certainly what was to do should remain undone."

"Don't be too sure of that. He might win you over. He can talk."

"I should not be so readily pleased as another might."

She bent towards me, and said in an almost hissing whisper—

"Wilfrid, I hate him!"

I started. She looked what she said. The blood shot to my heart, and again rushed to my face. But suddenly she retreated into her own room, and noiselessly closed the door. The same moment I heard that of a further room open, and presently Miss Brotherton peeped in.

"How do you do, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said. "You are already hard at work, I see."

I was in fact, doing nothing. I explained that I could not make a commencement without the use of another room.

"I will send the housekeeper, and you can arrange with her," she said, and left me.

In a few minutes Mrs. Wilson entered. Her manner was more stiff and formal than ever. We shook hands in a rather limp fashion.

"You've got your will at last, Mr. Cumbermede," she said. "I suppose the thing's to be done!"

"It is, Mrs. Wilson, I am happy to say. Sir Giles kindly offered me the use of the library, and I took the liberty of representing to him that there was no library until the books were arranged."

"Why couldn't you take a book away with you and read it in comfort at home?"

"How could I take the book home if I couldn't find it?"

"You could find something worth reading, if that were all you wanted."

"But that is not all. I have plenty of reading."

"Then I don't see what's the good of it."

"Books are very much like people, Mrs. Wilson. There are not so many you want to know all about; but most could tell you things you don't know. I want certain books in order to question them about certain things."

"Well, all I know is, it'll be more trouble than it's worth."

"I am afraid it will—to you, Mrs. Wilson; but though I am taking a thousand times your trouble, I expect to be well repaid for it."

"I have no doubt of that. Sir Giles is a liberal gentleman."

"You don't suppose *he* is going to pay me, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Who else should?"

"Why, the books themselves, of course."

Evidently she thought I was making game of her, for she was silent.

"Will you show me which room I can have?" I said. "It must be as near this one as possible. Is the next particularly wanted?" I asked, pointing to the door which led into Clara's room.

She went to it quickly, and opened it far enough to put her hand in and take the key from the other side, which she then inserted on my side, turned in the lock, drew out, and put in her pocket.

"That room is otherwise engaged," she said. "You must be content with one across the corridor."

"Very well—if it is not far. I should make slow work of it, if I had to carry the books a long way."

"You can have one of the footmen to help you," she said, apparently relenting.

"No, thank you," I answered. "I will have no one touch the books but myself."

"I will show you one which I think will suit your purpose," she said, leading the way.

It was nearly opposite—a bedroom, sparsely furnished.

"Thank you. This will do—if you will order all the things to be piled in that corner."

She stood silent for a few moments, evidently annoyed, then turned and left the room, saying,

"I will see to it, Mr. Cumbermede."

Returning to the books and pulling off my coat, I had soon compelled such a cloud of very ancient and smothering dust, that when Miss Brotherton again made her appearance, her figure showed dim through the thick air, as she stood—dismayed I hoped—in the doorway. I pretended to be unaware of her presence, and went on beating and blowing, causing yet thicker volumes of solid vapour to clothe my presence. She withdrew without even an attempt at parley.

Having heaped several great piles near the door, each composed of books of nearly the same size, the first rudimentary approach to arrangement, I crossed to the other room to see what progress had been made. To my surprise and annoyance, I found nothing had been done. Determined not to have my work impeded by the remissness of the servants, and seeing I must place myself at once on a proper footing in the house, I went to the drawing-room to ascertain, if possible, where Sir Giles was. I had of course put on my coat, but having no means of ablution at hand, I must have presented a very unrepresentable appearance when I entered. Lady Brotherton half rose, in evident surprise at my intrusion, but at once resumed her seat, saying, as she turned her chair half towards the window where the other two ladies sat,

"The housekeeper will attend to you, Mr. Cumbermede—or the butler."

I could see that Clara was making inward merriment over my appearance and reception.

"Could you tell me, Lady Brotherton," I said, "where I should be likely to find Sir Giles?"

"I can give you no information on that point," she answered, with consummate stiffness.

"I know where he is," said Clara, rising. "I will take you to him. He is in the study."

She took no heed of the glance broadly thrown at her, but approached the door.

I opened it, and followed her out of the room. As soon as we were beyond hearing, she burst out laughing.

"How dared you show your workman's face in that drawing-room?" she said. "I am afraid you have much offended her ladyship."

"I hope it is for the last time. When I am properly attended to, I shall have no occasion to trouble her."

She led me to Sir Giles's study. Except newspapers and reports of companies, there was in it nothing printed. He rose when we entered, and came towards us.

"Looking like your work already, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, holding out his hand.

"I must not shake hands with you this time, Sir Giles," I returned. "But I am compelled to trouble you. I can't get on for want of attendance. I *must* have a little help."

I told him how things were. His rosy face grew rosier, and he rang the bell angrily. The butler answered it.

"Send Mrs. Wilson here. And I beg, Hurst, you will see that Mr. Cumbermede has every attention."

Mrs. Wilson presently made her appearance, and stood with a flushed face before her master.

"Let Mr. Cumbermede's orders be attended to *at once*, Mrs. Wilson."

"Yes, Sir Giles," she answered, and waited.

"I am greatly obliged to you for letting me know," he added, turning to me. "Pray insist upon proper attention."

"Thank you, Sir Giles. I shall not scruple."

"That will do, Mrs. Wilson. You must not let Mr. Cumbermede be hampered in his kind labours for my benefit by the idleness of my servants."

The housekeeper left the room, and after a little chat with Sir Giles, I went back to the books. Clara had followed Mrs. Wilson, partly, I suspect, for the sake of enjoying her confusion.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ASSISTANCE.

I RETURNED to my solitary house as soon as the evening began to grow too dark for my work, which, from the lowness of the windows and the age of the glass, was early. All the way as I went, I was thinking of Clara. Not only had time somewhat obliterated the last impression she had made upon me, but I had, partly from the infection of Charley's manner, long ago stumbled upon various excuses for her conduct. Now I said to myself that she had certainly a look of greater sedateness than before. But her expression of dislike to Geoffrey Brotherton had more effect upon me than anything else, inasmuch as there Vanity found room for the soles of both her absurdly small feet; and that evening, when I went wandering, after my custom, with a volume of Dante in my hand, the book remained unopened, and from the form of Clara flowed influences mingling with and gathering fresh power from those of Nature, whose feminine front now brooded over me half-withdrawn in the dim, starry night. I remember that night so well! I can recall it now with a calmness equal to its own. Indeed in my memory it seems to belong to my mind as much as to the outer world; or rather the night filled both, forming the space in which my thoughts moved, as well as the space in which the brilliant thread of the sun-lighted crescent hung clasping the earth-lighted bulk of the moon. I wandered in the grass until midnight was long by, feeling as quietly and peacefully at home as if my head had been on the pillow and my soul out in a lovely dream of cool delight. We lose much even by the good habits we form. What tender and glorious changes pass over our sleeping heads unseen! What moons rise and set in rippled seas of cloud or behind hills of stormy vapour while we are blind! What storms roll thundering across the airy vault, with no eyes for their keen lightnings to dazzle, while we dream of the dead who will not speak to us! But ah! I little thought to what a dungeon of gloom this lovely night was the jasmine-grown porch!

The next morning I was glad to think that there was no wolf at my door, howling *work—work!* Moldwarp Hall drew me with redoubled attraction; and instead of waiting for the afternoon, which alone I had intended to occupy with my new undertaking, I set out to cross the park the moment I had finished my late breakfast. Nor could I conceal from myself that it was quite as much for the chance of seeing Clara now and then as from pleasure in the prospect of an ordered library that I repaired thus early to the Hall. In the morning light, however, I began to suspect as I walked, that, although Clara's frankness was flattering, it was rather a sign that she was heartwhole towards me than that she was careless of Brotherton. I began to

doubt also whether, after our first meeting, which she had carried off so well—cool even to kindness, she would care to remember that I was in the house, or derive from it any satisfaction beyond what came of the increased chances of studying the Brothertons from a humorous point of view. Then, after all, why was she there?—and apparently on such familiar terms with a family socially so far superior to her own? The result of my cogitations was the resolution to take care of myself. But it had vanished utterly before the day was two hours older. A youth's wise talk to himself will not make him a wise man, any more than the experience of the father will serve the son's need.

I was hard at work in my shirt-sleeves, carrying an armful of books across the corridor, and thinking whether I had not better bring my servant with me in the afternoon, when Clara came out of her room.

"Here already, Wilfrid!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you have some of the servants to help you? You're doing what any one might as well do for you."

"If these were handsomely bound," I answered, "I should not so much mind; but being old and tattered, no one ought to touch them who does not love them."

"Then, I suppose, you wouldn't trust me with them either, for I cannot pretend to anything beyond a second-hand respect for them."

"What do you mean by a second-hand respect?" I asked.

"I mean such respect as comes from seeing that a scholar like you respects them."

"Then I think I could accord you a second-hand sort of trust—under my own eye, that is," I answered, laughing. "But you can scarcely leave your hostess to help me."

"I will ask Miss Brotherton to come too. She will pretend all the respect you desire."

"I made three times the necessary dust in order to frighten her away yesterday."

"Ah! that's a pity. But I shall manage to overrule her objections—that is, if you would really like two tolerably educated housemaids to help you."

"I will gladly endure one of them for the sake of the other," I replied.

"No compliments, please," she returned, and left the room.

In about half an hour she reappeared, accompanied by Miss Brotherton. They were in white wrappers, with their dresses shortened a little, and their hair tucked under mob caps. Miss Brotherton looked like a lady's-maid, Clara like a lady acting a lady's-maid. I assumed the command at once, pointing out to what heaps in the other room those I had grouped in this were to be added, and giving strict injunctions as to carrying only a few at once, and laying them down

with care in regularly ordered piles. Clara obeyed with a mock submission, Miss Brotherton with a reserve which heightened the impression of her dress. I was instinctively careful how I spoke to Clara, fearing to compromise her, but she seemed all at once to change her rôle, and began to propose, object, and even insist upon her own way, drawing from me the threat of immediate dismissal from my service, at which her companion laughed with an awkwardness showing she regarded the pleasantry as a presumption. Before one o'clock, the first room was almost empty. Then the great bell rang, and Clara, coming from the auxiliary chamber, put her head in at the door.

"Won't you come to luncheon?" she said, with a sly archness, looking none the less bewitching for a smudge or two on her lovely face, or the blackness of the delicate hands which she held up like two paws for my admiration.

"In the servants' hall?—Workmen don't sit down with ladies and gentlemen. Did Miss Brotherton send you to ask me?"

She shook her head.

"Then you had better come and lunch with me."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I hope you will *some* day honour my little fragment of a house. It is a curious old place," I said.

"I don't like musty old places," she replied.

"But I have heard you speak with no little admiration of the Hall: some parts of it are older than my sentry-box."

"I can't say I admire it at all as a place to live in," she answered curtly.

"But I was not asking you to live in mine," I said—foolishly arguing.

She looked annoyed, whether with herself or me I could not tell, but instantly answered,

"Some day—when I can without—— But I must go and make myself tidy, or Miss Brotherton will be fancying I have been talking to you!"

"And what have you been doing then?"

"Only asking you to come to lunch."

"Will you tell her that?"

"Yes—if she says anything."

"Then you *had* better make haste and be asked no questions."

She glided away. I threw on my coat, and re-crossed the park.

But I was so eager to see again the fair face in the mob cap, that, although not at all certain of its reappearance, I told my man to go at once and bring the mare. He made haste, and by the time I had finished my dinner, she was at the door. I gave her the rein, and two or three minutes brought me back to the Hall, where, having stabled her, I was at my post again, I believe, before they had finished luncheon. I had a great heap of books ready in the second room

to carry into the first, and had almost concluded they would not come, when I heard their voices—and presently they entered, but not in their mob caps.

"What an unmerciful master you are!" said Clara, looking at the heap. "I thought you had gone home to lunch."

"I went home to dinner," I said. "I get more out of the day by dining early."

"How is that, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Miss Brotherton, with a nearer approach to cordiality than she had yet shown.

"I think the evening the best part of the day—too good to spend in eating and drinking."

"But," said Clara, quite gravely, "are not those the chief ends of existence?"

"Your friend is satirical, Miss Brotherton," I remarked.

"At least, you are not of her opinion, to judge by the time you have taken," she returned.

"I have been back nearly an hour," I said. "Workmen don't take long over their meals."

"Well, I suppose you don't want any more of us now," said Clara. "You will arrange the books you bring from the next room upon these empty shelves, I presume."

"No, not yet. I must not begin that until I have cleared the very last, got it thoroughly cleaned, the shelves seen to, and others put up."

"What a tremendous labour you have undertaken, Mr. Cumbermede!" said Miss Brotherton. "I am quite ashamed you should do so much for us."

"I, on the contrary, am delighted to be of any service to Sir Giles."

"But you don't expect us to slave all day as we did in the morning?" said Clara.

"Certainly not, Miss Coningham. I am too grateful to be exacting."

"Thank you for that pretty speech. Come, then, Miss Brotherton, we must have a walk. We haven't been out of doors to-day."

"Really, Miss Coningham, I think the least we can do is to help Mr. Cumbermede to our small ability."

"Nonsense!"—(Miss Brotherton positively started at the word.)

"Any two of the maids or men would serve his purpose better, if he did not affect fastidiousness. We shan't be allowed to come to-morrow if we overdo it to-day."

Miss Brotherton was evidently on the point of saying something indignant, but yielded notwithstanding, and I was left alone once more. Again I laboured until the shadows grew thick around the gloomy walls. As I galloped home, I caught sight of my late companions coming across the park; and I trust I shall not be hardly judged if I confess that I did sit straighter in my saddle, and mind my seat better. Thus ended my second day's work at the library of Moldwarp Hall.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

NEITHER of the ladies came to me the next morning. As far as my work was concerned, I was in considerably less need of their assistance, for it lay only between two rooms opening into each other. Nor did I feel any great disappointment, for so long as a man has something to do, expectation is pleasure enough, and will continue such for a long time. It is those who are unemployed to whom expectation becomes an agony. I went home to my solitary dinner almost resolved to return to my original plan of going only in the afternoons.

I was not thoroughly in love with Clara; but it was certainly the hope of seeing her, and not the pleasure of handling the dusty books that drew me back to the library that afternoon. I had got rather tired of the whole affair in the morning. It was very hot, and the dust was choking, and of the volumes I opened as they passed through my hands, not one was of the slightest interest to me. But for the chance of seeing Clara I should have lain in the grass instead.

No one came. I grew weary, and for a change retreated into the armoury. Evidently, not the slightest heed was paid to the weapons now, and I was thinking with myself that when I had got the books in order, I might give a few days to furbishing and oiling them, when the door from the gallery opened, and Clara entered.

"What! a truant?" she said.

"You take accusation at least by the forelock, Clara. Who is the real truant now—if I may suggest a mistake?"

"I never undertook anything. How many guesses have you made as to the cause of your desertion to-day?"

"Well, three or four."

"Have you made one as to the cause of Miss Brotherton's graciousness to you yesterday?"

"At least I remarked the change."

"I will tell you. There was a short notice of some of your writings in a certain magazine which I contrived should fall in her way."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have never put my name to anything."

"But you have put the same name to all your contributions."

"How should the reviewer know it meant me?"

"Your own name was never mentioned."

I thought she looked a little confused as she said this.

"Then how should Miss Brotherton know it meant me?"

She hesitated a moment—then answered:

"Perhaps from internal evidence.—I suppose I must confess I told her."

"Then how did *you* know?"

"I have been one of your readers for a long time."

"But how did you come to know my work?"

"That has oozed out."

"Some one must have told you," I said.

"That is my secret," she replied, with the air of making it a mystery in order to tease me.

"It must be all a mistake," I said. "Show me the magazine."

"As you won't take my word for it, I won't."

"Well, I shall soon find out. There is but one could have done it. It is very kind of him, no doubt; but I don't like it. That kind of thing should come of itself—not through friends."

"Who do you fancy has done it?"

"If you have a secret, so have I."

My answer seemed to relieve her, though I could not tell what gave me the impression.

"You are welcome to yours, and I will keep mine," she said. "I only wanted to explain Miss Brotherton's condescension yesterday."

"I thought you had been going to explain why you didn't come to-day."

"That is only a reaction. I have no doubt she thinks she went too far yesterday."

"That is absurd. She was civil; that was all."

"In reading your thermometer, you must know its zero first," she replied sententiously.—"Is the sword you call yours there still?"

"Yes, and I call it mine still."

"Why don't you take it then? I should have carried it off long ago."

"To steal my own would be to prejudice my right," I returned. "But I have often thought of telling Sir Giles about it."

"Why don't you then?"

"I hardly know. My head has been full of other things, and any time will do. But I should like to see it in its own place once more."

I had taken it from the wall, and now handed it to her.

"Is this it?" she said carelessly.

"It is—just as it was carried off my bed that night."

"What room were you in?" she asked, trying to draw it from the sheath.

"I can't tell. I've never been in it since."

"You don't seem to me to have the curiosity natural to a——"

"To a woman—no," I said.

"To a man of spirit," she retorted, with an appearance of indignation. "I don't believe you can tell even how it came into your possession!"

"Why shouldn't it have been in the family from time immemorial?"

"So!—And you don't care either to recover it, or to find out how you lost it!"

"How can I? Where is Mr. Close?"

"Why, dead—years and years ago!"

"So I understood. I can't well apply to him then,—and I am certain no one else knows."

"Don't be too sure of that. Perhaps Sir Giles——"

"I am positive Sir Giles knows nothing about it."

"I have reason to think the story is not altogether unknown in the family."

"Have you told it then?"

"No. But I *have* heard it alluded to."

"By Sir Giles?"

"No."

"By whom then?"

"I will answer no more questions."

"Geoffrey, I suppose?"

"You are not polite. Do you suppose I am bound to tell you all I know?"

"Not by any means. Only, you oughtn't to pique a curiosity you don't mean to satisfy."

"But if I'm not at liberty to say more?—All I meant to say was, that if I were you; I *would* get back that sword."

"You hint at a secret, and yet suppose I could carry off its object as I might a rusty nail which any passer-by would be made welcome to!"

"You might take it first, and mention the thing to Sir Giles afterwards."

"Why not mention it first?"

"Only on the supposition you had not the courage to claim it."

"In that case I certainly shouldn't have the courage to avow the deed afterwards. I don't understand you, Clara."

She laughed.

"That is always your way," she said. "You take everything so seriously! Why couldn't I make a proposition without being supposed to mean it?"

I was not satisfied. There was something short of uprightness in the whole tone of her attempted persuasion—which indeed I could hardly believe to have been so lightly intended as she now suggested. The effect on my feeling for her was that of a slight frost on the spring blossoms.

She had been examining the hilt with a look of interest, and was now for the third time trying to draw the blade from the sheath.



"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

"It's no use, Clara," I said. "It has been too many years glued to the scabbard."

"Glued!" she echoed. "What do you mean?"

I did not reply. An expression almost of horror shadowed her face, and at the same moment, to my astonishment, she drew it half-way.

"Why! you enchantress!" I exclaimed. "I never saw so much of it before. It is wonderfully bright—when one thinks of the years it has been shut in darkness."

She handed it to me as it was, saying,

"If that weapon was mine, I should never rest until I had found out everything concerning it."

"That is easily said, Clara; but how can I? My uncle knew nothing about it. My grandmother did, no doubt, but almost all I can remember her saying was something about my great-grandfather and Sir Marmaduke."

As I spoke, I tried to draw it entirely, but it would yield no farther. I then sought to replace it, but it would not move. That it had yielded to Clara's touch gave it a fresh interest and value.

"I was sure it had a history," said Clara. "Have you no family papers? Your house you say is nearly as old as this: are there no papers of *any* kind in it?"

"Yes, a few," I answered—"the lease of the farm—and——"

"Oh! rubbish!" she said. "Isn't the house your own?"

"Yes."

"And have you ever thoroughly searched it?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Not had time!" she repeated, in a tone of something so like the uttermost contempt that I was bewildered.

"I mean some day or other to have a rummage in the old lumber-room," I said.

"Well, I do think that is the least you can do—if only out of respect to your ancestors. Depend on it, they don't like to be forgotten any more than other people."

The intention I had just announced was however but just born of her words. I had never yet searched even my grandmother's bureau, and had but this very moment fancied there might be papers in some old chest in the lumber-room. That room had already begun to occupy my thoughts from another point of view, and hence, in part, no doubt the suggestion. I was anxious to have a visit from Charley. He might bring with him some of our London friends. There was absolutely no common room in the house except the hall-kitchen. The room we had always called the lumber-room was over it, and nearly as large. It had a tall stone chimney-piece, elaborately carved, and clearly had once been a room for entertainment. The idea of restoring it to its original dignity arose in my mind; and

I hoped that, furnished after as antique a fashion as I could compass, it would prove a fine room. The windows were small, to be sure, and the pitch rather low, but the whitewashed walls were panelled, and I had some hopes of the ceiling.

"Who knows," I said to myself, as I walked home that evening, "but I may come upon papers? I do remember something in the farthest corner that looks like a great chest."

Little more had passed between us, but Clara left me with the old dissatisfaction beginning to turn itself, as if about to awake once more. For the present I hung the half-naked blade upon the wall, for I dared not force it lest the scabbard should go to pieces.

When I reached home, I found a letter from Charley, to the effect that, if convenient, he would pay me a visit the following week. His mother and sister, he said, had been invited to Moldwarp Hall. His father was on the continent for his health. Without having consulted them on the matter, which might involve them in after difficulty, he would come to me, and so have an opportunity of seeing them in the sunshine of his father's absence. I wrote at once that I should be delighted to receive him.

The next morning I spent with my man in the lumber-room; and before mid-day the rest of the house looked like an old curiosity shop—it was so littered with odds and ends of dust-bloomed antiquity. It was hard work, and in the afternoon I found myself disinclined for more exercise of a similar sort. I had Lilith out, and took a leisurely ride instead. The next day and the next also I remained at home. The following morning I went again to Moldwarp Hall.

I had not been busy more than an hour or so, when Clara, who, I presume, had in passing heard me at work, looked in.

"Who is a truant now?" she said. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Here has Miss Brotherton been almost curious concerning your absence, and Sir Giles more than once on the point of sending to inquire after you!"

"Why didn't he then?"

"Oh! I suppose he was afraid it might look like an assertion of—of—of baronial rights, or something of the sort. How *could* you behave in such an inconsiderate fashion!"

"You must allow me to have *some* business of my own."

"Certainly. But with so many anxious friends, you ought to have given a hint of your intentions."

"I had none, however."

"Of which? Friends or intentions?"

"Either."

"What! No friends? I verily surprised Miss Pease in the act of studying her 'Cookery for Invalids'—in the hope of finding a patient in you, no doubt. She wanted to come and nurse you, but daredn't propose it."

"It was very kind of her."

"No doubt. But then you see she's ready to commit suicide any day, poor old thing, but for lack of courage!"

"It must be dreary for her!"

"Dreary! I should poison the old dragon."

"Well, perhaps I had better tell you, for Miss Pease's sake, who is evidently the only one that cares a straw about *me* in the matter, that possibly I shall be absent a good many days this week, and perhaps the next too."

"Why then—if I may ask—Mr. Absolute?"

"Because a friend of mine is going to pay me a visit. You remember Charley Osborne, don't you? Of course you do. You remember the ice-cave, I am sure."

"Yes I do—quite well," she answered.

I fancied I saw a shadow cross her face.

"When do you expect him?" she asked, turning away, and picking a book from the floor.

"In a week or so, I think. He tells me his mother and sister are coming here on a visit."

"Yes—so I believe—to-morrow, I think. I wonder if I ought to be going. I don't think I will. I came to please them—at all events not to please myself; but as I find it pleasanter than I expected, I won't go without a hint and a half at least."

"Why should you? There is plenty of room."

"Yes; but don't you see?—so many inferiors in the house at once might be too much for Madame Dignity. She finds one quite enough, I suspect."

"You do not mean that she regards the Osbornes as inferiors?"

"Not a doubt of it. Never mind. I can take care of myself. Have you any work for me to-day?"

"Plenty, if you are in a mood for it."

"I will fetch Miss Brotherton."

"I can do without *her*."

She went, however, and did not return. As I walked home to dinner, she and Miss Brotherton passed me in the carriage on their way, as I learned afterwards, to fetch the Osborne ladies from the rectory, some ten miles off. I did not return to Moldwarp Hall, but helped Styles in the lumber-room, which before night we had almost emptied.

The next morning I was favoured with a little desultory assistance from the two ladies, but saw nothing of the visitors. In the afternoon, and both the following days, I took my servant with me, who got through more work than the two together, and we advanced it so far that I was able to leave the room next the armoury in the hands of the carpenter and the housemaid, with sufficient directions, and did not return that week.

THE TASMANIAN DEVIL.

THE obscure hunter who first, in the heat of his admiration, gave the name of devil to the Ursian sarcophilus, probably dreamt little that the title would not only remain to the species, but that a learned naturalist would one day endow the kind with the generic *Diabolus*, adapted unmistakably from Garth's energetic sobriquet.

The original term was indeed more homely still—in fact, too low and trivial to have survived in serious print; and Garth owes it, no doubt, to his immediate and prudent substitution of the more parliamentary term of devil, that he remains the founder of the family name.

Garth was an illiterate farm domestic, employed chiefly as a ranger by his master, Lazarus Hart. His history begins and ends with the one solitary incident connecting his name with the sarcophilus, and he is entirely indebted to the subsequent fame of that distinguished quadruped for being remembered at all in the annals of Tasmania.

Lazarus Hart, on the contrary, was one of the few independent settlers surviving at the granting of the charter. His reputation is founded on a lifelong struggle with adversity, ending in a triumph achieved too late to be enjoyed by himself, but infinitely profitable to his children and successors. It is not the place in these pages to sketch his history as a model colonist, but he has every claim to be noticed as a naturalist of merit, and especially in connection with the life and habits of the devil.

I had never the satisfaction of seeing old Hart himself. He had been for some years dead when, accidentally in London, I made the acquaintance of his son Elias. His son's first words were addressed to me in the form of a rebuke, too well deserved to be not acutely felt, but I had ample solace in the friendship that ensued. We were a large party assembled as guests of a common friend, and all sportsmen of more or less pretensions. We were recounting in turn our adventures, and as I had acquired less fame in a recent campaign than I thought myself entitled to, I am afraid I betrayed ill-humour in my appreciation of the doings of others. I remember I inveighed especially against the modern fashion of extolling the Australian brotherhood, whose exploits I regarded as mild recreations when contrasted with ours in the East. I had no curiosity, I said, to essay my arms beyond the ancient continent. I had encountered in Europe the bear and the wild boar, the jaguar in America, and in

Asia and on the coast of Africa the leopard and the buffalo. I was aware I had still hard labour to perform to earn a name, and from the accounts that reached me Algeria seemed the field of all others for a huntsman resolved at least to deserve renown, although perhaps not destined to secure it. "What business," I added pompously, "had a sportsman who is in earnest, to waste his prime in trapping wombats or in coursing boomers over the easy plains of New South Wales, whilst the lioness leaps, with her cub in her mouth, over the garden gates of Blidah? Why, gentlemen, there isn't an animal in all Australia that, in open ground, would face my old hound Hero!"

"That's all you know about it, master," said Elias Hart, with a smile of assurance that left me no hope of his being wrong. "I can tell you of a creature,—it is true no longer found in Australia properly so called, but still common enough in the remoter backwoods of Van Diemen's Land,—that would not only face your Hero in the open country, but would refuse to move an inch out of his path to let a drove of bullocks pass. Did you never hear of the Tasmanian devil?"

No; I had never heard of the Tasmanian devil. I had imagined, on the contrary, that the zebra-wolf, and the dingo, or native wild dog, were the only carnivorous quadrupeds not positively insignificant on the whole continent and in all the islands of the new world. It was nearly two years later that the first authentic notice appeared in print of the Ursian sarcophilus, or *Texus Diabolus* of Gray. I therefore listened with greedy ears to Hart's highly interesting, though somewhat inelegant, narration.

"The devil," he continued, "is a beast of about the size of a large bulldog, in appearance something between a polecat and a bear, but in kind a poucher, like the opossum or the kangaroo. There are devils in nature of many kinds and characters. The wild cat is a devil, the rat is a devil, and so are the fox, the Indian buffalo, the stone marten, and the zebra. But the devil of devils is the devil proper, or, as they called him formerly in the blue report books, the Ursian sarcophilus. And it is not only we English that call him devil, his name in French is diable, and in German teufel, and I am told the Royal Society has given the Latin name of devil to the whole race.

"His natural propensities are those of the gluttonous or sluggish kind, and he will be quiet enough when gorged with flesh and left to undisturbed repose, but the slightest provocation, the merest and most unintentional observation will turn him at once into a veritable fiend. He then becomes instantly the very type of senseless fury, attacking all before him, dead or living, and flying with equal fierceness at a mastiff or a barn-door. Nor is there, whilst life is left to him, either truce or quarter; as long as a shred of flesh remains to tear, or a last bone to shatter, he fights on regardless of the numbers

that surround him, or of his own subsiding strength, until at length his jaws snap faintly, and his life goes gradually out with an infernal snarl.

“ Though taken young, and brought up in captivity, his nature undergoes not the slightest modification. He lives to the last the same surly life, and usually dies in some mad struggle with the bars of his cage. After years of experience he repeats the same acts of profitless and exhausting frenzy. Without apparent motive he rushes at the wall, beating the air like a rabid lunatic, uttering long growls that seem to choke him, till they break out suddenly into a piercing bark. He shows not the smallest attachment to his guardians or feeders, whom he menaces and swears at from the moment they approach him till they pass completely out of sight. When tired out or overfed he becomes stupid and sleepy, rolls himself up into a corner, and falls into a leaden slumber from which it is not always easy to rouse him. Nothing can be cheaper than to feed him. He will be satisfied for days together with huge bones, which he cracks up like biscuit, and usually swallows entirely.

“ The full-grown devil is an animal of strange appearance. His coat is rough, and looks like a blanket brushed the wrong way ; the head and stomach are of a brownish black ; the tail is black also, but with a large patch of white just above the insertion. An apron of white covers the chest, and there are spots of white on the muzzle and the front paws. In the wild state his habits are nocturnal, and he appears as sensitive as an owl to the action of the solar rays. Whilst the sun remains on high, he keeps within the clefts of the rocks, or under the roots of trees, where he sleeps so soundly that the noisiest pack may pass in quest of him without awaking him ; but no sooner do the shades begin to fall, than he issues forth in search of prey, and then, woe to the living thing that passes windward within scent. Beast or bird, large or little, all fall before him in instantaneous helplessness. Once fairly griped, the victim, whatever his kind, is doomed inevitably. A feeble squeak, an unconscious struggle, and all is hushed except the muffled crepitation of bones smashed up and swallowed with the flesh that covers them, the impartial monster making no distinction of morsels.

“ His gait is something similar to that of the brown bear. In walking he plants on the ground the entire sole, which imparts to his movements a kind of solemnity in keeping with his heavy structure. He is, nevertheless, more active than he seems, and hunts with an agility scarcely surpassed by his enemy and neighbour, the Tasmanian wolf. In pursuit of his prey he gives tongue like the jackal, and his peculiar voice, resembling a grunt and a bark emitted simultaneously from the same mouth, betrays him at times to the impatient huntsman who has quitted his fatiguing ambush for the chance of a casual encounter.

“Contrary to what might be expected, the flesh of the sarcophilus is succulent and good. It is said to be in taste like veal. It is certain that the esteem it was held in by the original settlers was not the least of the many causes of his total extinction in almost all the inhabited districts of Tasmania.

“The female bears from three to five cubs, which she carries about with her in her pouch until they grow too big to get into it. She loves them tenderly and licks them conscientiously, and no doubt, to save or shield them, she would attack an army, or plunge into a blazing fire. This is a redeeming quality, and the devil is entitled to his due.

“His voracity renders him an easy prey to the trappers. The clumsiest snare suffices, provided it be strong enough to hold him. Any bait attracts him that can be seen or scented—a dead bird, a piece of flesh, a fish, a knot of mussels, or even a lump of lard. He rushes blindly upon all that tempts his appetite, and has been found transfixed upon a greasy spike used in a tanner’s yard for stretching skins.

“It is more difficult to secure him by means of dogs. No single dog will attack him twice, and he will fight any number, till he falls completely exhausted. His great strength, his rage and intrepidity, and, above all, his fearful teeth, sometimes against incalculable odds, determine in his favour a mortal strife, in which at first no chance of life seemed possible. The huntsman arriving, finds the quarry gone, and the humbled hounds dispersed or disconcerted.

“The early colonists had much to suffer from the ravages of these animals, which glided stoat-like into their unprotected yards, and destroyed in single nights entire stocks of pigs and poultry. They were consequently forthwith marked for vengeance and extermination. Snares were laid for them in all directions, hunts were organised, and trackers engaged and paid by contribution. It followed that the devils diminished with sensible rapidity, whilst those that remained took gradually refuge in the thickest woods and rockiest caverns, till at length they disappeared completely from their ancient haunts, and were only to be seen or heard of in distant or inaccessible retreats.

“The settlers were at first quite ignorant of the sort of animal they had to deal with, and a story is told of a young Dutch colonist of the name of Breeboorst, who lay in wait one night to take revenge on what he supposed to be an opossum or a dasyure. Armed with a stick, he waited long for the coming of his imagined enemy, and was just about to dismiss the boy that kept him company, when he heard a rustling amongst some dry leaves which he had strewn expressly at the entrance of the hen-roost. He thereupon, with a plank, closed quickly the hole through which he supposed the yard to have been entered, and ran forward to confound the robber face to face. At first he could perceive nothing, but presently

descried two small eyes intent upon his movements from an adjoining shed. Nothing doubting, he ran forward, and aimed at the marauder's head what he deemed to be a decisive blow. The next moment he found himself on the ground moaning with pain, and remembered no more till he discovered himself in bed, with his father on one side, and on the other a veterinary surgeon, who was the only doctor in the colony. It appeared the blow had been no sooner struck than the devil had rushed on his aggressor, and seizing him fiercely by the lower part of the leg, had thrown him with violence to the ground. At this moment the boy, with great presence of mind, had let loose the dog, which in turn had flown at the devil and diverted his attention from the prostrate youth. The dog was killed in the encounter, and the devil would have returned to his former victim had not the youth's father arrived in time, and paralysed the desperate animal with a gunshot close from the muzzle. The bone of the leg was splintered, and young Breeboorst was long in recovering. He afterwards vowed vengeance on the whole race of devils, and became in time the most determined and foremost of their persecutors. He is still alive, and takes pleasure in relating how the vexation retarded his recovery when he learnt that the infernal brute which had well-nigh bitten his leg off had been allowed to escape with its life. The father had supposed it dead, but the tenacious villain had revived during the flurry of the adventure, and had profited by it to depart unseen."

Hart here resumed the thread of his personal experience, which he had quitted to discourse a moment on the natural history of the singular quadruped he had brought before us. He told us how for years his father and kindred had grappled with famine and fever in lands which he aptly described as refractory to human intrusion, and how at last they had surmounted all obstruction and installed a thriving farm amidst the astonished marshes of Fort Morcomb. Hart's choicest hunting feats were those achieved in pursuit of animals for daily food, but none were to me so attractive as those where the game was the Tasmanian devil. Of these he recounted several, and amongst them was the incident already noticed, where we made the acquaintance of the ranger Garth, whose happy coarseness had extemporised a name, which experience had found appropriate, and science at length adopted. The Ursian sarcophilus had before that time been called at hazard the Tasmanian boar-wolf, the piebald bear, the grizzly badger, and sometimes even the Australian badger, a name since given to the phascolome or wombat, the happiest and least offensive of the whole marsupial family.

Hart's business in England was to fetch from Cornwall, and take back with him to Australia, two orphan nieces, the last of his father's family remaining in Europe. On the eve of his departure, some weeks afterwards, I bade him adieu with something of a longing

heart. I had, nevertheless, no notion at that moment of going in the same direction. It was not till long afterwards, when his words had worn me with their incessant echo, that I began to think seriously of passing into Austral latitudes. Elias was no more a carpet Nimrod than his father. He had been a real and rugged adventurer, and like those of all genuine sportsmen, his accounts were unexaggerated and his good faith sure. I felt, therefore, founded in believing I should find the devil not only a grim and desperate antagonist, but one to which an ambitious huntsman might worthily attach his name, as Paul to the Indian tiger, and Adrian MacCulloch to the shark.

Whilst absorbed one day in these reflections old Hero came into my bedroom. He had been my companion over two-thirds of the globe, and it was fair he should be now consulted on what concerned him, if possible, more intimately than it did myself. "Hero shall decide!" I exclaimed unconsciously aloud, and taking him caressingly by the two ears, I asked him if he felt game to go with me to Australia, and there have a shake with the devil. The dog smiled, and wagged his tail; and I then and there decided at once to go.

I could have started immediately, had I chosen to go in a convict ship, and four months later I could have secured a privileged cabin in a Government packet. I adopted a middle, and as it turned out, a more commodious course, by engaging a berth in an emigrant vessel bound for Sydney, and advertised to sail from Gravesend in the course of the ensuing month. I had written to Hart, and was anxious to be his disciple for a few weeks, in order to save golden time, and in order, if possible, to do the right thing first. He resided in a house built entirely by his children and himself, at an almost unknown place, called Settler's Increment, and situate half-way between Sydney and Inlet Corner. From Inlet Corner I was informed there were merchant ships sailing often for Van Diemen's Land; the destination of Sydney was, therefore, the best that could have offered.

I arrived at Sydney the day before Christmas Day, after the sulkiest voyage I ever remember. The passengers, though three parts paupers, avowed or in reality, were perpetually mysterious and false, telling untrue stories about their past, and giving themselves airs to maintain fictitious actualities. They were, moreover, dirty in their persons, and idle and trifling in their ways, or only serious when gambling. I wished the colony joy of such an ungainly cargo. Hero excepted, and a dog belonging to no one, the captain, and some few of the crew, were the only amiable beings in the ship; but these latter were occupied incessantly, the winds being adverse continually, and the weather occasionally tempestuous. My pleasantest souvenir of the "Julia Boulton" is the captain's astonishment on partaking of a gannet, which I had shot on board, and which I insisted on cooking before him. He declared at first he would never touch it; but the

fumes of the roast seduced him, and, after sending in his plate for a second help, he candidly admitted that gannet was as good as duck. The sole secret is to skin the bird as soon as shot, and then quickly to remove the fat and oil-glands, before the flesh has time to catch the rancid taste of the secretions.

I had business at Sydney, and an introduction to a banker. My business was soon over. It lay with a doubtful debtor, to whom I had years ago lent thirty pounds, and as I had kept the statute running, and had claimed interest under the Act of George, I hoped in part to defray my excursion, and, what was of far more value, to excuse myself to Hart for having gone out of my way by a circuit of two hundred miles. My chance of being paid was the more promising that my friend was said to be amassing money. My first care was, therefore, to look him up, and I was too well served by fortune in my researches to trace him home. My first and only informant was by mere chance an inspector of police, who was able to inform me that my debtor had been in Sydney gaol for the last six months for embezzling wool, and had a year and a half to stay there to complete his time.

My visit to the banker was scarcely more engaging. At first he received me civilly enough, though somewhat condescendingly; but on my happening to use the word "colonial," in reference to his house, he informed me haughtily that well-bred people reserved that word for gum and sugar, and were at the pains to find some less contemptuous term for the establishments of the gentry of the town; and I have since read in a book on Australia that the use of the word "colonial" is expected to be confined by strangers exclusively to the produce of the country, and that visitors from home give great offence by applying it to the inhabitants of the towns.

The few other folks I met with seemed equally determined to keep me in my place. Mortifying hints were whispered at my side at dinner about the rise and fall of empires. Historical comparisons were drawn and commented on, with applications intended evidently for my especial humiliation. In connection with home I could hear of nothing but old-world fallacy, stagnation, selfishness, protection, aristocracy, prejudice, atrophy, and extinction, whilst all out here was freshness, progress, freedom, life, and renovation. One young lady told me that the British oak was doomed to wither, in order to make room for the Australian gum-tree, whose roots were destined to monopolise the soil. Of course this made me feel very small indeed, and I was quite concerned about the British oak; but what could I do to prevent its withering, if the gum-tree wanted so much room? At last I apologised for belonging to the mother-country, and was allowed to depart with a severe admonition.

Refreshing indeed after all this was my reception at the home of Elias Hart. On arriving at Settler's Increment I put up at an inn

which stood invitingly at the entrance to the village. For this Hart reproached me in a tone that touched me to the quick, and he then immediately despatched a man with a mule and cart to fetch my luggage, and at the same time to take a sheep to the innkeeper as a compensation for the loss of his guest.

Hart's interior was a model of unostentatious comfort, and his hospitality of that unobtrusive kind which allows the guest to exist unconsciously; a contrast to the afflictive zeal of certain hosts, of which the defenceless victim lives in hourly and nervous dread. His family consisted of himself, his wife and sister, nine children, and four labouring domestics. Nearly everything consumed or worn by the family was manufactured on the farm, the corn ground, the wool bleached and spun, and the horseshoes forged and fitted. Hart bade me observe that he had reached the point where specie was the least required, and further that he economised the profits of the miller, the baker, the butcher, and most other intermediates. He admitted, however, that such an Arcadian state would be impossible in denser civilisation, or where land was costly, or required to be tilled expensively.

He was at this time suffering from the effects of an accident, and I joined his family in dissuading him from accompanying me to Van Diemen's Land. I had written him from London, and though I had informed him I should start before I could receive an answer, he had replied on the chance of my delaying, and in his letter he had engaged himself to go with me. It was now, however, arranged otherwise, and he gave me instead a letter to Augustus Hamilton, of Woolnorth, whom he told me I should find a sportsman of the right sort, although bred in London, and a Cockney both in speech and physiognomy. Notwithstanding this assurance, the name of Augustus Hamilton inspired me with involuntary awe, and I shuddered at the recollection of the swells of Sydney; but I quieted my fear with a mental promise to be vigilant, and especially circumspect in employing the term colonial.

Six weeks later I had passed the straits, and was jolting fast but heavily towards Woolnorth in the postman's car. I found Augustus Hamilton in bed, in a very dirty kitchen, with live fowls on his table pecking at the remains of his supper. He sprang to the ground on seeing me, wiped a chair for me with a stocking, and was soon shaved and ready to receive me becomingly. I gave him Hart's letter, and also a packet of which I had taken charge for him, and which appeared to me, with other things, to contain money. We were very soon sworn friends, and I perceived with satisfaction that Hart's estimate of his friend was correct. I was nevertheless besieged in his presence with a vague, but ever-recurring souvenir. I had certainly seen that face before, but I was quite unable to seize the recollection. At last, in a moment of animation, his features

took an expression which distinctly recalled to me his identity, and I asked him without hesitation whether he had not seen me before. The question seemed to make him uneasy, and he replied in the negative. I then said, "You cannot have forgotten me in Cursitor Street. Is not your real name Nathan Cocksedge?"

Poor fellow! he assented in a tone of chagrin, which made me regret bitterly that I had been so clever. He seemed, however, to be relieved in the end that there were no more secrets between us, and as I tendered him my hand, I assured him that Augustus Hamilton should be to me thenceforth inviolable, and that Nathan Cocksedge was consigned to oblivion. My acquaintance with Hamilton, as he must now be called, arose out of things by no means grateful to my memory. My friends had fondly destined me to become an attorney, and I had gone so far in the profession as to complete my articles with the bygone firm of Brooking and Surr, of Lombard Street. Those were the good old times of the red-tails, the rare old days of the declaration-books and the special originals, when, in a twinkling, for a debt of forty shillings, you could put a struggling tradesman to a cost of as many pounds. Those were the days of arrest on mesne process, of bail in chambers, of bum-bailiffs, nabsters, and men of straw. The calling of a town attorney was then indeed a scald upon the face of London, and richly justified the mordant sarcasms of Pope and Johnson. The country attorney shared in the profits, but was not always privy to the oppressive working.

During my apprenticeship Hamilton was known to me by reputation both as a nabster and a man of straw. A nabster was a sheriff's bull-dog, or sub-aid to an under-sheriff's officer's man. His business was to fly provisionally at the throat of a refractory defendant, and pin him till the arrival of a legal reinforcement. Of course he was responsible for all sorts of consequences, but it was seldom advisable to attack him. A man of straw was a mysterious and taciturn individual, who paced round Clifford's Inn with a single straw sticking accidentally into the side of his shoe. To this individual resorted the unscrupulous suitor who was hard pressed for a witness, a deponent, or a surety, and it was old Brooking himself who convicted Hamilton of some such delinquency, and procured him a year's imprisonment in the city gaol.

On the whole I think I detected in my breast a Pharisaical satisfaction at finding myself the patron and secret-holder of a grateful sinner. In any case I felt no kind of repugnance at accepting his useful and devoted friendship. I felt, moreover, that the change of name and scene, the distance from temptation, the contact with wild beasts and virgin clods, the unsparing sacrifice of his person, and the long privations of the bush, had thoroughly condoned his wickedness, and restored his being to its rightful and natural condition. I was perplexed to know how it came that, with such an unrustic youth, he

had become so hardened and adventurous a ranger. He replied that I had only known him in his ostensible profession. He had subsisted chiefly by poaching in the night at Kingsbury, and that his arm having been there broken in a fight with the keepers, he had been driven to the unholy trade which had ended so unhappily in London. We then moralised awhile on the cutting circles of our small existence, and agreed that our present meeting, so singular in appearance, was, in reality, as natural as the least surprising of our daily occurrences, and we then dismissed the subject, to devote ourselves exclusively to the engrossing business which had brought us together.

A week's preparation enabled us to start for Nobbler's End, where Hamilton informed me we should procure fit men and dogs for the dangerous game we were in quest of. We took with us, in the way of food and cooking utensils, what seemed to me an embarrassing provision; but it turned out to be none too ample for our need. We should, indeed, have been thankful for an extra supply of brandy, of which I imagined we were taking a most suggestive and compromising quantity. At Nobbler's End we had to wait five days for the return of a party of rangers, who were gone for wood to the forest of Little Hampshire. I, for one, however, declared myself well paid for the delay. The men brought back with them, emptied and in good preservation, a brace of bandicoots and a good supply of parrots, poplocks, bister pigeons, and several other kinds of birds. All these I was curious to taste, and found them to be, without exception, excellent. I am convinced there is little, if any, flesh or fish in creation not fit for human food, if scientifically cured and cooked with skill.

At length, through alternate tracts of sand and brushwood, we reached the limit of the Little Hampshire flats, and proceeded up the Spalding Hills, in serious pursuit of the Ursian sarcophilus. Our party consisted of six men, including Hamilton and myself, and seven dogs, including Hero. I felt at times a little nervous about poor old Hero, notwithstanding his spiked collar and his prodigious strength. I knew his courage, and dreaded to see him smart for it undeservedly, from his entire ignorance of his opponent's mode of warfare. I was told the devil, once roused, entirely neglects his own defence, and thinks only of wounding his aggressor. When attacked by a dog, his plan is to seize it by the fore leg, and if he gets fair hold, the bone snaps at once, and the dog limps off disabled. Hero had earned applause in many a sanguinary fight, and I felt truly pained at the thought of witnessing his defeat in his old age, and possibly his death, from the grip of the hideous beast we were expecting to encounter; and I felt the more touchy on the subject, that Hero had become the admiration of the hired rangers, who were provokingly impatient to see him, as they expressed it, "tackle a

devil fasting." Fasting applies to the animal when roused from his sleep in the daytime, a proceeding which redoubles his natural irritability, and which he resents with his utmost ferocity.

I was startled from this unpleasing reverie by the report of a gun some yards ahead of me, and presently Hamilton presented me with a charming little grey quadruped with yellow feet, of about the size of a guinea-pig. It is known classically as the *Antechinus flavipes*, but goes popularly by the name of the yellow-footed pouch mouse. It was a female specimen, and had the pouch sufficiently developed. I skinned it on the spot, and have still the spoils at home. The remains we cooked for supper, and had only to regret that they afforded us so scanty a repast.

The next chance of a shot was mine. I was attracted by a rustling behind me, and, turning quickly, was in time to take aim at an animal of about the size of a rabbit, just as it was about to disappear in the hole of an immense tree. I fired, and the animal fell amongst the lower branches, where it hung lifeless and unreachable. Hamilton climbed the tree like a cat, and threw me my shot, which I was highly impatient to examine. It turned out to be the long-eared pig-foot, so called from the length of its ears, and an extremely faint resemblance of its feet to those of the hog. It was first named the tailless cherop by its discoverer, Michael Edwards, who caught it alive in the hole of a tree, and found it to be without a tail. Other specimens were, however, taken afterwards with tails nearly a foot long, and it became clear that the first individual had merely lost his tail by accident. The name continued nevertheless through the vice of habit, until Gray inscribed the animal with authority under the name of *Castanotos*, from the chestnut colour of its fur. This animal also is a marsupial, as indeed are nine-tenths of the quadrupeds of Australasia. Owen tried to explain the phenomenon as a provision of nature against the effects of drought. "What," he writes, "would become of the helpless young ones whilst the mother was gone, perhaps a two days' journey, in search of water? It is necessary she should take them with her, and for this purpose the pouch is indispensable." But Owen's theory broke down before the instance of the dingo, which is not a marsupial, and which exists and thrives under the very conditions which Owen regards as fatal.

Meanwhile we had been able to discover no trace of the sarcophilus, and Hamilton gave orders for returning to our encampment at Nobbler's End, and there packing up for a longer journey westward. A two days' march from the camp brought us to the edge of an immense plain bestrewed with loose stones, over which we had a fatiguing pull of nearly three hours. On the other side, passing westward, we came to an acclivity covered with tall herbage, and interspersed with rocks. Towards evening we reached a sort of rocky platform, from which Hamilton pointed out a spot in the dis-

tance where he had assisted in killing a sarcophilus, and afterwards in roasting and eating it. It was there, he said, we should find the devil if anywhere. The place, he believed, had been undisturbed for years, and he knew there were devils in the neighbourhood.

The whole of that day and the next was spent in beating fruitlessly the covers. We then moved higher, as Hamilton began to suspect the game had been molested recently, and had found by experience that the rocks were safer than the bushes. At nightfall we held a council, and determined to keep watch till moonlight, on the chance of surprising a sarcophilus hunting on scent, at which time, as has been said, the animal betrays its passage by its voice. The dogs were then chained up and the fire extinguished. Towards midnight I fancied I heard the grunt of a pig, and suddenly remembering that the voice of the sarcophilus was said to be something similar, I called softly to Hamilton, and bade him listen. But Hamilton had no need of my warning; he had caught the grunt himself, though farther off, and I heard him fall immediately at full length on the ground. I did the same without knowing why, but I learnt afterwards that Hamilton had taught himself to interrogate the ground like a native bushman. Presently I heard the grunt again, but less distinctly. Hamilton lay still, and so did I, though I began to get tired of a posture which seemed to me a waste of caution, as, whether up or down, it was too dark to be seen by any known organisation of optics. I had since heard, or fancied I heard, the grunt a third time, but still there was no movement. At last I got up, with as little noise as possible, and was about to creep on to Hamilton, when, all at once, guided I suppose by some indication which had escaped my less fine senses, I heard him give a long, low, thin whistle, which quite made my hair stir with excitement. This was a notice well understood by the rangers, for I immediately afterwards heard the chains chink faintly, which apprised me that the dogs were being held in readiness. Hero was close by my side; in fact, he never left me, but he lay as composedly as usual, and appeared not at all to understand my eagerness. We were only three guns, including myself, two of the rangers having merely spears, and the fourth a horse-pistol. The moon rose shortly after, and we were able to converse by signs; but morning dawned and found us still expectant. The game had wisely followed its inspirations, and left us shivering from stillness. The amount of brandy I absorbed that night was positively indecent, but it left no trace of either dryness or nausea, and I believe it saved me from the ague, especially the liberal portion I poured into my boots.

Next day was a total blank, and I began to fear the devils were resolved to balk us. Towards evening, however, my hope revived, and before night I had the envied quarry at my feet. I had strayed a little from my post to follow a strange-looking bird that greatly excited my curiosity, and I owe it to that wilful distraction that I lost

the opening and most interesting scene of the encounter. It was not a long, low whistle that recalled me this time to my obedience, but a series of boisterous halloos, that told me clearly there was an end to ambush, and that the battle was declared in open and unmasked hostility. Shout followed shout in quick succession, and then there came a howl, so long and dismal that old Hero pricked his ears and sprang forward in the direction of the sound. I called him back, determined to have him under my own immediate control, and we hurried on together to the scene of action. As I tore through the brushwood, the horrid stubs gored my feet and sadly impeded my advance. I had scarcely noticed them whilst picking my way leisurely, but now in my haste I found them a most cruel obstruction. I nevertheless got rapidly through, and I shall not forget the scene which broke on my view as I emerged into the open ground. With his back to a large overhanging stone, there stood, half crouched before the dogs, the most horrible-looking beast imaginable. Not that his contour was villainous: in form he resembled a badger, but his physiognomy was literally diabolical, and quite explained and justified his apparently exaggerated name. What struck me first was the look of sarcasm expressed by the drawing down of the corners of the lips, —an expression taken also by the ass, when over-tormented, and unable to intimidate or escape from his tormentors. His jaws were just wide enough apart to reveal his large white teeth without parading them, and from between these issued a continuous growl, that seemed to unwind from a bobbin in his throat. But what most arrested me was the animal's infernal eyes. The eyes of the wild cat are said to be the most savage-looking in nature, but there is about them an expression of uncompromising ferocity, which is frank and unmistakable. Such might have been the eyes of Marius, which disarmed the affrighted slave commissioned to execute him in his prison. The eyes of the sarcophilus are small, black, leering beads, fraught with design, but close and impenetrable. Such must have been the eyes of Burke, whilst hiding the plaster in his hat, and watching the friendless Italian boy from the dark arches of Great Queen Street.

When I first arrived on the ground, the wounded dog was still howling piteously, with his tail curved under him, and holding up his right fore foot. The five others were close to the devil, dodging within distance, but not venturing to close with him. One, the smallest of the five, appeared the most resolute, fixing him steadily, and apparently watching his opportunity. A shot had been fired, and evidently with some effect, as the devil was bleeding from the ear. One gun was on the ground, bitten short off at the slope of the stock, and the closeness of the dogs prevented the use of the other. On seeing Hero, the men at once hounded him on the devil; and, not hearing my half-muttered counter-orders, looked petrified at his apparent want of courage. At last the small dog closed, and the others took

heart immediately. A fearful strife ensued, in the midst of which I let loose Hero with a shout, meant to explain his previous passiveness, and which he now redeemed abundantly. With one bound he reached the devil, and fastened fiercely and heavily on his throat. This turned the scale at once, for the poor devil was already at bay with the whole pack, and Hero's weight and galling collar completely mastered him. On seeing him thus pinned, a spearsman stepped forward and ended the fight abruptly with a mortal thrust. The devil then turned on his side, still eyeing the dogs defiantly, till his life went out with a snarl that seemed to go right down and expire underground.

The first dog was maimed irreparably, and his master shot him on the spot. Two others were wounded badly, but not incurably, and one had got blinded by some accident not explainable. Hero had not a scratch, and I felt it my duty to make it well understood, for his reputation, that it was I and not he that had fought shy at the beginning.

We flayed the devil then and there, and half salted his carcase. We afterwards lived on it for two days, and were sorry when it came to an end. I cannot say it tastes like veal; it is more like leveret, but lighter in colour, and less close in fibre. The dogs took their share, but without any show of eagerness, and they all of them preferred soaked biscuit. I preserved the jaw-bones and teeth, and still regard them as the most eloquent souvenir I possess.

A few weeks afterwards I was again with Hamilton at Woolnorth, and preparing to take leave of his hospitable kitchen, which he had had well cleaned for my accommodation. He implored me to return after a visit I purposed making to Hobart Town, and he promised me a rare kangaroo hunt in the savannahs of Port Richardson. But my time was now running short, and I was anxious to return to the mainland, to explore the southern districts before winter with Hart and his two sons, as had been agreed, if health permitted. My acquaintance with Hamilton had obliterated Cocksedge, and I felt able to conciliate the two individuals by the simplest application of a rule of charity. His devotedness to me—and he had shown me much during a five days' illness from marsh fever—had been utterly disinterested, for he had in reality nothing to fear from any indiscretion of mine. He consented to my defraying the expenses of our excursion, but refused a ten-pound note which I pressed on his acceptance. I allowed him, at his urgent request, to accompany me to the coast, and he remained my guest at Willan's Bay until the vessel sailed for Inlet Corner. I fancied, as I bade him adieu from the side of the ship, that I discerned in his face a more complicated emotion than usually arises from the mere severance of a temporary tie. Whether that were so or not, I cannot say with certainty; but I am certain of this, that my feeling for him, as his form disappeared in the distance, was wholly purged of its former Pharisaical admixture.

JAMES LEAKEY,

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL AS A THEORIST IN ASTRONOMY.

It would be difficult to say in what department of astronomical research Sir John Herschel was most eminent. That he was the greatest astronomer of his day, even those who rivalled or surpassed him in special departments admit without question. He was, indeed, *facile princeps* not merely among the astronomers of his own country, but among all his astronomical contemporaries. He held this position chiefly by reason of the wide range of subjects over which his mastery extended. He was unequalled, or rather unapproached, in his general knowledge of the science of astronomy. It need hardly be said that he was proficient in the mathematical departments of the science (perhaps no one of whom this cannot be said may be regarded as an astronomer at all). In his knowledge of the details of observatory work he was surpassed by few, and his acquaintance with the specialities of astronomical instruments was such as might have been anticipated from the excellence of his mathematical training. He was far the greatest astronomical observer the world has known, with one single exception—Sir W. Herschel. That in certain respects other observers surpassed him may be admitted very readily. He had not the eagle vision of the late Mr. Dawes, for instance; nor had he the aptitude for accurately measuring celestial spaces, angles, and so on, which some of the German astronomers have displayed of late years. But such *minutiæ* as these may well be overlooked when we consider what Sir J. Herschel actually achieved as an observer. Thousands of double stars detected, measured, and watched as they circled round each other; upwards of two thousand nebulae discovered; the southern heavens gauged with a twenty-feet telescope—these, and like achievements, dwarf into insignificance all the observational work accomplished by astronomers since Sir W. Herschel ceased his labours. In one respect, and that noteworthy, Sir John Herschel even surpassed his father. Only one astronomer has yet lived who had surveyed with a powerful telescope the whole sphere of the heavens—that astronomer was the younger Herschel. He went over the whole range of his father's observations, in order (to use his own words) that he might obtain a mastery over his instrument: then in the southern hemisphere he completed the survey of the heavens. He alone, then, of all the astronomers the world has known, could boast that no part of the celestial depths had escaped his scrutiny. I need not dwell on Sir John Herschel's success in

expounding the truths of astronomy. We owe to him, beyond all question, the wide interest at present felt for the science, as well as the special fervour with which the younger astronomers of our day discuss its truths. And, lastly (passing over many departments of astronomical study), Sir John Herschel's position as a theorist in astronomy is unquestionably a most eminent one. My present purpose is to discuss his work in this direction; to endeavour to exhibit the special merits of his mode of theorizing; and if it should happen that to my judgment certain features of Herschel's work in this direction should seem less excellent than the rest, to exhibit the ground on which such judgment is based—truthfully, as is right, but also with fit consideration of the respect (perhaps I should rather say the reverence) due to the memory of the greatest and the most amiable philosopher of our times.

In the first place, let the position of scientific theorizing be rightly apprehended. We hear much of theory and practice, or, in the case of such a science as astronomy, of theory and observation, as if the two were in some sense opposed to each other. Nay, unfortunately, it is not uncommon to hear some observers speak of the astronomical theorist as if he held a position quite apart from theirs. Theorists do not, on the other hand, adopt a corresponding tone in speaking of observers. And this for a very simple reason—the theorist must needs value the labours of the observer, because it is on such labours that he must base his theories. But observers—at least such observers as do not themselves care to theorize—are apt to condemn the theorist, to suppose that the hypotheses he deals with have been evolved from the depths of his moral consciousness, instead of being based on those very observations which they mistakenly imagine that the theorist undervalues. The fact, indeed, is really this—that the theorist alone values observation as fully as it deserves. The observer is too apt to value observations for their own sake; the theorist sees in them a value beyond that which they possess in themselves—a value depending on their relation to other observations, as well as a value depending on the application of suitable processes of manipulation, or, as it were, of manufacture. It is not going too far, indeed, to say that observations as originally made are as raw material—highly valuable it may well be (and the manufacturer will be better aware of this than the producer of the raw material), but owing their value to their capacity for being wrought into such and such fabrics. It would be as reasonable for the miner to despise the smith and the engineer, as for the observer in science to condemn him who interprets observations and educes their true value.

Let me quote here a passage from those too little studied essays, the papers contributed by Sir W. Herschel to the Transactions of the Royal Society. The passage is interesting as belonging to the opening of that noble essay in which he first presented to the world

his ideas respecting the constitution of the celestial depths. "First let me mention," he says, "that if we would hope to make any progress in investigations of a delicate nature, we ought to avoid two opposite extremes, of which I can hardly say which is the most dangerous. If we indulge a fanciful imagination and build worlds of our own, we must not wonder at our going wide from the path of truth and nature; but these will vanish like the Cartesian vortices, that soon gave way when better theories were offered. On the other hand, if we add observation to observation, without attempting to draw not only certain conclusions but also conjectural views from them, we offend against the very end for which only observations ought to be made." "I will endeavour," he adds, speaking of the special work he was then engaged upon, "to keep a proper medium; but if I should deviate from that, I could wish not to fall into the latter error."

The power of forming sound theories depends on many mental qualities and habitudes—some positive, some negative. I propose to consider the chief of these, in about the order in which they are called into exercise in the gradual progression whereby a theory advances to its final stage, illustrating each by the work of the great astronomer whose position as a theorist is my present theme.

Sir John Herschel has himself described in clear and powerful language the quality which is primarily requisite in the theorist. "As a first preparation, he must loosen his hold on all crude and hastily-adopted notions, and must strengthen himself by something like an effort and a resolve for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may have previously formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which forms one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach towards that state of mental purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty as well as physical adaptation. It is the 'euphrasy and rue' with which we must 'purge our sight' before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature."

These just principles have been perhaps as clearly laid down by other men of science; but it may be questioned whether any has ever more thoroughly obeyed them than Sir John Herschel. The enforced mental purity with which he approached a subject on which he proposed to theorize was indeed so remarkable that to many it was scarce even intelligible. His determination to remove from his own mind all the effects of preconceived opinions, whether adopted independently or received at the hands of others, was mistaken by some for an undue humility of mind. Nay, one biographer went so far as

to ascribe to a spirit of flattery (and that spirit the offspring of vanity!*) that characteristic which, rightly understood, marked Sir John Herschel's mind as subservient to truth alone.

The completest proof which a man of science can give of this "mental purity" is afforded by a readiness to submit to some crucial

* The obituary notice in which this remark appeared was obviously written by a very able man, and one who held in very high respect the abilities of Sir John Herschel; and, notwithstanding the feeling of pain with which I conceive every admirer of Sir John Herschel must have read the passage, I imagine that no one was disposed to question the writer's honesty of purpose. Professor Tyndall, in a feelingly-written letter, challenged the writer of the passage to make known his name and to defend his opinion. From internal evidence in the obituary notice itself, I am disposed to believe that, apart from the reasons assigned by the editor for the non-acceptance of this challenge, there was one very excellent reason why the writer could not respond to a challenge which would have been to him as the trumpet to the war-horse not very long ago. Unless I am deceived, the author of the biography did not live to see it in print.

It would be idle to defend Sir John Herschel from the charge of vanity—a charge which could only have had birth in a total misapprehension of the singular sweetness of disposition which endeared the great astronomer not only to all who knew him personally, but to many (the present writer among the number) who, without being personally acquainted with him, received from him written words of encouragement and kindness. Yet it may be permitted me to point out (earnestly disdaining, the whilst, all notion that the argument is needed in Sir John Herschel's defence) the utter fallacy of the reasoning by which the charge of vanity was supported. It is perfectly true that flattery is always the offspring of vanity or of a worse failing; and if compliments addressed to others on the score of their views or theories be admitted to be untrue, the charge of flattery is established, and with it the charge of vanity of disposition. But when such compliments relate to opinions opposed to those held by the person who pays them (and it was the very basis and main argument of the attack on Sir John Herschel that this was the case), the argument against vanity is at once seen to be altogether stronger than the argument in its favour founded on the suspicion of flattery. For a vain man may well be supposed to flatter others in matters not affecting his own vanity, in order that he in turn may be flattered in those matters respecting which he is vain. But the spirit of detraction itself could not force any man to believe that a vain person would, for the sake of praise, over-praise another to his own dispraise. A systematic readiness to give to others their due, even though at his own cost, must surely be explained as arising from a genuine desire to do justice. Such a desire may be, unfortunately, far less common than could be wished; but is the unusual nature of a form of excellence a valid reason for preferring some utterly incongruous evil motive in explanation of conduct obviously suggesting such exceptional excellence of disposition?

No one who had occasion to seek the opinion or advice of Sir John Herschel could fail to be struck by his exceeding courtesy, and by the readiness with which he admitted or noted errors into which he might have fallen (as all men will). And yet I think that those who possess letters written by him, and will carefully examine them, will find, for each error admitted by him, at least two pointed out in their own views. Indeed, any one who objected to be set right when in error, might well be disposed to regard Sir John Herschel as a merciless correspondent, notwithstanding the calm courtesy of his remarks. He set truth first of all things; and by comparison with her, neither his own opinions nor those of others were permitted to have any weight whatever.

test a theory which he has strong reasons for desiring to see established. I draw a distinction here between testing a theory and the search for evidence respecting a theory. One who is not free from prejudice may yet none the less eagerly search for evidence respecting the theories he desires to advocate. But to test a theory crucially, to enter on a series of researches which must needs reveal the weak points of a theory, this is what only the true man of science is capable of. "This," as Professor Tyndall well remarks, "is the normal action of the scientific mind. If it were otherwise—if scientific men were not accustomed to demand verification—if they were satisfied with the imperfect while the perfect is attainable, their science, instead of being, as it is, a fortress of adamant, would be a house of clay, ill fitted to bear the buffetings of the storms to which it has been from time to time, and is at present, exposed."

Now, when Sir John Herschel commenced his labours as an astronomer, there were two theories before the world, respecting which it may fairly be asserted that had he regarded them with a feeling amounting to strong prejudice in their favour, he might have claimed forgiveness. They were of unequal importance, but each was full of interest.

The first related to those double stars which now form so favourite a subject of study with the amateur astronomer. His father, commencing the investigation of these objects under the impression that the two stars which seemed to form each pair were but accidentally seen nearly in the same direction, had been led after long labours to the conclusion that the double stars are for the most part real star-couples, physically associated by the mighty bond of their common gravity. A strange theory in those days, though now so commonly admitted—a theory not yet established by the evidence which had been adduced in its favour at the time when Sir John Herschel's career as an observer commenced. The theory admitted of a ready test at that time, however, for Sir William Herschel had recorded more than thirty years before the aspect of many hundreds of these objects, and it required only that all the double stars thus pictured by the elder Herschel should be submitted to a new and searching scrutiny, in order to set at rest at once and for ever the question whether they were physically associated. If they were, some among them must needs be circling round each other at a rate rendering their motions recognisable. It needed only that these should be selected from the rest by a comparison with Sir William Herschel's researches, and then watched as they moved around their common centre, in order to prove that double-sun systems, wonderful as the idea might seem, have yet a real existence. On the other hand, the test was a crucial one. If no such signs of motion as the elder Herschel had suspected were found in reality to exist, it would be proved that that great astronomer had been mistaken in the theory itself, which had seemed so full of interest.

The younger Herschel, entering into alliance with James South, submitted his father's theory respecting the double stars to this most thorough test—with a result which is known to all students of astronomy. Plain proof was obtained that many double stars are physically associated, and thus the strange theory of coupled suns was placed on a firm basis.

The second theory above referred to was far more important. Sir William Herschel's long survey of the northern skies had led him to form and to enunciate those grand views respecting the constitution of the heavens with which his name will for ever remain associated. I do not propose here to discuss the principles of research adopted by Sir William Herschel, either in his star-gauging or in the survey of the celestial cloudlets which astronomers call nebulae. Nor shall I here inquire into the reasoning by which he was led to those noble generalisations which constituted his theory respecting the construction of the universe. What I principally desire to do in this place is to show with what readiness Sir John Herschel subjected theories which he undoubtedly held in the highest respect to the most severe test to which they could by any possibility be exposed.

Of the reverence with which the younger Herschel regarded the noble labours and the grand conceptions of his father it is perhaps needless to speak. He has, indeed, been blamed, by those who misunderstood his disposition, for carrying that reverence to excess, insomuch that one writer has not scrupled to speak of the manner in which Sir John Herschel regarded the instruments his father had employed as approaching in its nature to idolatry.* Altogether

* In the biographical notice to which I have referred above, the statement is made that Sir John Herschel had "so specially sanctified his idol" (his father's forty-feet reflector) "that he could not cheerfully bear to hear it lightly spoken of;" and elsewhere in the same notice, that in speaking of this instrument he "altogether left an impression that a little less sensibility and a little more sense would have saved a good deal of mortification." "These be very bitter words;" and if it chanced that they were true, we might yet regard their utterance as in exceedingly bad taste—first, because they are personal, and secondly, because they bear no relation to those parts of Sir John Herschel's life which may be regarded as of public interest. But I venture to express the conviction that those who will carefully study Sir John Herschel's remarks respecting his father's largest telescope will not adopt his biographer's interpretation of those remarks. I have further the means of showing that Sir John Herschel's views respecting this instrument were not such as have been here ascribed to him. I may be permitted to quote from a letter addressed to myself upon the subject, partly because of Sir John Herschel's repeatedly-expressed willingness to permit remarks in his letters to be quoted, and partly because the publication of his own words in this special instance may serve to remove a false and unjust impression respecting his disposition. As it chanced that the opinion expressed in the passage I am about to quote is directly opposed to one I had myself publicly expressed, I find a further reason for desiring to make the passage known. I had asked him whether he thought (as I mentioned that I did) that his father had really discovered four additional satellites of the planet Uranus. "As to these four

denying the justice of such views as these, we must yet recognise the fact that if any theories could have so far found favour in Herschel's sight as to cause him to forget the rules which he had laid down for his own guidance, and to seek rather for evidence confirming those theories than for experiments by which their value might be tested, it would have been to his father's theories respecting the constitution of the universe that he would have been disposed to extend this indulgence.

Yet the noblest series of observations made by the younger Herschel were so devised as to afford a crucial test of the accuracy of his father's views respecting the constitution of the heavens. The elder Herschel had shown that certain relations prevailed among the celestial objects visible at his northern observatory, and it was on the existence of those relations that his theories were founded. It is clear, however, that the mere accident that the observation of the celestial sphere had been first prosecuted in northern latitudes ought not to affect the views which men should form respecting the heavens. The terms North and South have relation to this little earth on which we live, *not* (properly speaking) to the celestial sphere, though they have become in a sense associated with that sphere. We speak of the North Pole of the heavens and of the South Pole of the heavens, and again of the revolution of the celestial sphere, because the rotation of our own earth seems to give a reality to these expressions. But in judging of the constitution of the heavens we are bound to lay aside this usage, or at least to remember that it bears no real relation to the system of stars. We are placed in the midst of this vast system as a traveller in the midst of some vast forest, and the configuration of the system is no more associated in reality with the position in which our earth's axis chances to be situated, than the shape of a forest is associated with the direction in which the traveller pleases to pursue his course.

Sir William Herschel, then, had studied the northern heavens much as a traveller might study the aspect of those parts of a forest towards which his course was leading him. The southern heavens, or those parts of them which are never seen in our latitudes, were quite as well able to supply information respecting the constitution of the sidereal system as those which Sir William Herschel had surveyed. And it is clear that if the elder Herschel had rightly interpreted the northern skies, the southern skies should teach precisely the same

satellites," ran his reply (which lies before me as I write), "I incline to the opinion that my father must have too readily persuaded himself that the minute points of light which from time to time *he undoubtedly saw*, were *all really* satellites. The testimony of Lord Rosse's and Mr. Lassell's reflectors—which are composed of metal much more reflective than even that of the eighteen-inch, and *very* much more than that of the four-feet reflector of my father—I think must be held conclusive." (The italics are his.)

lesson; whereas, if in his speculations concerning the northern heavens he had mistaken accidental peculiarities for essential features of the celestial spaces themselves, then the study of the southern heavens could scarcely fail to reveal his mistake and (probably) to explain its source.

To this arduous task—a task which, even if its result were favourable, would add little to the admiration with which his father's work was contemplated by all who understood its purport; while, if unfavourable, it would serve to negative all his father's hypotheses—Sir John Herschel devoted twenty-one years of his life. Eight years he passed in preparation, that preparation consisting in the complete re-survey of the northern skies; four years at the Cape of Good Hope, in the survey of the southern heavens; and lastly, nine years in reducing his observations to form and presenting them in his own effective manner, in one of the most masterly scientific treatises the world has yet seen. In the presence of such noble labours, conducted in a spirit so philosophic, the fact that the theories of the elder Herschel were in all their more important features most amply confirmed, seems to sink almost into insignificance. We feel that, loving as was the reverence with which Sir John Herschel contemplated his father's work, he had set scientific truth far above that reverence. He had entered cheerfully on labours which might have resulted in shaking men's faith in his father's opinions; and no question can exist that, had this been the result, it would have been as fully exhibited to the world as that which actually rewarded Sir John Herschel's labours.

The next quality which is called into action in the formation of theories is the power of seeing the full meaning of observed facts—of seeing beneath the surface, so to speak—since observed facts often, on the face of them, show little which tends to enlighten the inquirer. In order to explain my meaning, I will take two instances from the history of observations made upon the planet Saturn. When Galileo first turned his telescope upon this planet he imagined that he could see on either side of a central disc two other discs, each nearly half as large as the central one. He watched the planet on several nights, seeing always this appearance. But when at a later season he viewed the planet, the two side discs had vanished. They reappeared again after a time; and, as he continued to watch the planet, he saw them change somewhat in size and shape, but they always remained at an unchanged distance from the central disc. Now it can be demonstrated that, by means of abstract reasoning alone, quite independently of that increase of optical power which subsequently enabled Huyghens to interpret these appearances, Galileo might have convinced himself that Saturn is girdled about by a flat ring inclined to the path in which the planet travels. Here was an instance, then, where an observed fact implied in reality much more than it seemed to do at

first sight. The other instance is of like nature. The observer Bond (the elder), of America, noticed on the brightest and widest of the rings of Saturn two shaded regions, symmetrically placed, close by the inner boundary of this ring, and at the two ends of the oval into which this inner outline is foreshortened. The observation in itself seems to be rather perplexing than instructive; but it is the perplexing observations which, in the long-run, best repay careful study, for they can usually be only explained in one way. I have been able to show that this particular observation (if admitted) proves beyond all possibility of question that where these shaded regions appear we see, *through the ring*, the dark sky beyond.*

I know of no more remarkable instance of Sir John Herschel's readiness and skill in interpreting observed facts than the way in which he dealt with the features he had recognised in the Magellanic Clouds. He was the first to survey those strange celestial regions with a powerful telescope. He mapped down and pictured multitudes of star-cloudlets, scattered among the myriads of minute stars which produce the milky light of the Magellanic Clouds. At this point others might have ceased their labours. *There* was an array of interesting objects contained in certain regions of the heavens—what more could be said? But Sir John Herschel was not thus satisfied. He reasoned from the shape of the Magellanic Clouds to the distances of the star-cloudlets within them, and thence to the scale on which these star-cloudlets are formed. He was able to deduce in this way perhaps the most important conclusion to which astronomers have ever been led by abstract reasonings—a conclusion interpreted by Whewell, Herbert Spencer, and in my own inquiries into the star-depths, to mean nothing short of this: that, so far as the only available evidence we have is concerned, all orders of star-cloudlets belong to our own star system, and not to external galaxies.

For another instance of Sir John Herschel's power in this respect, I would refer the reader to his discussion of the phenomena presented by Halley's comet during its approach towards and recession from the sun in the years 1835-1836. A brief *résumé* of this discussion will be found in the charming volume entitled "Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects;" but the student of astronomy should also read the original paper in the "Results of Astronomical Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope." Here I shall merely quote the conclusion of the reasoning, as summarized in the "Familiar Essays," in order to show how much which was certainly not directly contained in the observations was deduced in this instance by abstract reasoning. It was

* "Saturn and its System," pp. 118—121. The reasoning in these pages is not hypothetical, but demonstrative, though of course the demonstration fails if the observed relation should be shown to have no real existence. There are other reasons for believing that we can see through the Saturnian rings, and that these are formed of disconnected satellites; but the evidence given by these shaded regions is singularly simple and effective.

"made clear" that the tail of this comet "was neither more nor less than an accumulation of luminous vapour, darted off, in the first instance, *towards* the sun, as if it were something raised up, and as it were exploded, by the sun's heat, out of the kernel, and then immediately and forcibly turned back and repelled *from* the sun."

Another faculty which the theorist should possess in a high degree is a certain liveliness of imagination, whereby analogies may be traced between the relations of the subject on which he is theorizing and those of objects not obviously associated with that subject. This faculty Sir John Herschel possessed in a very high degree—almost as strikingly as his father, who in this respect probably surpassed all other astronomers, unless we place Kepler and Newton on the same level. It is obvious that the faculty is of extreme importance, though it is one which requires a judicious control, since if it be too readily indulged it may at times lead us astray.

One of the finest illustrations of Sir John Herschel's aptitude in tracing such analogies is to be found in his reasoning respecting the zones in which the solar spots ordinarily make their appearance. I give this reasoning as it was originally presented in the fine work to which I have already so often referred, the "Results of Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope." "Whatever be the physical cause of the spots," says Herschel, "one thing is certain, that they have an intimate connection with the rotation of the sun upon its axis. The absence of spots in the polar regions of the sun, and their confinement to two zones extending to about latitude 35 degrees on either side, with an equatorial zone much more rarely visited by spots, is a fact which at once refers their cause to fluid circulations, modified, if not produced, by that rotation, by reasoning of the very same kind whereby we connect our own system of trade and anti-trade winds with the earth's rotation. Having given any exciting cause for the circulation of atmospheric fluids from the poles to the equator and back again, or *vice versa*, the effect of rotation will necessarily be to modify those currents as our trade winds and monsoons are modified, and to dispose all those * meteorological phenomena on a great scale, which accompany them as their visible manifestations, in zones parallel to the equator, with a calm equatorial zone interposed." Herschel then proceeds to inquire "what cause of circulation can be found in the economy of the sun, so far as we know and can understand it." With this inquiry, however, we are not at present concerned, save only to note how the aptitude of the theorist in the recognition of analogies leads him to inquiries which otherwise he would not have entered upon.

Sir John Herschel, indeed, entertained a singularly strong belief in the existence of analogies throughout the whole range of created

* In the text the word is *their*. I think the word must have been written *those*.

matter. As an evidence of this I venture to quote a passage from a letter of great interest, which I received from him in August, 1869. It relates to the constitution of the heavens, referring especially to a remark of mine to the effect that all forms of star-cloud and star-cluster seem to be included within the limits of our own sidereal system. "An opinion," he wrote, "which the structure of the Magellanic Clouds has often suggested to me, has been strongly recalled by what you say of the inclusion of every variety of nebulous or clustering form within the galaxy—viz., that if such be the case, that is, if these forms belong to and form part and parcel of the galactic system, then *that system includes within itself miniatures of itself* on an almost infinitely reduced scale; and what evidence then have we that there exists a universe beyond?—unless a sort of argument from analogy that the galaxy, with all its contents, may be *but one* of these miniatures of that vast universe, and so on *ad infinitum*; and that in *that* universe there may exist multitudes of other systems on a scale as vast as *our* galaxy, the analogues of those other nebulous and clustering forms which are *not* miniatures of our galaxy."

This, perhaps, is the grandest picture of the universe that has ever been conceived by man.

Next in order comes that faculty by which the chain of causes and effects (or of what we call such) is traced out, until the true correlation of all the facts dealt with by the theorist is clearly recognised. Adequately to illustrate the action of this faculty, however, would obviously require more space than is available in such a paper as the present. I shall mention but one instance of Sir John Herschel's skill in this respect, selecting for the purpose a passage (in the first edition—1833—of his treatise on astronomy), the opinions expressed in which have been erroneously supposed to have been in the first instance enunciated by the celebrated engineer, George Stephenson. Tracing out the connection between the action of the central luminary of our system and terrestrial phenomena, Sir John Herschel remarks that "the sun's rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion which takes place on the surface of the earth. By its heat are produced all winds, and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which give rise to the phenomena of lightning, and probably also to those of terrestrial magnetism and the aurora. By their vivifying action vegetables are enabled to draw support from inorganic matter, and become in their turn the support of animals and of man, and the sources of those great deposits of dynamical efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata. By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapour through the air, and irrigate the land, producing springs and rivers. By them are produced all disturbances of the chemical equilibrium of the elements of nature, which by a series of compositions and decompositions give rise to new products and originate a transfer of materials.

Even the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the surface, in which its chief geological changes consist, is almost entirely due, on the one hand, to the abrasion of wind and rain and the alternation of heat and frost, and, on the other, to the continual beating of the sea-waves, agitated by winds, the results of solar radiation." He goes on to show how even "the power of subterranean fires," repressed or relieved by causes depending on the sun's action, "may break forth in points where the resistance is barely adequate to their retention, and thus bring the phenomena of even volcanic activity under the general law of solar influence."

As respects Sir John Herschel's skill in devising methods for throwing new light on questions of interest, it is only necessary to remark that we owe to him the first experimental determination of the quantity of heat received from the sun, as well as a solution of difficulties which seemed to Sir William Herschel almost insuperable in the problem of estimating the relative brightness of the lucid stars. I may add also that he was among the first, if not actually the first, to suggest that the prismatic analysis of solar light might "lead us to a clearer insight into its origin."

Nor is it necessary to dwell specially on that most notable quality of Sir John Herschel's character as a theorizer—the light grasp with which he held those theories which he had himself propounded. This characteristic is so intimately associated with the mental purity the necessity of which Sir John Herschel kept so constantly in his mind, as I have shown above, that having exhibited instances of the last-named quality, it is hardly necessary to point to cases by which the other has been illustrated. Suffice it to say that no theorist of modern times has surpassed Herschel, and few have equalled him, in that complete mastery of self whereby it becomes possible for the student of science not merely to admit that he has enunciated erroneous opinions, but to take in hand the theories of others, and to work as patiently and skilfully in placing such theories on a firm basis as though they had been advocated in the first place by himself. I know no more perfect proof of strength than this lightness of hold, especially in the case of theories which may for many years have been among the favourite views of the theorizer. To those who have never theorized, it may seem the easiest thing in the world to abandon a long-favoured theory. How difficult it really is, however, is shown by the persistence with which even eminent students of science have struggled to maintain their theories long after the most convincing evidence has been obtained against them. Unfortunately for science, the lightness of grasp with which the Herschels, father and son, held their most favoured theories is even more uncommon than the observing skill, the untiring patience, and the ingenuity of device with which they sought for evidence to establish the truths of astronomy.

One quality alone Sir John Herschel seems to me (I venture the opinion with extreme diffidence) to have possessed in a less eminent degree than those other qualities which are necessary for successful theorizing. Lightness of grasp for theories needs to be accompanied by a most rigid grasp for facts. I conceive that in some instances Sir John Herschel held facts almost as lightly as he held theories. Let me not be misunderstood. I would by no means desire to imply that Sir John Herschel in any instance wittingly overlooked known facts. To suppose, indeed, that this was my meaning would be to suppose that at the close of this paper I desired to present Sir John Herschel to the reader in quite a different light than in the earlier paragraphs. I would merely note that in some instances Sir John Herschel seemed to forget that certain facts had already been established—even sometimes that he had himself established such and such facts. It is, of course, always possible that where I thus suppose him to have been forgetful of facts which he had either already admitted or established, I have in reality misunderstood either his opinion of the facts or those statements of his which seem to me at variance with such facts. And yet—to take an instance which is more particularly in my thoughts at this moment—I have not been alone in interpreting Sir John Herschel's own remarks about the Magellanic Clouds to imply that, in the only instance in which any determination of the distances of the several orders of nebulae has been possible, nebulae of *all* orders have been found to lie far within the limits of distance to which our own star system extends. As I have already mentioned, Dr. Whewell and Mr. Herbert Spencer took precisely the same view of Sir John Herschel's reasoning as I have done; and, indeed, for my own part, I can conceive no other interpretation, either of his reasoning, or of the facts on which his reasoning was based. Yet I think that I am not mistaken in believing that much which has since been written by Sir John Herschel about the nebulae is wholly at variance with the "demonstrated fact" of that remarkable sentence which I have quoted above. This, at any rate, is certain, that the views which Dr. Whewell, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and I myself have expressed about the nebulae (views identical so far as they overlap) have been commonly regarded as differing from the opinions entertained by Sir John Herschel respecting nebulae long after he had enunciated the "demonstrated fact" referred to above.*

Other instances might be cited which seem almost as decisive of the fact that in this special respect Sir John Herschel was not equal to his father, the solidity of whose reasoning was never in a single

* That Sir John Herschel never withdrew the opinion that that fact is demonstrated by the evidence, I happen to know quite certainly; because, commenting on a remark in my "Other Worlds," which seemed to imply that he had changed his mind, he noted in a letter to myself that he still retained the opinion expressed in the quoted passage.

instance marred by a forgotten fact. It may, indeed, be regarded as in no sense wonderful if one whose labours extended over so enormous—one may even say, without forgetting his father's work, so unparalleled—a range as Sir John Herschel's, forgot sometimes those facts which he had already admitted on the evidence obtained by others, or even those which he had himself established.*

But even if this blemish have a real existence, it is but as a spot upon the sun. It bears no further than *this* upon our opinion of Sir John Herschel's position as a theorist in astronomy: that whereas but for this occasional forgetfulness he might have ranked higher than Sir William Herschel himself, we must now concede that the younger Herschel was second to the elder, but to the elder Herschel alone. A remarkable era in astronomy, observational and theoretical, has come to a close with the death of Sir John Herschel—an era lasting nearly a full century, during which two astronomers, father and son, have stood forth more prominently than any save the very greatest names in astronomical history. With all our faith in the progress of the human race (and my own faith in that progress is very strong), we can yet scarcely hope that for many generations astronomy will look upon their like again.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

* That this did, at any rate, sometimes happen, cannot be denied even by Sir John Herschel's warmest admirers, since in the prefaces to his "Outlines of Astronomy" we find him noting that theories which he had spoken of as "certain curious views of M. Jean Reynaud" had been "reasoned out" by himself "to identical conclusions" many years before, a fact which had "completely escaped his recollection when perusing the works of M. Reynaud."

HANNAH.

J. Stetel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VIII.

HANNAH'S first feeling on discovering her brother-in-law's absence was intense relief. Then, as she sat over the solitary breakfast-table, there came unto her an uneasiness akin to fear. He had done exactly what she had not done; what, in spite of her first instinctive wish, she had decided was unwise and cowardly to do—he had run away.

From what? From the scandal? But since it was all false, and they innocent, what did it matter? Could they not live it down? Dreadful as things had appeared in the long watches of the night, in that clear light of morning, and with the touch of her darling's arms still lingering about her neck, Hannah felt that she could live it down. Perhaps he could not, perhaps he was afraid—and a cold shiver crept over her—a conviction that he was afraid.

In the sick friend she did not quite believe. She knew all Bernard's affairs—knew that though he had an old college companion ill in London, it was no friend close enough to take him suddenly and compulsorily from all his duties—he who so hated going from home. Yes, he must have gone on her account, and in consequence of what happened last night. Her first impulse of relief and gratitude sank into another sort of feeling. He had certainly run away, leaving her to fight the battle alone. That is, if he meant them to fight it out. If not, if he wished her to leave him, in his absence he would perhaps take the opportunity of telling her so.

For not yet—not even yet—did that other solution of the difficulty suggest itself to Hannah's mind. Had she looked at the sweet, grave face reflected in the mirror opposite, had she heard the patient, tender voice which answered Rosie's infantile exactions—for she had gone and fetched the child, as usual, after breakfast—the truth would at once have occurred to her—concerning any other woman. But it did not concerning herself; or only in that form—a rather sad, but perfectly safe one—not that her brother-in-law was growing fond of her, but that she was growing fond of him; fond enough to make his marriage, or any other catastrophe which should part them, not so indifferent to her as it once had been.

But still this was only affection. Hannah had never had a brother, her nearest approach to the tie having been her cousin Arthur, who from his extreme gentleness and delicacy of health was less like a brother than a sister—ay, even after he changed into a lover. Now, when not one spark of passion, only sacred tenderness, was mixed up with the thought of him, his memory was less that of a man than an angel. In truth, only since she had lived with Mr. Rivers had Hannah found out what it was to associate with a real man, at once strong and tender, who put a woman in her right place by conscientiously taking his own with regard to her, and being to her at once a shelter and a shield.

Poor Hannah! she had grown so accustomed now to be taken care of, that she felt if fate thrust her out into the bitter world again, she should be as helpless as one of those little fledglings about whom, in the intervals of her meditations, she was telling Rosie a pathetic story. And when Rosie said, "Poor 'ittle dicky-birds!" and looked quite sad, then, seeing Aunt Hannah look sad too—alas! not about "dicky-birds"—burst into the sympathetic sobbing of her innocent age, Aunt Hannah's heart felt like to break.

It would have broken many a time that day, but for the blessed necessity of keeping a bright face before the child. Ay, even though sometimes there occurred to her, with a refined self-torture, the thought of what she should do if Mr. Rivers sent her away without Rosie. But she did not seriously fear this—he could not be capable of such cruelty. If he were—why, Aunt Hannah was quite capable of—something else which he might not exactly like, and which perhaps the unpleasant English law might call child-stealing. And she remembered a story, a true story, of an aunt who had once travelled from England to America, and there fairly kidnapped from some wicked relations her dead sister's child; pretended to take it out for a walk, and fled over snow and through forests, travelling by night and hiding by day, till she caught the New York steamer, and sailed, safe and triumphant, for English shores.

"As I would sail, for Australia or America, any day, if he drives me to it. Oh, Rosie! you little know what a desperate woman Tannie could be made!"

And Rosie laughed in her face, and stroked it, and said, "Good Tannie, pretty Tannie!" till the demon sank down, and the pure angel that always seems to look out of baby-eyes comforted Hannah in spite of herself. No one can be altogether wretched, for long together, who has the charge of a healthy, happy, loving little child.

Sunday came, but Mr. Rivers did not return; sending as substitute in his pulpit an old college chum, who reported that he had left London for Cambridge, and was staying there in his old college; at which Lady Rivers expressed herself much pleased.

"He shuts himself up far too much at home, which would be

natural enough if he had a wife ; but for a man in Bernard's circumstances is perfectly ridiculous. I hope he will now see his mistake, and correct it."

Hannah answered nothing. She knew she was being talked at, as was the habit of the Moat House. Her only protection was not to seem to hear. She had, as he desired, taken Bernard's message to his family, even showing the letter, and another letter she got from him respecting Mr. Hewlett the clergyman, also evidently meant to be shown. Indeed, he wrote almost daily to her about some parish business or other, for Hannah had become to him like her lost sister—his "curate in petticoats." But every letter was the briefest, most matter-of-fact possible, beginning "My dear sister," and ending "your affectionate brother." Did he do this intentionally, or make the epistles public intentionally? She rather thought so. A wise, kind precaution; and yet there is something painful and aggravating in any friendship which requires precautions.

Day after day Hannah delivered her brother-in-law's messages and transacted his business, speaking and looking as calmly as if she were his mere *locum tenens*, his faithful "curate," as if her throat were not choking and her hands trembling, with that horrible lie of Dixon's ever present to her mind. She tried to find out whether it had ever reached others' minds, whether there was any difference in the way people glanced at her or addressed her; but beyond a certain carelessness, with which she was usually treated at the Moat House when Mr. Rivers was not present, and a slight coldness in other houses, which might or might not have been her own morbid fancy, she discovered nothing.

The clergyman sent by Bernard being of no imposing personality, or high worldly standing, but only just a poor "coach" at Cambridge, was not invited to stay at the Moat House; so Miss Thelluson had to entertain him herself till Monday. It was an easy task enough; he was very meek, very quiet, and very full of admiration of Mr. Rivers, concerning whose college life he told Hannah stories without end. She listened with an interest strangely warm and tender. For the tales were all to his credit, and proved him to have been then as now—a man who, even as a young man, was neither afraid of being good nor ashamed of being amiable. They made her almost forgive herself for another fact which had alarmed and startled her—that she missed him so much.

People of Hannah's character, accustomed of sad necessity to stand alone, until self-dependent solitude becomes second nature, do not often "miss" other people. They like their friends well enough, are glad to meet and sorry to part; but still no ordinary parting brings with it that intense sense of loss of which Hannah was painfully conscious now her brother-in-law was away. She had thought the child was enough company, and so Rosie was in daylight hours;

the little imperious darling who ruled Aunt Hannah with a rod of iron, except when Aunt Hannah saw it was for the child's good to govern her, when she turned the tables with a firm gentleness that Rosie never disobeyed. But after Rosie had gone to bed, the blank silence which seemed to fall upon the house was indescribable.

Oh, the lonely tea-table!—for she had abolished seven-o'clock dinners; oh, the empty drawing-room, with its ghostly shadows and strange noises! The happy home felt as dreary as Bernard must have found it after poor Rosa died. In the long hours of evening solitude, Hannah's thoughts, beaten back by the never-ceasing business of the day, returned in battalions, attacking her on every weak side, often from totally opposite sides, so that she retired worsted to her inner self—the little secret chambers which her soul had dwelt in ever since she was a child! Yet even there was no peace now. Bernard had let himself into her heart, with that wonderful key of sympathy which he so well knew how to use, and even in her deepest and most sacred self she was entirely her own no more. Continually she wanted him—to talk to, to argue with, to laugh with, nay, even to laugh at sometimes. She missed him everywhere, in everything, with the bitter want of those who, having lived together for many months, come inevitably, as was before said, either to dislike one another excessively, or—that other alternative which is sometimes the most fatal of the two—to love one another. Such love has a depth and passion to which common feelings can no more be compared than the rolling of a noisy brook to the solemn flow of a silent river, which bears life or death in its waveless but inexorable tide.

Ay, it was life or death. Call affection by what name you will, when it becomes all-absorbing it can, in the case of persons not akin by blood, lead but to one result, the love whose right end is marriage. When Hannah, as her brother-in-law's continued absence gave her more time for solitary reflection than she had had for many months, came face to face with the plain fact, how close they had grown, and how necessary they were to one another, she began, startled, to ask herself, if this so-called sisterly feeling were really sisterly? What if it were not? What if she had deceived herself, and that sweet, sad, morning dream which she had thought protected her from all other dreams of love and marriage, had been, after all, only a dream, and this the reality? Or would it have grown into such, had she and Bernard met as perfect strangers, free to fall in love and marry as strangers do?

“Suppose we had—suppose such a thing had been possible,” thought she. And then came a second thought. Why was it impossible? Who made it so—God or man?

Hannah had hitherto never fairly considered the matter, not even when Grace's misery brought it home. With her natural dislike to what she called “walking through muddy water,” she had avoided it,

as one does avoid any needlessly unpleasant thing. Now, when she felt herself turning hot and cold at every new idea which entered her mind, and beginning to think of her brother-in-law—not at all as she was wont to think, the question came startlingly—was she right or wrong in so doing? For she was one of those women after the type of Jeanie in “Auld Robin Gray,” to whom the mere fact—

“I daurna think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin,”

was the beginning and end of everything.

But was it a sin? Could she find anything in the Bible to prove it such? She took down a “Concordance,” and searched out all the texts which bore upon the subject, but found none, except that prohibition adduced once by Mrs. Dixon—“Thou shalt not take a wife to her sister *in her lifetime*”—of which the straightforward, natural interpretation was that, consequently, it might be done after her death.

Right or wrong—that, as Mr. Rivers had more than once half satirically told her, was, in all things, the sole question in Hannah’s mind. As for the social and legal point—lawful marriage—that, she knew, was impossible; Bernard had said so himself. But was the love which desired marriage—absolute *love*, as distinguished from mere affection—also a sin? If it should spring up in her heart—of his she never thought—should she have to smother it down as a wicked thing?

That was her terror, and that alone. The rest, and whatever it must result in, was mere misery; and Hannah was not afraid of misery, only of sin. Yet, when day after day Bernard’s absence lengthened, and except these constant business letters she had no personal tidings whatever from him, there grew in her mind a kind of fear. The house felt so empty without him, that she sometimes caught herself wondering how he managed without her—who brought him his hat and gloves and arranged his daily memoranda—for, like most other excellent men, he was a little disorderly, and very dependent upon the women about him. Who would take care of him and see that he had the food he liked, and the warm wraps he required? All these thoughts came continually back upon Hannah, in a piteously human, tender shape, quite different from that dim dream-love, that sainted remembrance of her lost Arthur. *He* was not a man, like Bernard, helpless even while helpful, requiring one woman’s whole thought and care—he was an angel among the angels.

That power which every good man has to turn all his female ministrants into slaves, by being himself the very opposite of a tyrant; who can win from all household hearts the most loyal devotion, because exacting none—this, the best prerogative and truest test of real manhood, was Bernard’s in a very great degree. It was, as Hannah had once innocently told him, a blessing to live with him, he made other people’s lives so bright. She had no idea how dark the

house could feel till he was gone—till, day after day slipping by, and he not returning, it settled itself for the time into a house without a master, a solar system without a sun.

When she recognised this, the sense of her fast-coming fate darkened down upon Hannah. She was not a young girl, to go on deceiving herself to the end; nay, hers was the kind of nature that cannot deceive itself if it would. During the first week of Bernard's absence she would have almost gone wild sometimes, but for the strong conviction—like poor Grace's, alas!—that she had done nothing wrong, and the feeling, still stronger, that she could always bear anything which only harmed herself.

Then she had the child. In all that dreadful time, which afterwards she looked back upon as a sort of nightmare, she kept Rosie always beside her. Looking in her darling's face—the little fragile flower which had blossomed into strength under her care, the piece of white paper upon which any careless hand might have scribbled anything, to remain indelible through life—then Aunt Hannah took heart even in her misery. She *could* have done no wrong, since, whatever happened to herself, she had saved, by coming to Easterham, the child.

On the second Saturday of Mr. Rivers's absence, Hannah was sitting on the floor with Rosie in the drawing-room, between the lights. It had been a long, wet, winter day, and had begun with a perplexing visit from the churchwarden, wanting to know if the vicar had come home, and, if not, what must be done for Sunday. Hannah had had no letter, and could not tell; could only suggest that a neighbouring clergyman might probably have to be sent for, and arrange who it should be. And the vexed look of the old churchwarden—a respectable farmer—a certain wonder he showed at his principal's long absence—"so very unlike our parson"—together with a slight incivility to herself, which Hannah, so fearfully observant now, fancied she detected in his manner, made her restless and unhappy for hours after. Not till she had Rosie beside her, and drank of the divine lethe-cup which infant hands always bring, did the painful impression subside. Now, in the peace of firelight within, and a last amber gleam of rainy sunset without, she and Rosie had the world all to themselves; tiny fingers curled tightly round hers, with the sweet, imperative "Tannie, tum here!" and a little blue and white fairy held out its mushroom-like frock, with "Rosie dance, Tannie sing!" And Tannie did sing, with a clearness and cheerfulness long foreign to her voice; yet she had had a sweet voice when she was a girl. When this, her daily business of delight, came, the tempting spirits, half angel, half demon, which had begun to play at hide-and-seek through the empty chambers of poor Hannah's heart, fled away, exorcised by that magic spell which heaven gives to every house that owns a child.

She was sitting there, going through "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," "Banbury Cross," the history of the young gentleman who "put in his thumbs and pulled out the plums," with other noble nursery traditions, all sung to tunes composed on the spot, in that sweet, clear soprano which always made Rosie put up her small fingers with a mysterious "Hark! Tannie's singing!" when a ring came to the door-bell.

Hannah's heart almost stopped beating. Should she fly? Then there was a familiar voice in the hall, and Rosie shrieked out in an ecstasy, "Papa come! papa come!" Should she hide? Or should she stay, with the child beside her, a barrier against evil eyes and tongues without, and miserable thoughts within? Yes, that was the best thing, and Hannah did it.

Mr. Rivers came in; and, shaking hands with his sister-in-law, took his little girl in his arms. Rosie clung to him in an ecstasy of delight. She, too, had not forgotten papa.

"I thought she would forget," he said. "Baby memories are short enough."

"But Rosie is not a baby; and papa has only been away eleven days."

Eleven days!—then he would know she had counted them. As soon as the words were uttered, Hannah could have bitten her tongue out with shame.

But no; he did not seem to notice them, or anything but his little girl. He set Rosie on his lap, and began playing with her, but fitfully and absently. He looked cold, pale, ill. At last he said, in a pathetic kind of way—

"Hannah, I wish you would give me a glass of wine. I am so tired."

And the eyes which were lifted up to hers for a minute, had in them a world of weariness and sadness. They drove out of Hannah's mind all thoughts of how and why she and he had parted, and what might happen now they met, and threw her back into the old domestic relationship between them. She took out her keys, got him food and drink, and watched him take both, and revive after them, with almost her old pleasure. Nay, she scarcely missed the old affectionate "Thank you, Hannah, you are so good,"—which never came.

Presently, when Rosie, growing too restless for him, was dismissed with the customary "Do take her, Aunt Hannah, nobody can manage her but you," Hannah carried the little one to bed, and so disappeared, not a word or look having been exchanged between them except about the child. Still, as she left him sitting in his arm-chair by his own fireside, which he said he found so "cosie," she, like little Rosie, was conscious of but one feeling—gladness that papa was come home.

At dinner, too, how the whole table looked bright, now that the

master's place was no longer vacant! Hannah resumed hers; and, in spite of the servants' haunting eyes and greedy ears, on the watch for every look and word that passed between these two innocent sinners, there was a certain peace and content in going back to the old ways once more.

When they were left alone together, over dessert, Mr. Rivers looked round the cheerful room, saying, half to himself, "How comfortable it is to be at home!" and then smiled across the table to her, as if saying mutely what he had said in words a hundred times, that it was she who made his home so comfortable. And Hannah smiled in return, forgetting everything except the pleasantness of having him back again—the pure delight and rest in one another's society, which are at the root of all true friendship, all deep love. They did not talk much, indeed talking seemed dangerous; but they sat a long time in their opposite seats as they had sat day after day for so many months, trying to think, feel, and speak the same as heretofore.

But it was in vain. In this, as in all false positions, the light once admitted could never again be hidden from; the door once opened could never be shut.

Mr. Rivers proposed going to the drawing-room at once. "I want to talk to you; and here the servants might be coming in."

Hannah blushed violently, and then hated herself for doing so. Why should she be afraid of the servants coming in? Why tremble because he "wanted to talk to her?" such a common occurrence, —a bit of their every-day life; which went on, and must go on, externally, just the same as before.

So she rose, and they went into the drawing-room.

It was the prettiest room in the house; full of everything that a man of taste and refinement could desire, in order to make—and it does help to make—a happy home. Yet the master of it looked round with infinite sadness in his eyes, as if it gave him no pleasure, as if he hardly saw it.

"Hannah," he said at last, when they had gone through the form of tea, and she had taken her work—another empty form, for her hands shook so she could hardly thread her needles—"Hannah, I had better not put off my business with you—my message to you, rather. You must understand I fulfil it simply as a matter of duty. I hope you will not be offended?"

"I offended?"

"You ought not to be, I think, in any case. No lady should take offence because an honest man presumes to love her. But I may as well speak out plainly. My friend Morecomb——"

"Oh, is it that matter again? I thought I was to hear no more of it."

"You never would have done from me, but circumstances have altered a little, and I have been overborne by the opinion of others."

"What others?"

"Lady Rivers" (Hannah started angrily). "To her, wisely or foolishly, Morecomb has appealed; and, by her advice, has again written to me. They both put it to me that it is my duty, as your brother-in-law, once more to lay the matter before you, and beg you to reconsider your decision. His letter—which I do not offer to show you, for he might not like it, and, besides, there are things said in it to myself which none but a very old friend would venture to say—his letter is thoroughly straightforward, manly, and generous. It makes me think, for the first time, that he is almost worthy of you. In it he says—may I repeat to you what he says?"

Hannah bent her head.

"That his conviction of your worth and his attachment to yourself is such, that if you will only allow him to love you he shall be satisfied, and trust to time for the rest. He entreats you to marry him at once, and let him take you from Easterham, and place you in the position which, as his wife, you would of course have, and which he knows—we all know—you would so worthily fill."

Bernard had said all this like a person speaking by rote, repeating carefully and literally all that he had before planned to say, and afraid of committing himself by the alteration of a word. Now he paused, and waited for an answer.

It came not.

"He desires me to tell you that, besides the rectory, he has a good private income; that his two daughters are both married; and that, in case of his death, you will be well provided for. It is a pleasant parish and a charming house. You would have a peaceful home, away, and yet not very far away, from Easterham. You might see Rosie every week——"

Here Hannah turned slowly round, and for the first time Bernard saw her face.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "What have I done? I meant no harm—Morecomb meant no harm."

"No," she answered, in a hard, dry tone. "He meant—I quite understand it, you see, and, since I understand it, why should I not speak of it?—he meant to stop the mouths of Easterham by marrying me, and taking me away from your house. He is exceedingly kind—and you also."

"I?—oh, Hannah!—I?"

"Why distress yourself? Do I not say you are exceedingly kind?"

But she seemed hardly to know what she was saying. Her horrible, humiliating position between her brother-in-law and her brother-in-law's friend, the one having unwillingly affixed the stain upon her name, which the other was generously trying to remove, burst upon her with an agony untold.

"Why did I ever come here? Why were you so cruel as to ask me to come here? I came in all innocence. I knew nothing. You, a man, ought to have known."

He turned deadly pale.

"You mean to say I ought to have known that, although the law considers you my sister, you are not my sister, and our living together as we do would expose us to remarks such as James Dixon made the other night. Most true; I ought to have known. Was that all? or did you mean anything more than that?"

"Nothing more. Is not that enough? Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful for an innocent woman to have to bear!"

And her self-control quite gone, Hannah rocked herself to and fro, in such a passion of grief as she had never let any one witness in her since she was a child. For, indeed, woman as she was, she felt weak as a child.

But the man was weaker still. Once—twice, he made a movement as if he would dart across the hearth to where she sat; but restrained himself, and remained motionless in his seat—attempting no consolation. What consolation could he give? It was he himself who had brought this slander upon her—how cruel and how widespread it was he by this time knew, even better than she.

"Hannah," he said, after a little, "we are neither of us young people, to take fright at shadows. Let us speak openly together, as if we were two strangers, viewing the case of two other strangers, placed in the same relation together as ourselves."

"Speak? how can I speak? I am utterly helpless, and you know it. Lady Rivers knows it too; and so, doubtless, does Mr. Morecomb. Perhaps, after all, I should be wisest to accept his generous offer and marry him."

Bernard started, and then composed himself into the same formal manner with which he had conducted the whole conversation.

"Yes, in a worldly point of view, it would be wise; I, speaking as your brother-in-law, am bound to tell you so. I wish to do my duty by you; I have no right to allow my own or my child's interest to stand in the way of your happiness." He paused. "I wish you to be happy—God knows I do!" He paused again. "Then—what answer am I to give to Morecomb? Am I to tell him to come here and speak for himself?"

"No!" Hannah burst out vehemently. "No—a thousand times no! My heart is my own, and he has not got it. If I were a beggar starving in the streets, or a poor wretch whom everybody pointed the finger at—as perhaps they do—I would not marry Mr. Morecomb."

A strange light came into Bernard's eyes.

"That's Hannah! There speaks my good, true Hannah! I thought she had gone away, and some other woman come in her place. For-

give me! I did my duty; but oh! it was hard! I am so glad, so glad!"

He spoke with his old, affectionate, boyish impulsiveness; he was still exceedingly boyish in some things, and perhaps Hannah liked him the better for it—who knows? Even now a faint smile passed over her lips.

"You ought to have known me better. You ought to have been sure that I would not marry any man without loving him. And I told you long ago that I did not love Mr. Morecomb."

"You did; but people sometimes change their minds. And love comes, we know not how. It begins—just a little seed, as it were—and grows, and grows, till all of a sudden we find it a full-grown plant, and we cannot root it up, however we try."

He spoke dreamily, and as if he had forgotten all about Mr. Morecomb, then sat down and began gazing into the fire with that dull apathetic look so familiar to Hannah during the early time of her residence there, when she knew him little, and cared for him less; when, if any one had told her there would come to her such a day as this day, when every word of the sentence he had just uttered would fall on her heart like a drop of burning lead, she would have pronounced it impossible—ridiculously impossible. Yet she was true then—true now—to herself and to all others; perfectly candid and sincere. But would the world ever believe it? Does the world, so ready to find out double or interested motives, ever believe in conscientious turncoats, righteous renegades? Yet there are such things.

After awhile Mr. Rivers suddenly aroused himself.

"I am thinking of other matters, and forgetting my friend. I had better put the good man out of his pain by telling him the truth at once, had I not, Hannah?"

"Certainly."

"Your decision is quite irrevocable?"

"Quite."

"Then we need say no more. I will write the letter at once."

But that seemed not so easily done as said. After half an hour or more he came back with it unfinished in his hand.

"I hardly know how to say what you wish me to say. A mere blank No, without any reasons given. Are there none which could make the blow fall lighter? Remember, the man loves you, Hannah, and love is a precious thing."

"I know it is, when one has love to give back; but I have none. Not an atom."

"Why not? I beg your pardon—I ought not to ask—I have not the slightest right to ask. Still, as I have sometimes thought, a woman seldom lives thirty years without—without some sort of attachment."

Hannah became much agitated. Rosa, then, had kept sisterly faith, even towards her own husband. Mr. Rivers evidently knew nothing about Arthur; had been all along quite unaware of that sad but sacred story, which Hannah thought sheltered her just as much as widow's weeds might have done.

She hesitated, and then, in her misery, she clung to the past as a kind of refuge from the present.

"I thought you knew it," she answered very slowly and quickly; "I thought Rosa had told you. If it will lessen his pain, you may tell Mr. Morecomb that once I was engaged to be married to a cousin of mine. He was ill: they sent him away to Madeira, and there he died."

"He—I did not quite hear." For, indeed, Hannah's words were all but inaudible.

"He died!"

She had said it out now, and Bernard knew the whole. Those two silent ghosts, of his dead wife and her own dead lover, seemed to come and stand near them in the quiet room. Was it with looks of sorrow or anger?—if the dead can feel either. Arthur—Rosa—in their lives both so loving, unselfish, and dear. Was it of them that the living needed to be afraid?

Mr. Rivers seemed not afraid, only exceedingly and painfully surprised.

"I had no idea of such a thing, or I would never have urged Mr. Morecomb's plea. And yet, tell me, Hannah, is this lost love the only cause of your refusing him? Was this what you referred to when you once said to me, or implied, that you would never marry anybody? Is all your heart, your warm, true, womanly heart, buried in your cousin's grave?"

There may be circumstances in which people are justified in telling a noble lie; but Hannah was not the woman to do it. Not though it would at once have placed her beyond the reach of misconception, saved her from all others, and from herself—encompassed her henceforward with a permanent shield. Though one little "Yes" would have accomplished all this, she could not say it, for she felt it would have been a lie—a lie to heaven and to her own soul. She looked down on the floor, and answered deliberately—"No!"

But the effort took all her strength, and when it was over she rose up tottering, and tried to feel her way to the door. Mr. Rivers opened it, not making the least effort to detain her.

"Good-night!" she said, as she passed him. He, without even an offered hand, said "Good-night," too; and so they parted.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

OF all the thousands of writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, whose names and works are recorded in the history of literature, a few scores of names only have become household words among the men of this nineteenth century. And, considering all the calls on the attention and time of the present generation made by its own literature, the continued existence of any past name among us as a generally known and household word must be held to imply no small degree of eminence and merit. But of this small band of survivors—of these few scores of names which still are on the tongues of all men—a very much smaller and more select band is that which is composed of the old writers who are still really read.

And of this very select and small company Michel de Montaigne is one.

He is, further, one of the yet more restricted number, of whom it may be said that they have reached, as it were, a phase of rejuvenescence. Not only has Montaigne always been read, but he is read more now than he was during any part of the eighteenth century. Of course, it is not meant simply that he is now read by a greater number of individuals; for the infinite increase in the number of readers might account for this fact without any necessity for inferring thence an increased popularity. But it may be safely asserted that, with due reference to proportion in this respect, Montaigne is much more generally known and appreciated now than he was an hundred years ago.

Nevertheless, so terribly full are our nineteenth century lives, and so stringent the deplorable inelasticity of the twenty-four hours to the day, and seven days to the week, that many a man who has heard of Montaigne all his life—and not a few who, having some vague idea of the general nature of his writings, and perhaps not even that, yet frequently speak of him as of an acquaintance—has never looked into his pages. It may be supposed that they would fain do so, did time and the hour permit it. And, since that cannot be, some such short account of the man and of his works, as may be put into the space and form of a magazine article, may be not unacceptable.

In the first place, what are the qualities which have caused the phenomenon we have been stating? What is it that has enabled Montaigne to float still a strong swimmer beneath the glimpses of the moon, he alone of all his French contemporaries, while black oblivion has engulfed, or all but engulfed, all those others?

In seeking a reply to this question, we may begin by observing that

Michel de Montaigne, besides belonging, as has been said, to the small band of survivors whose works are still really read after the lapse of three centuries, is in a special and very notable manner one of that little and privileged knot of writers of whom succeeding generations love to speak and think as of a personal acquaintance and friend. The names of the genial compeers of that immortal round table, where the peaked beard of Montaigne wags above the board between his admiring juniors, Burton and Sir Thomas Brown, might be enumerated within a very moderate compass. But they will readily occur to the reader, who will have no difficulty in recognising the type of writers of whom we are speaking. They are the men whom the world affects to call by some pet name, who are always spoken of with more of the familiarity of affection than of the formality of respect, and who are never mentioned without the addition of some kindly epithet, which adheres to them as closely as the Homeric "Swift-of-foot" does to Achilles. They are "old John" this, "rare Ben" that, "quaint Tom" t'other. Montaigne owns fellowship with all these worthies.

And this is a mark characteristic of all the company, and of our kindly Michel as much as of any one of them—that the world loves, remembers, and prizes them, not so much for what they have said, as for their manner of saying it. "*Le style, c'est l'homme*," says the French critic. And the dictum is especially true of the writers belonging to the class of whom we are speaking. They have so put themselves and their own individuality into their writings that the reader feels, not as if he were gathering information through the medium of paper and print (which, excellent as the invention is, stands like a very undiaphanous screen between one human soul and another), but as if he were listening to the chat of a very delightful companion. Hence the airs of intimacy which the world of readers assumes in speaking of these men.

And it is to be observed further, that these facts explain not only the popularity of such writers, but the causes of the permanency of that popularity also. With the exception of chroniclers, from whose pages historians have perhaps not yet succeeded in wringing the last drop of truth that may be got from them, what book of two hundred—ay, or of one hundred years old—can ever be opened for the sake of the matter it has to impart to us? It is all *connu, connu*! The world has got on too far ahead. But for the manner of the writer—the "style," which is the man! This is the charm which is in its nature immortal.

And to the present writer such reflections seem to be entirely applicable to our well-loved Michel de Montaigne. No doubt there are many men, lovers of old books, and in some cases lovers of old times, who would exclaim against such a notion as a heresy of the most detestable kind, conclusive as to the self-sufficient ignorance of the utterer of it. They will assert that lessons of wisdom for the

conduct of life of the most practically valuable kind are yet to be learned from the old Gascon philosopher. They will maintain that specially as a master in the science of mankind he is still supreme. They will assure you that he who would sound and understand the human heart and its weaknesses, he who would school his own against them, he who would learn to practise a philosophy of life profound in its wisdom, because of the largest in its humanity, can do no better than "turn over with a daily, turn over with a nightly hand" the pages of Montaigne.

But to the present writer this seems to be an illusion the cause of which it is not difficult to imagine. The student who would feed his mind with all the good things enumerated in the preceding paragraph, can, it is submitted, do better than go to Montaigne for them. Not that nothing of the sort is to be found in his pages. That is far, very far, from being the case. But let a moralist, full fed with the current literature and speculations of the present day, go to Montaigne's pages to seek the philosophy to be found in them, totally regardless of all the charms of the great writer's style, wholly uninterested by the *naïveté* of the self-revelations he is so liberal of, careless of the historico-social speculations called forth by the fact that such a man should have so thought and so written at such a time and under such circumstances, and he will hardly need a more irresistible proof of the reality of the world's progress. Such a seeker would find the maxims of wisdom very trite, the speculations very jejune, the morality very superficial, the world-knowledge very shallow. But then such a seeker, such a reader, never does look into Montaigne's book. The men who read Montaigne are those who look for and are competent to find all those other charms which we have been supposing our student moralist to neglect. And, as has been said, it is not difficult to imagine the nature of the illusion, which predisposes such men to find in the subject matter of the old philosopher's writings all those valuable things which have been above rehearsed. There is the prestige of antiquity, which adds the authority of venerability to cathedraic precepts. There is the charm of style, which, specially heightened and flavoured by the racy quaintness of an old-world diction, has the effect of adding new point and weight to dicta, which have since been said to far greater effect, because said in connection with a wider science, and based on far more extended generalizations. There is also, contributing to the same result, a feeling which, however little men may be conscious of its operation, is probably hardly ever altogether absent from the mental attitude, with which we contemplate the operation of the minds of men of long-passed generations. It is a pleasurable feeling arising from the recognition of a similarity to our modes of thinking and reasoning in beings divided from us by vast spaces of time. "Nay, sir," said Dr. Johnson of the dancing dogs, "the creature, it is true, dances ill, but the wonder is that it should do it at all!" And

it may perhaps be said, without intending any of the disrespect to those who have gone before us that the implied analogy might seem to involve, that a complacent though not self-conscious feeling of a somewhat similar kind mingles with the half-surprised recognition of modes of thought that we know as our own, in those who, as we cannot help perceiving, are to us ever as children.

If, however, the student of morals and of man, who is conversant with the present aspects of those studies and with the best modern literature in which those aspects are presented, cannot be counselled to turn to the pages of Montaigne with the hope of finding much that will be suggestive or useful to him, very different advice may be offered to the purely literary *dilettante*. French critics are never weary of enlarging on the very special and individual beauties of the style of the old Gascon philosopher, and the alluring charm of his manner; of the latter, much may be appreciated and enjoyed in a good translation, and perhaps the version most to be recommended for the purpose is still that which Shakespeare is proved to have possessed and to have used—"The Essays of Michael Lord of Montaigne, done into English by John Florio. London, 1603. Folio." This is, as might be expected, a very scarce book; but it was reprinted at London in 1618, and again in 1682.

With regard to the former of the attractions mentioned in the preceding paragraph, of course little of the beauty of style can be tasted by those who are not able to read the essays in the language in which the country-gentleman philosopher wrote them. And it may be admitted at once that the vast majority of those who have learned French only as it is usually taught in commercial academies and ladies' schools, or who have acquired it merely by residence in France, would find Montaigne very difficult reading; but the old Gascon would be intelligible enough to tolerably competent Latin scholars. The difficulty he presents arises wholly and solely from archaic modes of spelling and obsolete words and form and expressions. His style, properly so called, is always, or almost always, beautifully pellucid. None of the special difficulties, for example, would be found which render the study of Rabelais so thorny. And as regards mere phraseology, the difference in favour of the later writer is curiously greater than one would have *a priori* expected from the space of less than half a century which separated them.

In fact, there are few writers—perhaps it would be more correct to say that there is not one—to whom the French tongue is more deeply indebted for the improvement of the language into the polished instrument which modern writers find ready to their hand. He was indeed a greater benefactor in this kind than he would have been if he had been a less lawless, wilful, and audacious writer than he was. He had no models, and he owned subjection to no rules. He wrote precisely as it pleased his own fancy; he compelled his pen to follow his thoughts, and he let the latter wander as they would. No phrase,

no metaphor, no similitude, was rejected by him if it served well and truly for the forcible expression of his thought; and he hesitated not to coin new words whenever he wanted them and could find them. Many of the terms thus imported into the language by him have permanently remained to enrich it; and many more have been rejected by the modern masters of the language which, as Le Clerc admits, might have been advantageously retained. Words now so common and accepted as "gratitude," "diversion," "enfantillage," "enjoué," are cited by Le Clerc as among a very much greater number which the language owes to Montaigne. Among others, which the same critic cites as words found in the *Essays*, but which are not now extant in modern French, several have, at all events, become perfectly naturalized on our side of the Channel, as "condiment," "equanimité," "improvidence," "inanité," "magnifier," "procrété," &c.

It is somewhat curious that a writer of such habits and proclivities should have been a great advocate for the establishment of an Academy in France, the main result of the establishment of which has been to keep poor the language which he did so much to enrich, and one of whose first cares was to banish many of the words and phrases which he had introduced. The worthy Gascon was, however, by no means ready to yield his notions upon such points to the dicta of authority in his own day, as is shown in a remarkable manner by a very amusing story told by his friend and contemporary Etienne Pasquier, in one of his letters (*Lett.* xviii. 1).

Pasquier and Montaigne were walking together in the court of the Chateau de Blois during the holding there of the States-General in 1588, when, the conversation turning on literary matters, Pasquier could not help remarking to his friend, that in many points of his book—the immortal *Essays*—there was to be found, "je ne sais quoi du ramage gascon." "And as he would not believe me," continues Pasquier, "I took him to my chamber, where I had his book, and there pointed out to him many words which are familiar, not to Frenchmen, but only to Gascons, as 'un patenostre,' 'un debte,' 'un recontre;' and such phrases as 'ces ouvrages sentent à l'huile,' or 'à la lampe.' Especially I showed him that he used the word 'jouir' altogether after the fashion of Gascony, and not according to the practice of our French tongue, as 'la santé que je jouis jusques à present,' 'l'amitié est jouie à mesure qu'elle est désirée,' 'la vraie solitude se peut jouir au milieu des villes,' &c. Many other phrases did I point out to him, not only with regard to this word, but to many others also. And I imagined that he would order all these things to be corrected in the next then forthcoming edition of his book. But not only did he do nothing of the sort, but when it came to pass that he was overtaken by death, his adopted daughter caused everything to be printed exactly as it stood, and in her preliminary letter told us that his widow had sent her the MS. in the condition in which he had intended that it should appear."

Pasquier's surprise that his old friend should have declined to alter his language in accordance with his own well-meant critical observations, seems hardly consistent with a very intimate knowledge of the man, or even with a very accurate acquaintance with his works. For Montaigne, in more than one passage, very openly expresses his preference for the Gascon idiom, glorifies himself on his Gasconism, and declares his purpose and will to be and to remain a Gascon and a Gascon writer. And it is very curious to a critical student of the history of the French language that such should have been the notions of one who is admitted, by the most competent authorities on the subject, to have done so much for the enriching, moulding, and fashioning of the modern French idiom. It is curious, also, as bearing on the question at issue between the advocates and opponents of national literary academies, to find such opinions and preferences as those above shown to have been held by Montaigne, in one who earnestly called for the foundation of a French Academy. Those who think that such institutions are hurtful to the best interest of literature rather than calculated to promote them, are justified, it may well be urged, in declining to admit that the celebrated Gascon writer is to be reckoned among their adversaries. For it is clear that what Montaigne wanted when he advocated the establishment of an Academy, was something very different from the institution which has so powerfully influenced the whole course of development of French literature. Had he foreseen exactly the nature, manner, and consequence of the operation of the French Academy, he would probably have said that academies, like some other things, are excellent servants, but very bad and tyrannical masters.

To return, however, for one word more respecting that quality of "quaintness" and simplicity which imparts so much of the charm which modern readers find in many old writers, and very notably in Montaigne. It is to be remembered that much illusion is produced by considering this to arise from qualities inherent in the writer. It is produced, in most cases, simply by the distance of time which separates the writer from the reader. The "simplicity," which delights us, is due to the fact that men's thoughts two or three hundred years ago were not laden, complicated, and diversified by all the wealth of speculation and knowledge which have since been added to the human stock. And the "quaintness" is simply the result of the difference of time, and the comparatively unformed condition of the language those writers had to use. Had the same men written in our own day, they would not have written "quaintly." In the remarks of children a similarly amusing simplicity and quaintness may often be observed. And a few generations hence the writers, who would be the last that we should think of crediting or taxing with quaintness, will be found as quaint as we find the writings of Montaigne.

There are, however, qualities very intrinsically the special pro-

perties of the man, which have been very influential in making the style and manner of Montaigne's writings what they are. His immensely strong feeling of personality is the principal of these. Hardly any writer ever made so great and constant use of the capital *I*, and certainly none ever has been so entirely pardoned by his readers for the abuse of it. In fact, the main subject of the *Essays* is Michel de Montaigne himself; and in more than one passage he pretty well tells us that such is the case, and that he intends such to be the case. But one of the merits which may most readily cause the egoism of a writer to be forgiven by his reader, Montaigne had to perfection—sincerity in self-portraiture. Moreover, though it is impossible to mistake the true Gascon vanity of the man, it is evident that he sets about the process of autopsy with the sincerest conviction that so he will really be able to bring forth that something “utile, quod æquè pauperibus prodest locupletibus æquè; æquè neglectum scribis puerisque nocebit.” In fact, it is this continual reference to and miniature painting of himself that produces that sense of acquaintanceship and companionship between the writer and the reader, which is perhaps the principal source of the universally admitted attractiveness of Montaigne's writings, and one of the most marked features of that *manner* which has been declared to be the real merit, for the sake of which a few hours of our sorely-occupied time may yet be bestowed on them.

But it was hinted at the opening of this paper that there is one other point of view, equally distinct from any value, which the *Essays* may be supposed still to possess as moral teaching, from which they may be considered with great interest. And this is their value as documents in the history of social progress—especially, of course, of French social progress. “The *Essays* of Montaigne form an epoch,” says Buckle (“*History of Civilization*,” vol. i. p. 478), “not only in the literature, but in the civilization of France. This”—the publication of the *Essays*—“is the first open declaration of that scepticism, which towards the end of the sixteenth century publicly appeared in France.”

Montaigne was born at a time when France was about to enter on a period that French critics have generally been accustomed to call one of the most disastrous in the course of her history. There have been so many later periods more truly disastrous, and the whole course of French history from the days of the *Ligne* downwards, from phase to phase of it, has been so manifestly calculated according to the most commonly understood sequence of social cause and effect, to lead to each successive deterioration, that, bad as were the days of the latter Valois kings, there does not seem to be any historical propriety in stigmatizing them as a specially calamitous period of French annals. But the miseries, follies, meannesses, and stupidities which were then wrecking France, and preparing the way for worse wreck to come, were of such a special nature as to make the appear-

ance of such a man as Montaigne in the midst of them in no ordinary degree a remarkable phenomenon. And it is no exaggerated statement to say that if France had produced a few score more of such minds, all her then immediate fortunes and subsequent destiny might have been very far other than they were and have been. Le Clerc says that Montaigne was a more considerable man, as compared with the generation in which he lived, than either Cicero or Voltaire. And to the present writer the judgment seems a correct one, especially as regards the comparison with Voltaire.

Of course the causes of the evils, which were rending the body of French society in twain during the reigns of the last Valois kings, and were normally preparing a due crop of always increasing evils to follow, were manifold. But it would not probably be far from the truth to assert that the worst, most prominent, most hopeless, and most radical of these causes was the absence of toleration; and the absolute incapacity of *all* the men of the time to conceive the idea that tolerance was a good, a desirable, or a possible thing. Now, Montaigne was the most tolerant of men. Toleration of the opinions, and even to a great degree of the conduct, of others, is the key-stone of his philosophy and the key-note of his writings. It is in this respect that he was so remarkably in advance of his age, and truly the degree of the advance may be said to have been infinite. Of course men, whose tone of mind is essentially opposed to that of the old Gascon philosopher, will urge, as always, that tolerance is the offspring, the necessary and natural offspring, of indifference. The assertion is incorrect. It would be more accurate to say that tolerance is the result of doubt in the mind of him who is tolerant. But neither is this always true, save in the great and predominating subject of religion. In that chapter it *is* true. And it is only the recognition of the impossibility of certainty upon the subject, that relieves any man from the duty of knocking an heretical teacher of religion on the head, as he would a mad dog. "Upon that tenet (that belief in the doctrines of the Church was essential to salvation), whether it be held by Papist or Protestant," says Southey ("Book of the Church," vol. ii., p. 29), "toleration becomes what it has so often been called, soul murder; persecution is in the strictest sense a duty; and it is an act of religious charity to burn heretics alive, for the purpose of deterring others from damnation." This is undeniable. But Southey, who is always singularly blind to the degree in which his arguments against Romanism cut the ground from under the feet of Protestant believers, goes on to say very weakly that "the tenet is proved to be false by its intolerable consequences." Nay, it is proved to be false only by the recognition of the impossibility of certainty upon any part of the subject. And it is notable enough that Montaigne should have discovered this for himself, while it was hidden from such a man as Sir Thomas More. But in Montaigne's day nobody save himself recognised this impossibility. It was an extremely reli-

gious age. Never did that all-pervadingness of religion, which causes it to enter as a leading motive into all public and all private conduct, and which is deemed by many so great a desideratum in our own day, more powerfully influence any society. It is true that few have ever been more utterly and generally profligate in regard to moral conduct. But none the less were religious questions the leading occupation of men's minds, and religious differences the main motives of their public conduct in that day. The compatibility of the two conditions is amusingly expressed in that saying of certain ladies of Montaigne's day, that they would rather charge their consciences with twelve lovers than with one mass.

Now, Montaigne was above all else a sceptic. Scepticism upon every sort of subject that can occupy the human mind made the very substratum of his mental constitution, and was habitually cultivated by him in all his speculations and philosophizings. The general outcome of these was expressed in the well-known motto which he took to himself as setting forth the sum of his thoughts and experiences, "*QUE SAIS-JE ?*" He had come to the conclusion that "there is nothing certain save uncertainty." "The persuasion of certitude," he tells us in another place, "is a sure mark of folly and of extreme incertitude." "Is it not better," he asks again, "to remain in suspense than to fall into so many errors which human phantasy has produced?" Fontenelle, towards the end of his life, declared himself to be dismayed at the certitude he saw around him on all sides. On which Le Clerc remarks that the saying is profound, and is worth a whole page of history. Truly he might have said that it was worth very many volumes.

Fontenelle was then at least thus far a disciple of our philosopher. But the world had moved on a good bit when Fontenelle made the above reflection. Remembering what it was when Montaigne lived and wrote, it cannot be doubted that his philosophy was very partially acceptable to the men of his own generation. Yet Pasquier was his friend, and De Thou his ardent admirer. And we may well consider such names as more than counterbalancing the disapproval of such men as Malebranche and Balzac. But there is another name far greater than either of these, which one is sorry to find on the list of Montaigne's detractors and revilers.

This is Pascal.

Pascal is, one may say, unmeasured in his abuse of Montaigne. He calls him a "dishonest man," "an odious man," and stigmatises all those really beautiful considerations by which Montaigne seeks to prepare and arm us against the King of Terrors, as the drivelling of a man who is only thinking of dying like a coward and a Sybarite. It is very curious to find such a mind as that of Pascal thus savagely hostile to such another as that of Montaigne; and one asks oneself the cause of such fierce denunciation and dislike. The cause, as it seems to the present writer, is not far to seek. It is a notable instance

of the operation of that terrible passion, the *odium theologicum*. It has been said that tolerance may exist unaccompanied by indifferentism or doubt on every other subject save that of religion. But Montaigne's tolerance was bounded by no such exception. It is impossible to read his Essays without perceiving very clearly that he doubted respecting many things, assured certainty regarding which is essential to the faithful Christian. "Mr. Hallam," says Buckle (note to p. 474, "History of Civilisation"), "says that his scepticism is not displayed in religion." But if we use the word religion in its ordinary sense, as connected with dogma, it is evident from Montaigne's language that he was a sceptic, and an unflinching one too. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that all religious opinions are the result of custom. "Comme de vray nous n'avons aultre mire de la verité et della raison, que l'exemple et idée des opinions et usances du país ou nous sommes : là est (tousjours) la parfaicte religion, la parfaicte police, parfait et accomply usage de toutes choses" ("Essais de Montaigne," liv. i. ch. 30). "As a natural consequence," continues Buckle, "he lays down that religious error is not criminal. The fact seems to be," he sums up, "that Montaigne, while recognising abstractedly the existence of religious truths, doubted our capacity for knowing them; that is to say, he doubted if, out of the immense number of religious opinions, there were any means of ascertaining which were accurate." "Nothing of this sort," continues Buckle, in a subsequent note, after citing other passages from our author decisively indicative of the most frank scepticism—"nothing of this sort had ever appeared before in the French language." When he was at Rome his writings were censured *pro forma*. But when he was about to quit the Eternal City, the maestro of the apostolic palace, much more anxious to act the courteous host to so distinguished a guest than to ensure the purity of religious faith, whispered in his ear to take no notice of the censures on his book, counselling him, however, only to cancel the word "fortune," which was held to be objectionable. But we all know what religious faith at Rome was in the days of Pope Buoncompagni, Gregory XIII. ! And Pascal, earnest after a very different fashion, smelt the heresy of Montaigne's mind and writings with the unerring instinct of a true Churchman, and hated the man accordingly.

It must not be imagined, however, that Montaigne was by any means a professed unbeliever. Very far from it. He died in the act of raising himself painfully in his bed to join his hands in prayerful veneration of the elevation of the host, in the course of the service being performed in his sick chamber. Nor at any period of his life did he express disbelief in any fact or doctrine that the Catholic Church required him to believe. But Montaigne was as inconsistent in this respect as very many other men are. He would fain have been not sceptical in the matter of religion. But his nature was too strong for him. His whole intellect was sceptical. He received no opinion on any subject without proceeding at once to ascertain for himself

what was to be said on the other side of the question. If you had proposed to him the controversy between the little-endians and the big-endians he would have made an excellent defence on either side, and then have left the matter with his favourite *que sais-je?*

Of course his more recent orthodox fond admirers—such men as La Clerc, for instance—try hard to show that there is no irreligious tendency in Montaigne's writings. They, unlike Pascal, are men to whose heart the glory of French literature sits far nearer than the interests of the purity of religious doctrine. But for the sake of the *convenances*, it has to be maintained that so great a writer as Montaigne was all right upon that head. And a very difficult job they have of it. But if they would content themselves with showing that his unbounded toleration was in no degree the outcome of indifferentism to truth, so far as it is attainable by the human mind, they might make a better fight of it. Here is a golden passage from his celebrated "Essay on the Education of Children," the 25th of the 1st Book, which is indicative of a conscience very beautifully sensitive to the value of truth and of truthfulness: "And above all, let a child be taught to yield, and give up his arms to the truth, as soon as ever he shall perceive either that it is springing into life in the hands of his opponent, or that it has been born in his own mind by means of some better after-thought." A golden lesson in truth!

No author, so far as is known to the present writer, has formed so just an appreciation of the importance and bearing of the position occupied by Montaigne in the history of French literature and civilization, as Buckle; and the reader, who is interested in the subject, would do well to turn to the passage above referred to in the "History of Civilization" and read the entire passage.

It remains only for the fulfilment of the purpose of this paper, to give a brief statement of the leading facts of Montaigne's personal history.

In the first place it appears that Montaigne was by extraction an Englishman! His real family name was Eyquem—Michel Eyquem, Seigneur de Montaigne—the latter being the name of a small property which he inherited from his father, with a chateau still extant, in the commune of Saint Michel, the arrondissement of Bergerac, and canton of Velires, department of the Dordogne. The family name, however, would seem to have been finally disused during the time of our author.

It must not be supposed from the phrases of French writers, who are wont to speak of Montaigne as a "gentilhomme de campagne," "le philosophe campagnard," &c., that he had no experiences of the great world, that his life was passed in retirement, or that his education was that of most country gentlemen of his time. His education was a specially learned one; insomuch that, owing to the anxious care of his father directed to this end, his earliest language was Latin. His first employment was that of a "Conseiller au Parlement de Bordeaux," and he became *invité Minervâ*, a courtier.

It will be the best and shortest plan, however, to give a few dates of the leading incidents of his career.

He was born on the 29th February, at the Chateau de St. Michel-de-Montaigne, in the year 1533, which was the eighteenth of the reign of Francis I. At six years old, speaking Latin as his ordinary tongue, he is sent to the College de Guienne at Bordeaux. In 1554, the twenty-first of his age, and the seventh of the reign of Henry II., he is appointed "Conseiller au Parlement de Bordeaux." In 1559, Francis II. having in that year succeeded to Henry II., killed in a tournament, Montaigne is found in the month of September a follower of the Court at Bar-le-Duc. Charles IX. succeeds on the 5th December, 1560, and Montaigne accompanies the Court to Rouen. In 1566 Montaigne marries Françoise de la Chassaigne, daughter of a "Conseiller au Parlement de Bordeaux." His father, born in 1490, having died in 1569, and an elder brother having died, Montaigne in 1570 succeeds to his paternal inheritance, throws up his appointment at Bordeaux, "quits the robe for the sword," goes to reside in his chateau, and probably begins to write his essays, being then in his thirty-seventh year. Henry III. succeeds to Charles IX. 80th May, 1574. In 1580 the first edition of the *Essays*, consisting of the two first books only, was published at Bordeaux. In the same year, being attacked by a malady which more or less tormented him during the remainder of his life, he went to travel in Germany and Italy, mainly for the purpose of visiting sundry mineral springs. He passed five months of the year 1581 at Rome, and having gone thence to the baths of Lucca, he there hears, on the 7th September, that he has been elected Mayor of Bordeaux. He returns to Rome, and thence to France. In 1582 he is found at the court of Henry III. on business connected with the affairs of Bordeaux. In 1584 he is re-elected to serve a second time as Mayor of Bordeaux. In 1586 civil war and pestilence force him to quit his home; and in 1588 the fifth edition of his *Essays*, now enlarged by the addition of a third book, and many addenda to the previous ones, is published at Paris. In this year the meeting between him and Pasquier, which has been mentioned in the earlier pages of this paper, took place at Blois. Henry IV. succeeds to the throne in 1589. During the years 1590 and 1591 Montaigne continued to make additions to the *Essays*, and dies on the 18th September, in the year 1592, in the sixtieth year of his age.

He said of himself, undoubtedly with the most perfect sincerity, what very few men, if ever any, have ventured or been able to say of themselves: "If I had to live again, I would live again as I have lived."

These remarkable words are found in the second essay of the third book, and were, therefore, written when he was very near the end of the life on which he looked back with so perfect a contentment.

T. A. TROLLOPE.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

It is over now, she is gone to rest—
I have clasp'd the hands on the quiet breast :
Draw back the curtain, let in the light,
She will never shrink if it be too bright.

We were two in here but an hour gone by,
No streak was there in the midnight sky ;
Now I am one to watch the day
Come glimmering up from the far away.

What will he say when he comes in,
Waked by the city's morning din ;
Groping to find and fearing to know
The sorrow he left but an hour ago ?

What will he say who has watched so long
When he shall find who has come and gone ?
Come a watcher that will not bide
Love's morning or noon or even-tide.

He thought to kiss her by morning grey,
But God has thought to take her away :
What will he say ? God knows, not I—
“ Good night,” he said, but never “ good bye.”

C. FRASER-TYTLER.

THE LITERARY LIFE.

I.

BEGINNERS in Literature, or those who think of beginning, must be very much puzzled with the confusion of statement in what they read and what they hear about a literary life, taken in connection with their own observation and experience, if they have a little of either. Take the case of a young fellow who either is or thinks himself very clever ; who reads (as he may read in a dozen respectable places) that editors are only too glad to enlist fresh talent under their flags ; and who yet, while frequently sending papers to magazines whose editors he reasonably presumes to be discriminating, is always getting them returned. The conventional stroke of politeness (upon which a word of justification by-and-by), that the rejection of a proffered contribution does not necessarily imply that it wants merit, will hardly console him much, or clear up his bewilderment. And, in truth, I do not know that the case has ever been fairly and exhaustively stated.

Take, again, deliverances like that of Dickens, who, over and over again declared, in print and out of it, that all the talk about literary cliques barring the way of the young adventurer, about lions in the path, and the rest of it, was nonsense ; he never found any lions in the way ; and success in literature turned exclusively upon the same points as success anywhere else, such as merit, perseverance, and so on. How would this have sounded to Jean Paul, starving for ten years because the public would not listen to him ? His was a peculiar case ; but there are thousands of people to whom such words as those of Dickens must seem false and cruel.

Let us try and make a little *honest* way into the question. I promise not to shirk a single point that occurs to me, out of my own experience or otherwise, or knowingly to overstate or understate a single fact.

In the first place, then, success, great or small, in literature, depends upon the same conditions as good fortune of all other kinds in this mixed and trying world. Much depends upon what we call chance. The good tradesman may be sent to the wall by the bad ; the brave soldier does *not* always, or usually, carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, or even, as a rule, get the recognition he deserves, as desert goes under the sun. There is a chance of success for every man who tries after it. The normal order of things is for merit to win the prize. And this normal order is actually verified in

a number of cases sufficient to encourage any one who cares to try and make his own case illustrate it once again. This is merely general ; but it must be borne in mind. I do not know that to men who fail there is any particular consolation in it. And, on the other hand, to speak out boldly the truth, that merit does not always succeed, too often acts like an infuriating red rag to the very people who have no merit at all. It encourages them to consider themselves victims when they are only nuisances, and they go on butting all the more at the barriers that will never fall before *their* style of attack.

Here, however, we must define. What is "success" ? What is your precise object in literature ? If it is money, immediate fame, or indeed fame at all, then you may be enabled, after a certain number of attempts, to say if you have succeeded, or, in any case, if success is probable. The same applies if your object is anything else that is immediately tangible, like a party movement or a social change for example. But the case becomes more difficult when we pass upwards from the ranks of the "Bread-Artist," as the Germans call him. Suppose a man has set his heart upon the production of poetry that will live, or the communication of a certain impulse to the thoughts or feelings of men. Here, we may affirm, to begin with, that, if he has once found an audience of much variety, genuine qualification is certain of *some* recognition. The *variety* in the audience is, however, essential if this is to hold true. Reason good : what is one man's meat is another man's poison ; and numbers of persons, though sensitive to merit of one kind, are insensitive to merit of another. But the effect a man produces as poet, thinker, or what not during his lifetime, is no gauge whatever of the value of his communications to the world ; that he is at once recognised by competent people proves that there is something in him ; but what may happen in the way of subsequent recognition is all dark. Spinoza, while living, was known for an able man, but his public and his influence have been immensely greater since his death, and the amount of his influence upon modern thought is utterly inscrutable. John Sterling has been much more influential since his death than he ever was during his life, so far as we can tell. But these are matters in which we never *can* "tell" much. So that no man who has found his capacity recognised need despair at what appears to him the limited character of the impression he has made. A clergyman named Gay lives in philosophy on the strength of a mere pamphlet, in which (what is called) the law of association is (said to be) first assigned its proper place. Waller, Richard Lovelace, Gray, Andrew Marvell, and others, are remembered chiefly by a few happy lines apiece.

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

It is this exquisite couplet which may be said to have kept Waller alive. It is an awkward thing to refer to living poets; but I believe that very small sweet fragments will keep Mr. William Allingham and some others in memory quite as long as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning will be known.

The statement, so often repeated, and by people who ought to know better than to say such a misleading thing as that naked statement—I mean the *dictum* that capacity need never fear of failing to find prompt acceptance, inasmuch as editors are always on the lookout for fresh talent—is one that must be received with much qualification and reserve. It may be taken as a general rule that very special talent, amounting to genius, stands at first a bad chance, especially with periodicals. What chance would anything as new as Richter's "Hesperus," or Mr. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" have with our ordinary magazine? The chances are a million to one that the editor, though able and good-natured, would reject it at once, as not being "suited" to his "pages." A reason which would perhaps be a sound one; yet nobody can tell till the trial is made what kind of public an eccentric intellectual product may find. We know what a hard fight a man like Mr. Browning has to wage before he wins his way to such a position that he is sure of being read; and it is precisely the same with eccentric capacity of a lower order. That also is under difficulties. Two or three kinds of capacity stand a good chance at once. First, brilliancy of a slightly *bourgeois* or "philistine" order. Ingoldsby is a case in point, and, irreverent though it seems, so is Dickens.* Secondly, talent of the usual journalistic or magazine kind, combined with adequate culture and knowledge of the world. Third, effective power, not easily fatigued and quick to produce, of an order which happens to suit the market at the time. At this moment, for example, the talent of the journalist and the talent of the novelist are in great request. It cannot be said that the supply of either exceeds the demand.

But here is perhaps the place to say that no capacity of any kind can hope to succeed without preparatory study and self-culture directed to the precise end in view. Of this, however, we will say more in subsequent pages.

One of the reasons which tell against the mere outside adventurers is this—that every editor is surrounded by known and tried contributors, who now and then wish to recommend or bring forward others. Friendly feeling weighs with editors, like other people; and so it ought. You, the outsider and stranger, may send a fairly good paper to a given periodical; but unless it is very decidedly better than any which the literary adherents of the periodical, among whom are

* This truth being spoken—for the truth it is—only dull people will disbelieve me when I add that it is impossible that any one should have a more intense feeling for the genius of Dickens than I have.

sure to be personal friends of its managers, why should the editor give you the preference? He may be ever so ready to give you a chance; but, alas, it is morally certain that he has arrears, perhaps six months long or more, of good articles from valued contributors, some of whom are pressing him, more or less gently, to give *them* a preference.

Besides this, there is the policy of the periodical to carry out, or its character to maintain. This is a matter upon which the managers must be the judges, without appeal; and they will mentally have their own notions of the way in which the subject-matter should be, so to speak, mixed or beaten-up. The nicest shade of difference or resemblance or relevancy or irrelevancy (with reference to other articles or to current topics) may determine the acceptance, the rejection, the insertion, or the delay of an article. Then, again, reasons of personal feeling often induce a kind and conscientious editor to "pack" his periodical in a manner which he would, for its immediate prosperity's sake, prefer to avoid. That is, he may feel it his duty—nay, even in rare cases, his interest—to insert articles which the general principles of his procedure would certainly exclude. He might know that the public had had too much, for instance, of the Irish Church question, and yet be in such a position with regard to the author of an article too-much on that subject as to feel that it would be unkind or even unfair to refuse that article. In fact, the considerations which determine the packing of a magazine are incalculably intricate.

The question of the value of personal influence in advancing the beginner who is attempting to find his way into literature, has always, so far as my reading goes, been untruthfully described. We have been constantly told that in literature introductions are of no use; merit everything. But why should literature be unlike any other thing under heaven in this respect? Put the case of obtaining an audience wholly irrespective of profit. Here, the speaking-trumpet that falls to a man's lot is of the very utmost moment. If he happens to have something strikingly appropriate to say of an immediately exciting topic, he has a chance of being able to get a good speaking-trumpet. I am thinking now of the "Letters of an Englishman," which, as far as I know, were at once admitted to the *Times* solely on the strength of their merit and their applicability. But it is very rarely that so many favourable conditions concur as happened to unite in that particular case. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred the value of an introduction in getting a writer a good speaking-trumpet is immense. A celebrated name is a kind of introduction which will illustrate the subject very well. Mr. Matthew Arnold, for example, inherits a name which is historical, and which has all the effect of most powerful introductions. Apart from his genuine capacities and high culture, he has been immensely indebted,

as a political and social critic, to the speaking-trumpet—the *Pall Mall Gazette*—which personal accidents placed in his power. There was not another organ in the world in which his peculiar communications would have been welcomed and would have found, at once, so favourable and so large an audience. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was itself an accident, and the circumstances that gave him his speaking-trumpet were a sort of accident, and nothing else. For myself, while the most felicitous literary incident of my life was what people would call fortuitous as well—that is, I was indebted to no introduction for it—I assert that it is mere rant and fustian to deny the value of introductions in literary business matters. They will not procure success for bad work, but they give a particular piece of ordinary good work the exceptional chance which is necessary for the acquisition of a footing. And for business purposes that is everything. It is true, all this applies more to journalism than to other kinds of literary work. But this just covers the largest field of all, and the field in which the competitors are, upon a superficial view, the most nearly equal. Now, the hasty view which, alone, an overworked editor is able to take of the pretensions of a new-comer is necessarily superficial.

So very few persons have the requisite faculties for judging of poetry, that that is in a very peculiar position. Here, and in the better sorts of fiction, introduction can do—we may say—nothing. Perhaps a real gift for poetry, or a real gift for story-telling, is of all literary gifts the one that is most sure to find its own way. The number of persons who can tell a good story from a bad one is very considerable; so that though a new-comer, with startling peculiarities, may be snubbed here and there, the beginner in fiction, if really capable, stands a good chance. On the other hand, though the number of people who can tell poetry from mere good verse is few, it is easy, a certain degree of merit once reached, to get poetry printed. And then, the few who *do* know poetry, have a quick scent for it. So those who have cast bread upon the waters in that kind may rest tranquil—they have been, or will be, found out. Besides, though it costs something, it is not so *very* difficult to get a volume of poetry into print now-a-days. And poetry is, I repeat, almost certain to be found out by somebody. This remains true, in spite of the fact that there is sometimes a conflict of verdicts. The least competent and most adverse critic of Keats and Wordsworth would not have denied, upon being pressed, that the *differentia* of their minds was poetic; the rest, it will be observed, was mere matter of (what is called) taste. The radical question put by the man who thinks he sings is, “Do you acknowledge this for singing?” All the praise in the critic’s ink-pot that does not go to this point should be held worthless; all the blame that admits this point may be borne with, however unjust or foolish.

The following passage is quoted from an American periodical of high standing :—

“Perhaps no taste differs more than literary taste. Men of trained judgment and rare culture differ from each other almost as much as the boor and the philosopher. This is shown in the popular magazines, not only occasionally, but constantly. What the *Galaxy* rejects, *Putnam* prints with entire readiness; the essay *Harper's* repudiates meets with favour in the *Atlantic*; and the poem the *Atlantic* ‘declines with thanks’ is published in the *Broadway*. Every month the editor of some one of the monthlies discovers in his rivals the manuscript he has returned to the owner, while he himself prints and praises what his contemporaries have pronounced unworthy. We know a very clever authoress—one of the most famous in the country—who sends her composition at one time, first to the *Atlantic*, then to *Harper's*, then to the *Galaxy*; the next time, first to the *Galaxy*, &c., just reversing the order. Some one of the serials usually rejects it, but another always accepts; and she says candidly she would not give a fig for the judgment of any of them. Concerning the taste of critics, who shall decide?”

This crude bit of comment may well be taken as an illustration of some of the foregoing hints. No doubt one magazine may reject what another will insert. Of course a religious Review might decline what a secular Review might welcome. But that is not all, or half; for the question goes far beyond “literary taste.” The condition of the editor's pigeon-holes is a ruling element in the case. The *Galaxy* may reject a piece of “subjective” verse because it is already overdone with such matter, while *Putnam* may run short of it just then. Or, again, an article may be declined because if published in a particular magazine it might “take the edge off” an article or series of articles projected at the time. If an editor had engaged a well-known contributor to write for him a set of papers on a given topic, he would almost certainly decline to insert a casual paper on the same or a similar topic which happened to reach him at about the same date. In fact, there are a hundred, or a hundred thousand, ways in which a really good article may be “not suited to our pages.”

There remains a most important subject; namely, that of the education or preparation for literary labour which one should in some way undergo before entering upon it. This, with the subject of what is called *cliqueism*, I beg leave to defer to a second chapter.

SAINT PAULS.

AUGUST, 1871.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALBO FORBES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TALK WITH CHARLEY.

THE following Monday, in the evening, Charley arrived, in great spirits, more excited indeed than I liked to see him. There was a restlessness in his eye which made me especially anxious, for it raised a doubt whether the appearance of good spirits was not the result merely of resistance to some anxiety. But I hoped my companionship, with the air and exercise of the country, would help to quiet him again. In the late twilight we took a walk together up and down my field.

"I suppose you let your mother know you were coming, Charley?" I said.

"I did not," he answered. "My father must have nothing to lay to their charge in case he should hear of our meeting."

"But he has not forbidden you to go home, has he?"

"No, certainly. But he as good as told me I was not to go home while he was away. He does not wish me to be there without his presence to counteract my evil influences. He seems to regard my mere proximity as dangerous. I sometimes wonder whether the severity of his religion may not have affected his mind. Almost all madness, you know, turns either upon love or religion."

"So I have heard. I doubt it—with men. It may be with women. —But you won't surprise them? It might startle your mother too much. She is not strong, you say. Hadn't I better tell Clara Coningham? She can let them know you are here."

"It would be better."

"What do you say to going there with me to-morrow? I will send my man with a note in the morning."

He looked a little puzzled and undetermined, but said at length,

"I daresay your plan is the best. How long has Miss Coningham been here?"

"About ten days, I think."

He looked thoughtful, and made no answer.

"I see, you are afraid of my falling in love with her again," I said.

"I confess I like her much better than I did, but I am not quite sure about her yet. She is very bewitching anyhow, and a little more might make me lose my heart to her. The evident dislike she has to Brotherton would of itself recommend her to any friend of yours or mine."

He turned his face away.

"Do not be anxious about me," I went on. "The first shadowy conviction of any untruthfulness in her, if not sufficient to change my feelings at once, would at once initiate a backward movement in them."

He kept his face turned away, and I was perplexed. After a few moments of silence, he turned it towards me again, as if relieved by some resolution suddenly formed, and said with a smile under a still clouded brow,

"Well, old fellow, we'll see. It'll all come right, I daresay. Write your note early and we'll follow it. How glad I *shall* be to have a glimpse of that blessed mother of mine without her attendant dragon!"

"For God's sake don't talk of your father so. Surely after all he is a good man!"

"Then I want a new reading of the word."

"He loves God at least."

"I won't stop to inquire—" said Charley, plunging at once into argument—"what influence for good it might or might not have to love a non-existence: I will only ask—Is it a good God he loves or a bad one? If the latter, he can hardly be called good for loving him."

"But if there be a God at all, he must be a good God."

"Suppose the true God to be the good God, it does not follow that my father worships *him*. There is such a thing as worshipping a false God. At least the Bible recognizes it. For my part, I find myself compelled to say—either that the true God is not a good God, or that my father does not worship the true God. If you say he worships the God of the Bible, I either admit or dispute the assertion, but set it aside as altering nothing; for if I admit it, the argument lies thus: my father worships a bad God; my father worships the God of the Bible: therefore the God of the Bible is a bad God; and if I admit the authority of the Bible, then the true God is a bad

God. If however I dispute the assertion that he worships the God of the Bible, I am left to show, if I can, that the God of the Bible is a good God, and, if I admit the authority of the Bible, to worship another than my father's God. If I do not admit the authority of the Bible, there may for all that be a good God, or, which is next best to a perfectly good God, there may be no God at all."

"Put like a lawyer, Charley; and yet I would venture to join issue with your first assertion—on which the whole argument is founded—that your father worships a bad God."

"Assuredly what he asserts concerning his God is bad."

"Admitted; but does he assert *only* bad things of his God?"

"I aren't say that. But God is one. You will hardly dare the proposition that an infinite being may be partly good and partly bad."

"No. I heartily hold that God must be *one*—a proposition far more essential than that there is one God—so far at least as my understanding can judge. It is only in the limited human nature that good and evil can co-exist. But there is just the point: we are not speaking of the absolute God, but of the idea of a man concerning that God. You could suppose yourself utterly convinced of a good God long before your ideas of goodness were so correct as to render you incapable of attributing anything wrong to that God. Supposing such to be the case, and that you came afterwards to find that you had been thinking something wrong about him, do you think you would therefore grant that you had been believing either in a wicked or in a false God?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you must give your father the same scope. He attributes what we are absolutely certain are bad things to his God—and yet he may believe in a good God, for the good in his idea of God is alone that in virtue of which he is able to believe in him. No mortal can believe in the bad."

"He puts the evil foremost in his creed and exhortations."

"That may be. Few people know their own deeper minds. The more potent a power in us, I suspect it is the more hidden from our scrutiny."

"If there be a God then, Wilfrid, he is very indifferent to what his creatures think of him."

"Perhaps very patient and hopeful, Charley—who knows? Perhaps he will not force himself upon them, but help them to grow into the true knowledge of him. Your father may worship the true God, and yet have only a little of that knowledge."

A silence followed. At length—

"Thank you for my father," said Charley.

"Thank my uncle," I said.

"For not being like my father?—I do," he returned.

It was the loveliest evening that brooded round us as we walked.

The moon had emerged from a rippled sea of gray cloud, over which she cast her dull opaline halo. Great masses and banks of cloud lay about the rest of the heavens, and in the dark rifts between, a star or two were visible, gazing from the awful distance.

"I wish I could let it into me, Wilfrid," said Charley, after we had been walking in silence for some time along the grass.

"Let what into you, Charley?"

"The night and the blue and the stars."

"Why don't you then?"

"I hate being taken in. The more pleasant a self-deception, the less I choose to submit to it."

"That is reasonable. But where lies the deception?"

"I don't say it's a deception. I only don't know that it isn't."

"Please explain."

"I mean what you call the beauty of the night."

"Surely there can be little question of that?"

"Ever so little is enough. Suppose I asked you wherein its beauty consisted: would you be satisfied if I said—In the arrangement of the blue and the white, with the sparkles of yellow, and the colours about the scarce visible moon?"

"Certainly not. I should reply that it lay in the gracious peace of the whole—troubled only with the sense of some lovely secret behind, of which itself was but the half-modelled representation, and therefore the reluctant outcome."

"Suppose I rejected the latter half of what you say, admitting the former, but judging it only the fortuitous result of the half-necessary, half-fortuitous concurrences of nature. Suppose I said:—The air which is necessary to our life, happens to be blue; the stars can't help shining through it and making it look deep; and the clouds are just there because they must be somewhere till they fall again; all which is more agreeable to us than fog because we feel more comfortable in weather of the sort, whence, through complacency and habit, we have got to call it beautiful:—suppose I said this, would you accept it?"

"Such a theory would destroy my delight in nature altogether."

"Well, isn't it the truth?"

"It would be easy to show that the sense of beauty does not spring from any amount of comfort; but I do not care to pursue the argument from that starting-point.—I confess when you have once waked the questioning spirit, and I look up at the clouds and the stars with what I may call sharpened eyes—eyes, that is, which assert their seeing, and so render themselves incapable for the time of submitting to impressions, I am as blind as any Sadducee could desire. I see blue, and white, and gold, and, in short, a tent-roof somewhat ornate. I daresay if I were in a miserable mood, having been deceived and disappointed like Hamlet, I should with him see there nothing but a

foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. But I know that when I am passive to its powers, I am aware of a presence altogether different—of a something at once soothing and elevating, powerful to move shame—even contrition and the desire of amendment."

"Yes, yes," said Charley hastily. "But let me suppose further—and, perhaps you will allow, better—that this blueness—I take a part for the whole—belongs essentially and of necessity to the atmosphere, itself so essential to our physical life; suppose also that this blue has essential relation to our spiritual nature—taking for the moment our spiritual nature for granted—suppose, in a word, all nature so related, not only to our physical but to our spiritual nature, that it and we form an organic whole full of action and reaction between the parts—would that satisfy you? would it enable you to look on the sky this night with absolute pleasure? would you want nothing more?"

I thought for a little before I answered.

"No, Charley," I said at last—"it would not satisfy me. For it would indicate that beauty might be after all but the projection of my own mind—the name I gave to a harmony between that around me and that within me. There would then be nothing absolute in beauty. There would be no such thing in itself. It would exist only as a phase of me, when I was in a certain mood; and when I was earthly-minded, passionate, or troubled, it would be nowhere. But in my best moods I feel that in nature lies the form and fashion of a peace and grandeur so much beyond anything in me, that they rouse the sense of poverty and incompleteness and blame in the want of them."

"Do you perceive whither you are leading yourself?"

"I would rather hear you say."

"To this then—that the peace and grandeur of which you speak, must be a mere accident, therefore an unreality and pure *appearance*, or the outcome and representation of a peace and grandeur which, not to be found in us, yet exist, and make use of this frame of things to set forth and manifest themselves in order that we may recognize and desire them."

"Granted—heartily."

"In other words—you lead yourself inevitably to a God manifest in nature—not as a powerful being—that is a theme absolutely without interest to me—but as possessed in himself of the original pre-existent beauty, the counterpart of which in us we call art, and who has fashioned us so that we must fall down and worship the image of himself which he has set up."

"That's good, Charley. I'm so glad you've worked that out!"

"It doesn't in the least follow that I believe it. I cannot even say I wish I did:—for what I know, that might be to wish to be deceived. Of all miseries—to believe in a lovely thing and find it not true—that must be the worst."

"You might never find it out though," I said. "You might be able to comfort yourself with it all your life."

"I was wrong," he cried fiercely. "Never to find it out would be the hell of all hells. Wilfrid, I am ashamed of you!"

"So should I be, Charley, if I had meant it. I only wanted to make you speak. I agree with you entirely. But I *do* wish we could be *quite* sure of it;—for I don't believe any man can ever be sure of a thing that is not true."

"My father is sure that the love of nature is not only a delusion, but a snare. I should have no right to object, were he not equally sure of the existence of a God who created and rules it.—By the way, if I believed in a God, I should say *creates*, not *created*.—I told him once, not long ago, when he fell out upon nature—he had laid hands on a copy of *Endymion* belonging to me—I don't know how the devil he got it—I asked him whether he thought the devil made the world. You should have seen the white wrath he went into at the question! I told him it was generally believed one or the other did make the world. He told me God made the world, but sin had unmade it. I asked him if it was sin that made it so beautiful. He said it was sin that made me think it so beautiful. I remarked how very ugly it must have looked when God had just finished it! He called me a blasphemer, and walked to the door. I stopped him for a moment by saying that I thought after all he must be right, for according to geologists the world must have been a horrible place and full of the most hideous creatures before sin came and made it lovely. When he saw my drift, he strode up to me like—well, very like his own God, I should think—and was going to strike me. I looked him in the eyes without moving, as if he had been a madman. He turned and left the room. I left the house, and went back to London the same night."

"Oh, Charley! Charley! that was too bad!"

"I knew it, Wilfrid, and yet I did it! But if your father had made a downright coward of you, afraid to speak the truth, or show what you were thinking, you also might find that when anger gave you a fictitious courage, you could not help breaking out. It's only another form of cowardice, I know; and I am as much ashamed of it as you could wish me to be."

"Have you made it up with him since?"

"I've never seen him since."

"Haven't you written then?"

"No. Where's the use? He never would understand me. He knows no more of the condition of my mind than he does of the other side of the moon. If I offered such, he would put aside all apology for my behaviour to him—repudiating himself, and telling me it was the wrath of an offended God, not of an earthly parent I had to deprecate. If I told him I had only spoken against

his false God—how far would that go to mend the matter, do you think?"

"Not far, I must allow. But I am very sorry."

"I wouldn't care if I could be sure of anything—or even sure that if I were sure, I shouldn't be mistaken."

"I'm afraid you're very morbid, Charley."

"Perhaps. But you cannot deny that my father is sure of things that you believe utterly false."

"I suspect, however, that if we were able to get a bird's-eye view of his mind and all its workings, we should discover that what he called assurance was not the condition you would call such. You would find it was not the certainty you covet."

"I *have* thought of that, and it is my only comfort. But I am sick of the whole subject. See that cloud!—Isn't it like Death on the pale horse? What fun it must be for the cherubs on such a night as this, to go blowing the clouds into fantastic shapes with their trumpet cheeks!"

Assurance was ever what Charley wanted, and unhappily the sense of intellectual insecurity weakened his moral action.

Once more I reveal a haunting uneasiness in the expression of a hope that the ordered character of the conversation I have just set down may not render it incredible to my reader. I record the result alone. The talk itself was far more desultory, and in consequence of questions, objections, and explanations, divaricated much from the comparatively direct line I have endeavoured to give it here. In the hope of making my reader understand both Charley and myself, I have sought to make the winding and rough path straight and smooth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TAPESTRY.

HAVING heard what I was about at the Hall, Charley expressed a desire to take a share in my labours, especially as thereby he would be able to see more of his mother and sister. I took him straight to the book-rooms, and we were hard at work when Clara entered.

"Here is your old friend Charley Osborne," I said. "You remember Miss Coningham, Charley, I know."

He advanced in what seemed a strangely embarrassed—indeed rather sheepish manner, altogether unlike his usual bearing. I attributed it to a doubt whether Clara would acknowledge their old acquaintance. On her part, she met him with some frankness, but I thought also a rather embarrassed look, which was the more surprising as I had let her know he was coming. But they shook hands, and in a little while we were all chatting comfortably.

"Shall I go and tell Mrs. Osborne you are here?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please," said Charley, and she went.

In a few minutes Mrs. Osborne and Mary entered. The meeting was full of affection, but to my eye looked like a meeting of the living and the dead in a dream—there was such an evident sadness in it, as if each was dimly aware that they met but in appearance and were in reality far asunder. I could not doubt that however much they loved him, and however little they sympathized with his father's treatment of him, his mother and sister yet regarded him as separated from them by a great gulf—that of culpable unbelief. But they seemed therefore only the more anxious to please and serve him—their anxiety revealing itself in an eagerness painfully like the service offered to one whom the doctors have given up, and who may now have any indulgence he happens to fancy.

"I say, mother," said Charley, who seemed to strive after an airier manner even than usual—"couldn't you come and help us? It would be so jolly!"

"No, my dear; I mustn't leave Lady Brotherton. That would be rude, you know. But I daresay Mary might."

"Oh, please, mamma! I should like it so much—especially if Clara would stop! But perhaps Mr. Cumbermede—we ought to have asked him first."

"Yes—to be sure—he's the foreman," said Charley. "But he's not a bad fellow, and won't be disobliging. Only you must do as he tells you, or it'll be the worse for us all. I know him."

"I shall be delighted," I said. "I can give both the ladies plenty to do. Indeed I regard Miss Coningham as one of my hands already. Won't Miss Brotherton honour us to-day, Miss Coningham?"

"I will go and ask her," said Clara.

They all withdrew. In a little while I had four assistants, and we got on famously. The carpenter had been hard at work, and the room next the armoury, the oak-panelling of which had shown considerable signs of decay, had been repaired, and the shelves, which were in tolerable condition, were now ready to receive their burden, and reflect the first rays of a dawning order.

Plenty of talk went on during the dusting and arranging of the books by their size, which was the first step towards a cosmos. There was a certain playful naïveté about Charley's manner and speech when he was happy which gave him an instant advantage with women, and even made the impression of wit where there was only grace. Although he was perfectly capable, however, of engaging to any extent in the *badinage* which has ever been in place between young men and women since dawning humanity was first aware of a lovely difference, there was always a certain indescribable dignity about what he said which I now see could have come only from a *believing* heart. I use the word advisedly, but would rather my reader should find

what I mean than require me to explain it fully. Belief to my mind lies chiefly in the practical recognition of the high and pure.

Miss Brotherton looked considerably puzzled sometimes, and indeed out of her element. But her dignity had no chance with so many young people, and was compelled to thaw visibly; and while growing more friendly with the others, she could not avoid unbending towards me also, notwithstanding I was a neighbour and the son of a dairy-farmer.

Mary Osborne took little part in the fun beyond a smile, or in the more solid conversation beyond an assent or an ordinary remark. I did not find her very interesting. An onlooker would probably have said she lacked expression. But the stillness upon her face bore to me the shadow of a reproof. Perhaps it was only a want of sympathy with what was going on around her. Perhaps her soul was either far withdrawn from its present circumstances, or not yet awake to the general interests of life. There was little in the form or hue of her countenance to move admiration, beyond a complexion without spot. It was very fair and delicate, with little more colour in it than in the white rose, which but the faintest warmth redeems from dead whiteness. Her features were good in form, but in no way remarkable; her eyes were of the so-called hazel, which consists of a mingling of brown and green; her figure was good but seemed unelastic, and she had nothing of her brother's gaiety or grace of movement or expression. I do not mean that either her motions or her speech was clumsy—there was simply nothing to remark in them beyond the absence of anything special. In a word, I did not find her interesting, save as the sister of my delightful Charley, and the sharer of his mother's griefs concerning him.

"If I had as good help in the afternoon," I said, "we should have all the books on the shelves to-night, and be able to set about assorting them to-morrow."

"I am sorry I cannot come this afternoon," said Miss Brotherton. "I should have been most happy if I could. It is really very pleasant—notwithstanding the dust. But Mrs. Osborne and mamma want me to go with them to Minstercombe. You will lunch with us to-day, won't you?" she added, turning to Charley.

"Thank you, Miss Brotherton," he replied; "I should have been delighted, but I am not my own master—I am Cumbermede's slave at present, and can eat and drink only when and where he chooses."

"You *must* stay with your mother, Charley," I said. "You cannot refuse Miss Brotherton."

She could thereupon scarcely avoid extending the invitation to me, but I declined it on some pretext or other, and I was again, thanks to Lillith, back from my dinner before they had finished luncheon. The carriage was at the door when I rode up, and the moment I

heard it drive away, I went to the dining-room to find my coadjutors. The only person there was Miss Pease. A thought struck me.

"Won't you come and help us, Miss Pease?" I said. "I have lost one of my assistants, and I am very anxious to get the room we are at now so far finished to-night."

A smile found its way to her cold eyes, and set the blue sparkling for one briefest moment.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Cumbermede, but——"

"Kind!" I exclaimed—"I want your help, Miss Pease."

"I'm afraid——"

"Lady Brotherton can't want you now. Do oblige me. You will find it fun."

She smiled outright—evidently at the fancy of any relation between her and fun.

"Do go and put a cap on, and a cotton dress, and come," I persisted.

Without another word she left the room. I was still alone in the library when she came to me, and having shown her what I wanted, we were already busy when the rest arrived.

"Oh Peasey! Are you there?" said Clara, as she entered—not unkindly.

"I have got a substitute for Miss Brotherton, you see, Clara—Miss Coningham—I beg your pardon."

"There's no occasion to beg my pardon. Why shouldn't you call me Clara if you like? It is my name."

"Charley might be taking the same liberty," I returned, extemporizing a reason.

"And why shouldn't Charley take the same liberty?" she retorted.

"For no reason that I know," I answered, a trifle hurt, "if it be agreeable to the lady."

"And the gentleman," she amended.

"And the gentleman," I added.

"Very well. Then we are all good boys and girls. Now Peasey, I'm very glad you're come. Only mind you get back to your place before the ogress returns, or you'll have your head snapped off."

Was I right, or was it the result of the slight offence I had taken?—Was the gracious, graceful, naïve, playful, daring woman—or could she be—or had she been just the least little bit vulgar? I am afraid I was then more sensitive to vulgarity in a woman, real or fancied, than even to wickedness—at least I thought I was. At all events, the first conviction of anything common or unrefined in a woman would at once have placed me beyond the sphere of her attraction. But I had no time to think the suggestion over now; and in a few minutes—whether she saw the cloud on my face I cannot tell—Clara had given me a look and a smile which banished the possibility of my thinking about it for the present.

Miss Pease worked more diligently than any of the party. She seldom spoke, and when she did, it was in a gentle, subdued, almost mournful tone; but the company of the young people without the restraint of her mistress, was evidently grateful to what of youth yet remained in her oppressed being.

Before it was dark we had got the books all upon the shelves, and leaving Charley with the ladies, I walked home.

I found Styles had got everything out of the lumber-room except a heavy oak chest in the corner, which, our united strength being insufficient to displace it, I concluded was fixed to the floor. I collected all the keys my aunt had left behind her, but sought the key of this chest in vain. For my uncle, I never saw a key in his possession. Even what little money he might have in the house, was only put away at the back of an open drawer. For the present, therefore, we had to leave it undisturbed.

When Charley came home, we went to look at it together. It was of oak, and somewhat elaborately carved.

I was very restless in bed that night. The air was close and hot, and as often as I dropped half asleep I woke again with a start. My thoughts kept stupidly running on the old chest. It had mechanically possessed me. I felt no disturbing curiosity concerning its contents; I was not annoyed at the want of the key; it was only that, like a nursery rhyme that keeps repeating itself over and over in the half-sleeping brain, this chest kept rising before me till I was out of patience with its intrusiveness. It brought me wide awake at last; and I thought, as I could not sleep, I would have a search for the key. I got out of bed, put on my dressing gown and slippers, lighted my chamber candle, and made an inroad upon the contents of the closet in my room, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the morning when I missed my watch. I believe I had never entered it since. Almost the first thing I came upon was the pendulum, which woke a strange sensation for which I could not account, until by slow degrees the twilight memory of the incidents connected with it half dawned upon me. I searched the whole place, but not a key could I find.

I started violently at the sound of something like a groan, and for the briefest imaginable moment forgot that my grannie was dead, and thought it must come from her room. It may be remembered that such a sound had led me to her in the middle of the night on which she died. Whether I really heard the sound, or only fancied I heard it—by some half mechanical action of the brain, roused by the association of ideas—I do not even yet know. It may have been changed or expanded into a groan, from one of those innumerable sounds heard in every old house in the stillness of the night; for such, in the absence of the correction given by other sounds, assume place and proportion as it were at their pleasure. What lady has not at

midnight mistaken the trail of her own dress on the carpet, in a silent house, for some tumult in a distant room? Curious to say, however, it now led to the same action as the groan I had heard so many years before; for I caught up my candle at once, and took my way down to the kitchen, and up the winding stair behind the chimney to grannie's room. Strange as it may seem, I had not been in it since my return; for my thoughts had been so entirely occupied with other things, that, although I now and then looked forward with considerable expectation to a thorough search of the place, especially of the bureau, I kept it up as a *bonne bouche*, the anticipation of which was consolation enough for the postponement.

I confess it was with no little quivering of the spirit that I sought this chamber in the middle of the night. For, by its association with one who had from my earliest recollection seemed like something forgotten and left behind in the onward rush of life, it was, far more than anything else in the house, like a piece of the past embedded in the present—a fragment that had been, by some eddy in the stream of time, prevented from gliding away down its course, and left to lie for ever in a cranny of the solid shore of unmoving space. But although subject to more than the ordinary tremor at the thought of unknown and invisible presences, I must say for myself that I had never yielded so far as to allow such tremor to govern my actions. Even in my dreams I have resisted ghostly terrors, and can recall one in which I so far conquered a lady-ghost who took every means of overcoming me with terror, that at length she fell in love with me, whereupon my fear vanished utterly—a conceited fancy, and as such let it fare.

I opened the door then with some trembling, half expecting to see first the white of my grannie's cap against the tall back of her dark chair. But my senses were sound, and no such illusion seized me. All was empty, cheerless, and musty. Grannie's bed, with its white curtains, looked as if it were mouldering away after her. The dust lay thick on the counterpane of patchwork silk. The bureau stood silent with all its secrets. In the fire-place was the same brushwood and coals which Nannie laid the morning of grannie's death: interrupted by the discovery of my presence, she had left it, and that fire had never been lighted. Half for the sake of companionship, half because the air felt sepulchral and I was thinly clad, I put my candle to it and it blazed up. My courage revived, and after a little more gazing about the room, I ventured to sit down in my grannie's chair and watch the growing fire. Warned however by the shortness of my candle, I soon rose to proceed with my search, and turned towards the bureau.

Here, however, the same difficulty occurred. The top of the bureau was locked as when I had last tried it, and not one of my keys would fit it. At a loss what to do or where to search, I dropped

again into the chair by the fire, and my eyes went roving about the room. They fell upon a black dress which hung against the wall. At the same moment I remembered that when she gave me the watch, she took the keys of the bureau from her pocket. I went to the dress and found a pocket, not indeed in the dress, but hanging under it from the same peg. There her keys were! It would have been a marvel to me how my aunt came to leave them undisturbed all those years, but for the instant suggestion that my uncle must have expressed a wish to that effect. With eager hand I opened the bureau. Besides many trinkets in the drawers, some of them of exceedingly antique form, and, I fancied, of considerable value, I found in the pigeon-holes what I was far more pleased to discover—a good many letters, carefully tied in small bundles, with ribbon which had lost all determinable colour. These I resolved to take an early opportunity of reading, but replaced for the present, and, having come at last upon one hopeful-looking key, I made haste to return before my candle, which was already flickering in the socket, should go out altogether, and leave me darkling. When I reached the kitchen, however, I found the gray dawn already breaking. I retired once more to my chamber, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, my first care was to try the key. It fitted. I oiled it well, and then tried the lock. I had to use considerable force, but at last there came a great clang that echoed through the empty room. When I raised the lid, I knew by the weight it was of iron. In fact, the whole chest was iron with a casing of oak. The lock threw eight bolts, which laid hold of a rim that ran all round the lip of the chest. It was full of "very ancient and fish-like" papers and parchments. I do not know whether my father or grandfather had ever disturbed them, but I am certain my uncle never had, for as far back as I can remember, the part of the room where it stood was filled with what had been, at one time and another, condemned as lumber.

Charley was intensely interested in the discovery, and would have sat down at once to examine the contents of the chest, had I not persuaded him to leave them till the afternoon, that we might get on with our work at the Hall.

The second room was now ready for the carpenter, but, having had a peep of tapestry behind the shelves, a new thought had struck me. If it was in good preservation, it would be out of the question to hide it behind books.

I fear I am getting tedious. My apology for diffuseness in this part of my narrative is that some threads of the fringe of my own fate show every now and then in the record of these proceedings. I confess also that I hang back from certain things which are pressing nearer with their claim for record.

When we reached the Hall, I took the carpenter with me, and had the bookshelves taken down. To my disappointment we found that

an oblong piece of some size was missing from the centre of the tapestry on one of the walls. That which covered the rest of the room was entire. It was all of good Gobelins work—somewhat tame in colour. The damaged portion represented a wooded landscape with water and reedy flowers and aquatic fowl, towards which in the distance came a hunter with a crossbow in his hand, and a queer, lurcher-looking dog bounding uncouthly at his heel: the edge of the vacant space cut off the dog's tail and the top of the man's crossbow.

I went to find Sir Giles. He was in the dining room, where they had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, rising as I entered, and holding out his hand—"here already?"

"We have uncovered some tapestry, Sir Giles, and I want you to come and look at, if you please."

"I will," he answered. "Would any of you ladies like to go and see it?"

His daughter and Clara rose. Lady Brotherton and Mrs. Osborne sat still. Mary, glancing at her mother, remained seated also.

"Won't you come, Miss Pease?" I said.

She looked almost alarmed at the audacity of the proposal, and murmured, "No, thank you," with a glance at Lady Brotherton, which appeared as involuntary as it was timid.

"Is my son with you?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

I told her he was.

"I shall look in upon you before the morning is over," she said quietly.

They were all pleased with the tapestry, and the ladies offered several conjectures as to the cause of the mutilation.

"It would be a shame to cover it up again—would it not Sir Giles?" I remarked.

"Indeed it would," he assented.

"If it wern't for that broken piece," said Clara. "That spoils it altogether. I should have the books up again as soon as possible."

"It does look shabby," said Charley. "I can't say I should enjoy having anything so defective always before my eyes."

"We must have it taken down very carefully, Hobbes," said Sir Giles, turning to the carpenter.

"*Must* it come down, Sir Giles?" I interposed. "I think it would be risky. No one knows how long it has been there, and though it might hang where it is for a century yet, and look nothing the worse, it can't be strong, and at best we could not get it down without some injury, while it is a great chance if it would fit any other place half as well."

"What do you propose then?"

"This is the largest room of the six, and the best lighted—with that lovely oriel window: I would venture to propose, Sir Giles,

that it should be left clear of books and fitted up as a reading room."

"But how would you deal with that frightful *lacuna* in the tapestry?" said Charley.

"Yes," said Sir Giles; "it won't look handsome, I fear—do what you will."

"I think I know how to manage it," I said. "If I succeed to your satisfaction, will you allow me to carry out the project?"

"But what are we to do with the books then? We shan't have room for them."

"Couldn't you let me have the next room beyond?"

"You mean to turn me out, I suppose," said Clara.

"Is there tapestry on your walls?" I asked.

"Not a thread—all wainscot—painted."

"Then your room would be the very thing!"

"It is much larger than any of these," she said.

"Then do let us have it for the library, Sir Giles," I entreated.

"I will see what Lady Brotherton says," he replied, and left the room.

In a few minutes, we heard his step returning.

"Lady Brotherton has no particular objection to giving up the room you want," he said. "Will you see Mrs. Wilson, Clara, and arrange with her for your accommodation?"

"With pleasure. I don't mind where I'm put—except it be in Lord Edward's room—where the ghost is."

"You mean the one next to ours? There is no ghost there, I assure you," said Sir Giles laughing, as he again left the room with short heavy steps.—"Manage it all to your own mind, Mr. Cumbermede. I shall be satisfied," he called back as he went.

"Until further notice," I said with grandiloquence, "I request that no one may come into this room. If you are kind enough to assort the books we put up yesterday, oblige me by going through the armoury. I must find Mrs. Wilson."

"I will go with you," said Clara. "I wonder where the old thing will want to put me. I'm not going where I don't like, I can tell her," she added, following me down the stair and across the hall and the court.

We found the housekeeper in her room. I accosted her in a friendly way. She made but a bare response.

"Would you kindly show me where I slept that night I lost my sword, Mrs. Wilson?" I said.

"I know nothing about your sword, Mr. Cumbermede," she answered, shaking her head and pursing up her mouth.

"I don't ask you anything about it, Mrs. Wilson; I only ask you where I slept the night I lost it."

"Really, Mr. Cumbermede, you can hardly expect me to remember

in what room a visitor slept—let me see—it must be twelve or fifteen years ago! I do not take it upon me.”

“Oh! never mind then. I referred to the circumstances of that night, thinking they might help you to remember the room; but it is of no consequence; I shall find it for myself. Miss Coningham will, I hope, help me in the search. She knows the house better than I do.”

“I must attend to my own business first, if you please, sir,” said Clara. “Mrs. Wilson, I am ordered out of my room by Mr. Cumberland. You must find me fresh quarters, if you please.”

Mrs. Wilson stared.

“Do you mean, miss, that you want your things moved to another bedroom?”

“That is what I mean, Mrs. Wilson.”

“I must see what Lady Brotherton says to it, miss.”

“Do, by all means.”

I saw that Clara was bent on annoying her old enemy, and interposed.

“Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton have agreed to let me have Miss Coningham’s room for an addition to the library, Mrs. Wilson,” I said.

She looked very grim, but made no answer. We turned and left her. She stood for a moment as if thinking, and then, taking down her bunch of keys, followed us.

“If you will come this way,” she said, stopping just behind us at another door in the court, “I think I can show you the room you want. But really, Mr. Cumberland, you are turning the place upside down. If I had thought it would come to this——”

“I hope to do so a little more yet, Mrs. Wilson,” I interrupted. “But I am sure you will be pleased with the result.”

She did not reply, but led the way up a stair, across the little open gallery, and by passages I did not remember, to the room I wanted. It was in precisely the same condition as when I occupied it.

“This is the room, I believe,” she said, as she unlocked and threw open the door. “Perhaps it would suit you, Miss Coningham?”

“Not in the least,” answered Clara. “Who knows which of my small possessions might vanish before the morning!”

The housekeeper’s face grew turkey-red with indignation.

“Mr. Cumberland has been filling your head with some of his romances, I see, Miss Clara!”

I laughed, for I did not care to show myself offended with her rudeness.

“Never you mind,” said Clara; “I am *not* going to sleep there.”

“Very good,” said Mrs. Wilson, in a tone of offence severely restrained.

“Will you show me the way to the library?” I requested.

"I will," said Clara; "I know it as well as Mrs. Wilson—every bit."

"Then that is all I want at present, Mrs. Wilson," I said, as we came out of the room. "Don't lock the door, though, please," I added. "Or, if you do, give me the key."

She left the door open, and us in the passage. Clara led me to the library. There we found Charley waiting our return.

"Will you take that little boy to his mother, Clara?" I said. "I don't want him here to-day. We'll have a look over those papers in the evening, Charley."

"That's right," said Clara. "I hope Charley will help you to a little rational interest in your own affairs. I am quite bewildered to think that an author, not to say a young man, the sole remnant of an ancient family, however humble, shouldn't even know whether he had any papers in the house or not."

"We've come upon a glorious nest of such addled eggs, Clara. Charley and I are going to blow them to-night," I said.

"You never know when such eggs are addled," retorted Clara. "You'd better put them under some sensible fowl or other first," she added, looking back from the door as they went.

I turned to the carpenter's tool-basket, and taking from it an old chisel, a screw-driver, and a pair of pincers, went back to the room we had just left.

There could be no doubt about it. There was the tip of the dog's tail, and the top of the hunter's crossbow.

But my reader may not have retained in her memory the facts to which I implicitly refer. I would therefore, to spare repetition, beg her to look back to Chapter XIV., containing the account of the loss of my sword.

In the consternation caused me by the discovery that this loss was no dream of the night, I had never thought of examining the wall of the chamber to see whether there was in it a door or not; but I saw now at once plainly enough that the inserted patch did cover a small door. Opening it, I found within, a creaking wooden stair, leading up to another low door, which, fashioned like the door of a companion, opened upon the roof:—nowhere, except in the towers, had the Hall more than two stories. As soon as I had drawn back the bolt and stepped out, I found myself standing at the foot of an ornate stack of chimneys, and remembered quite well having tried the door that night Clara and I were shut out on the leads—the same night on which my sword was stolen.

For the first time the question now rose in my mind whether Mrs. Wilson could have been in league with Mr. Close. Was it likely I should have been placed in a room so entirely fitted to his purposes by accident? But I could not imagine any respectable woman

running such a risk of terrifying a child out of his senses, even if she could have connived at his being robbed of what she might well judge unsuitable for his possession.

Descending again to the bed-room, I set to work with my tools. The utmost care was necessary, for the threads were weak with old age. I had only one or two slight mishaps, however, succeeding on the whole better than I had expected. Leaving the door denuded of its covering, I took the patch on my arm, and again sought the library. Hobbes's surprise, and indeed pleasure, when he saw that my plunder not only fitted the gap, but completed the design, was great. I directed him to get the whole piece down as carefully as he could, and went to extract, if possible, a favour from Lady Brotherton.

She was of course very stiff—no doubt she would have called it dignified; but I did all I could to please her, and perhaps in some small measure succeeded. After representing amongst other advantages, what an addition a suite of rooms filled with a valuable library must be to the capacity of the house for the reception and entertainment of guests, I ventured at last to beg the services of Miss Pease for the repair of a bit of the tapestry.

She rang the bell, sent for Miss Pease, and ordered her, in a style of the coldest arrogance, to put herself under my direction. She followed me to the door in the meekest manner, but declined the arm I offered. As we went I explained what I wanted, saying I could not trust it to any hands but those of a lady, expressing a hope that she would not think I had taken too great a liberty, and begging her to say nothing about the work itself, as I wished to surprise Sir Giles and my assistants. She said she would be most happy to help me, but when she saw how much was wanted, she did look a little dismayed. She went and fetched her work-basket at once, however, and set about it, tacking the edges to a strip of canvas, in preparation for some kind of darning, which would not, she hoped, be unsightly.

For a whole week she and the carpenter were the only persons I admitted, and while she gave to her darning every moment she could redeem from her attendance on Lady Brotherton, the carpenter and I were busy—he cleaning and polishing, and I ranging the more deserted parts of the house to find furniture suitable for our purpose. In Clara's room was an old Turkey-carpet which we appropriated, and when we had the tapestry up again, which Miss Pease had at length restored in a marvellous manner—surpassing my best hopes, and more like healing than repairing—the place was to my eyes a very nest of dusky harmonies.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OLD CHEST.

I CANNOT help dwelling for a moment on the scene, although it is not of the slightest consequence to my story, when Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton entered the reading-room of the resuscitated library of Moldwarp Hall. It was a bright day of autumn. Outside all was brilliant. The latticed oriel looked over the lawn and the park, where the trees had begun to gather those rich hues which could hardly be the heralds of death if it were the ugly thing it appears. Beyond the fading woods rose a line of blue heights meeting the more ethereal blue of the sky, now faded to a colder and paler tint. The dappled skins of the fallow deer glimmered through the trees, and the whiter ones among them cast a light round them in the shadows. Through the trees that on one side descended to the meadow below, came the shine of the water where the little brook had spread into still pools. All without was bright with sunshine and clear air. But when you turned, all was dark, sombre, and rich like an autumn ten times faded. Through the open door of the next room on one side, you saw the shelves full of books, and from beyond, through the narrow uplifted door, came the glimmer of the weapons on the wall of the little armoury. Two ancient tapestry-covered settees, in which the ravages of moth and worm had been met by skilful repair of chisel and needle, a heavy table of oak, with carved sides, as black as ebony, and a few old, straight-backed chairs were the sole furniture.

Sir Giles expressed much pleasure, and Lady Brotherton, beginning to enter a little into my plans, was more gracious than hitherto.

"We must give a party as soon as you have finished, Mr. Cumbermede," she said; "and——"

"That will be some time yet," I interrupted, not desiring the invitation she seemed about to force herself to utter; "and I fear there are not many in this neighbourhood who will appreciate the rarity and value of the library—if the other rooms should turn out as rich as that one."

"I believe old books *are* expensive now-a-days," she returned. "They are more sought after, I understand."

We resumed our work with fresh vigour, and got on faster. Both Clara and Mary were assiduous in their help.

To go back for a little to my own old chest—we found it, as I have said, full of musty papers. After turning over a few, seeming, to my uneducated eye, deeds and wills and such like, out of which it was evident I could gather no barest meaning without a labour I was not inclined to expend on them—for I had no pleasure in such details

as involved nothing of the picturesque—I threw the one in my hand upon the heap already taken from the box, and to the indignation of Charley, who was absorbed in one of them, and had not spoken a word for at least a quarter of an hour, exclaimed—

“Come, Charley; I’m sick of the rubbish. Let’s go and have a walk before supper.”

“Rubbish!” he repeated; “I am ashamed of you!”

“I see Clara has been setting you on. I wonder what she’s got in her head. I am sure I have quite a sufficient regard for family history and all that.”

“Very like it!” said Charley—“calling such a chestful as this rubbish!”

“I am pleased enough to possess it,” I said; “but if they had been such books as some of those at the Hall——”

“Look here then,” he said, stooping over the chest, and with some difficulty hauling out a great folio which he had discovered below, but had not yet examined—“just see what you can make of that.”

I opened the title-page, rather eagerly. I stared. Could I believe my eyes? First of all on the top of it, in the neatest old hand, was written—“Guilfrid Combremead His Boke. 1680.” Then followed what I will not write, lest this MS. should by any accident fall into the hands of bookhunters before my death. I jumped to my feet, gave a shout that brought Charley to his feet also, and danced about the empty room hugging the folio. “Have you lost your senses?” said Charley; but when he had a peep of the title-page, he became as much excited as myself, and it was some time before he could settle down to the papers again. Like a bee over a flower-bed, I went dipping and sipping at my treasure. Every word of the well known lines bore a flavour of ancient verity such as I had never before perceived in them. At length I looked up, and finding him as much absorbed as I had been myself—

“Well, Charley, what are you finding there?” I asked.

“Proof perhaps that you come of an older family than you think,” he answered; “proof certainly that some part at least of the Mold-warp property was at one time joined to the Moat, and that you are of the same stock a branch of which was afterwards raised to the present baronetage. At least I have little doubt such is the case, though I can hardly say I am yet prepared to prove it.”

“You don’t mean I’m of the same blood as—as Geoffrey Brotherton!” I said. “I would rather not, if it’s the same to you, Charley.”

“I can’t help it: that’s the way things point,” he answered, throwing down the parchment. “But I can’t read more now. Let’s go and have a walk. I’ll stop at home to-morrow, and take a look over the whole set.”

“I’ll stop with you.”

"No, you won't. You'll go and get on with your library. I shall do better alone. If I could only get a peep at the Moldwarp chest as well!"

"But the place may have been bought and sold many times. Just look here though," I said, as I showed him the crest on my watch and seal. "Mind you look at the top of your spoon the next time you eat soup at the Hall."

"That is unnecessary quite. I recognize the crest at once. How strangely these cryptographs come drifting along the tide, like the gilded ornaments of a wreck after the hull has gone down!"

"Or, like the mole or squint that reappears in successive generations, the legacy of some long-forgotten ancestor," I said—and several things unexplained occurred to me as possibly having a common solution.

"I find however," said Charley, "that the name of Cumbermede is not mentioned in your papers more than about a hundred years back—as far as I have yet made out."

"That is odd," I returned, "seeing that in the same chest we find that book with my name, surname and Christian, and the date 1690."

"It is strange," he acquiesced, "and will perhaps require a somewhat complicated theory to meet it."

We began to talk of other matters, and, naturally enough, soon came to Clara.

Charley was never ready to talk of her—indeed avoided the subject in a way that continued to perplex me.

"I confess to you, Charley," I said, "there is something about her I do not and cannot understand. It seems to me always as if she were—I will not say underhand, but as if she had some object in view—some design upon you—"

"Upon me!" exclaimed Charley, looking at me suddenly and with a face from which all the colour had fled.

"No, no, Charley, not that," I answered, laughing. "I used the word impersonally. I will be more cautious. One would think we had been talking about a witch—or a demon-lady—you are so frightened at the notion of her having you in her eye."

He did not seem altogether relieved, and I caught an uneasy glance seeking my countenance.

"But isn't she charming?" I went on. "It is only to you I could talk about her so. And after all it may be only a fancy."

He kept his face downwards and aside, as if he were pondering and coming to no conclusion. The silence grew and grew until expectation ceased, and when I spoke again, it was of something different.

My reader may be certain from all this that I was not in love with Clara. Her beauty and liveliness, with a gaiety which not seldom assumed the form of grace, attracted me much, it is true; but nothing interferes more with the growth of any passion than a spirit of ques-

tioning, and that once aroused, love begins to cease and pass into pain. Few, perhaps, could have arrived at the point of admiration I had reached without falling instantly therefrom into an abyss of absorbing passion ; but with me, inasmuch as I searched every feeling in the hope of finding in it the everlasting, there was in the present case a reiterated check, if not indeed recoil ; for I was not and could not make myself sure that Clara was upright ;—perhaps the more commonplace word *straightforward* would express my meaning better.

Anxious to get the books arranged before they all left me, for I knew I should have but little heart for it after they were gone, I grudged Charley the forenoon he wanted amongst my papers, and prevailed upon him to go with me the next day as usual. Another fortnight, which was almost the limit of their stay, would, I thought, suffice ; and giving up everything else, Charley and I worked from morning till night, with much though desultory assistance from the ladies. I contrived to keep the carpenter and housemaid in work, and by the end of the week began to see the inroads of order “ scattering the rear of darkness thin.”

WAR.

I stood by night upon a reeking plain,
Among stark stiffened hecatombs of slain,
Who blankly stared into the sullen skies
With glassy, sightless, widely-open eyes.
The night was moonless, dense with stormful cloud,
And muffled all, nor aught to sight allowed,
Save in large livid lightning's ghastly glare
Over the dead men with their awful stare.
Upon a rising ground some ruins riven
Of a burnt village, whence the dwellers driven
Fled from a ravening fire with ne'er a home,
Stand in the cold flame desolate and dumb.
Some curl in attitudes of mortal anguish,
Some with a burning thirst low moaning languish
In their own life-blood, helpless underneath
A heavy horror that hath ceased to breathe.
This form that feels hath hair and beard of grey,
The overlying corse fair curls ; but they
Are marred with crimson : this was a fair boy,
Stay of a widowed mother, and her joy ;
A tender girl awaits the comely youth,
To whom is plighted all her maiden truth :
These two, late locked in a death-grapple wild—
Might they not be a father and his child,
Lying together very still and mild ?
While many a fearful formless mangled thing,
That once was human, blends with littering
Of tumbril-wheel, of cannon-carriage wreck,
Rifle with sword, and soldier's haversack.

But what are these portentous Phantoms tall
That rise before my spirit to appal ?
One rides upon a pale colossal horse,
Which, with its head low, sniffs before a corse
And shakes with terror ; but the rider swart,
Of supernatural height, of regal port,
Inhales the tainted air with nostrils wide,
And face hard-set in a right royal pride.

One strong red hand a blade, that he has bathed
 In a warm living heart, holds reeking ; swathed
 With giant folds imperially red
 His huge mailed body, on the grizzly head
 A brazen helm, he dark surveys the dead ;
 Dilate with cruel unwholesome arrogance
 The dictatorial form, the countenance
 Swollen with gluttoned vengeance, things unsweet
 As fumes that bloat yon corpses at his feet !
 Whence hath the robe drunk purple ?—there is hung
 A collar of torn hearts that he hath wrung
 About his neck, for royal collar slung—
 Chains of wrought gold that blaze with many a gem
 In snaky twine contorted over them :
 His martial plume a swath of foodless grain,
 Trodden, or scorched, or sodden with late rain.
 Tear-blotted letters from far homes are strown
 Under his horse-hoofs, or inanimate blown
 Of gusty winds, the words upon them traced
 Nearly, like lives of those who wrote, effaced.
 He looks the incarnation of old War,
 Resembling an imperial conqueror.

Low thunder with rare intermission growled,
 Wherein were mingled cries of wolves that howled :
 I saw one straining, gaunt and fiery-eyed,
 Held by the king in leash : his awful side
 It sprung anon away from fiercely hounded,
 And woe is me ! who witnessed where it bounded—
 A little child in sad astonishment
 I had beheld, who with a woman went :
 She sought distracted on the fearful plain
 One special soldier among all the slain—
 That famished wolf was hounded on the pair,
 And with fire-fangs it healed a lorn despair !

An Empire floats a banner,
 Sable, and white, and red,
 Dyed with ravine and famine and plague,
 And blood of the innocent dead !
 Black with pestilence, white with famine, red with the innocent
 dead !

Yet a more hideous Phantom than the other
 Leaned on the War-shape like its own twin brother.
 A wan blue mist it seemed to emanate
 From where the dead most thickly congregate,

A crawling exhalation, yet anon
A lank tall body with the grave-clothes on :
It trailed and sloped o'er many miles of dead,
Until it reached with a most fearful head
The bosom of the Warrior on the horse,
There leaned fraternal like a month-old corse :
Nay, somewhat otherwise ; rather, methought,
It wore aspect like one most loathsome fraught
With such disease as by beleaguered Metz
Some saw who passed among the lazarettes.
Surely this was incarnate Pestilence !
Yet as I shrank with shuddering from thence,
It wore a face, pale History shall remember
For his who gagged his country one December.
It held in skeleton semblance of a hand
A distaff broken for symbol of command.

Not the Eagle, but the Vulture,
Wheels above him—screaming now :
“I will yield my foul sepulture
To the murdered men below !”
Hoarsely croaks a carrion crow :
“Thou who wert a Pestilence :
Rot abhorred in impotence !”

RODEN NOEL.

Feb., 1871.

A FESTA IN VENICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD."

MOST of us have felt, at first sight of some long famous spot, scene, or building, that slight chill of disappointment which testifies to the discrepancy between fact and fancy. Later, in most cases, the disappointment wears off, and we learn to admire as we learn to understand. But there are still in this Europe of ours a few places the reality of whose beauty outstrips expectation, and where we have but to let our eyes drink in the loveliness spread out before them, to be satisfied utterly.

Such a place is Venice. Most exquisite, surely, of all cities made with hands! Many Italian cities are poetic, many are pathetic—as Ferrara, and the silent, sun-flooded Pisa; but which of them unites with the poetic beauty of tangible marble, and intangible memories of the past, the ineffable pathos that broods upon the great waters—the solemn sadness of the sea? None save the Queen of the Adriatic, Venice the Incomparable!

And yet she is far from being gloomy or dreary. Those who saw her in her holiday garb on the 2nd of July, 1871, will own that no spectacle more serenely gay, more softly bright, was ever presented to them. On that day Venice, in common with many sister cities, celebrated the accomplished fact of the transfer of the Italian capital to Rome.

The present writer pretends to no power of political vivisection. He can but paint the surface life of that 2nd of July in Venice, and offers the following little water-colour sketch emboldened by the knowledge that the picture is a faithful one as far as it goes.

The July sun rose up gloriously from the Lagoon into a cloudless sky, and flushed the marble pallor of beautiful Venice, and sparkled in the restless waters, and brightened the countless banners of the Italian tricolor, which fluttered from nearly every window and house-top. All the city had blossomed into red, white, and green. And above all bent the arch of intensely blue Italian summer sky. "A fine festa at last!" said one to another, with a short sigh of relief, and a smiling glance round the horizon. There had been cold and rain and sharp winds during the preceding month, and the saturnine had predicted foul weather for the 2nd, and even the sanguine had trembled a little. But lo! the day was perfect, from beginning to end; and the most determined grumbler could find nothing worse to say than that it was very hot in the sunshine—a truism to which

no one actuated by the prevailing holiday spirit deigned to pay the compliment of a retort.

It was not the tricolor alone that flouted the breeze. (There was a breeze, let the grumblers say what they might!) Almost all the little trading vessels moored at the stone quay called the Riva de Schiavoni sported their bunting. A little removed—being of imposing bulk amongst the smaller craft—lay two English steamers, from the “coaly Tyne?” No trace of their black cargo was to be seen. They looked as trim and smart as the best. One was dressed with gay flags up to the mast-head, and both displayed the union-jack. Then there was a rich, solemn-looking, crimson banner, bearing the crescent, which flew above a tiny, picturesque vessel, whose Albanian crew, grave-eyed, with white or red fez, baggy Turkish breeches, and bare, knotty legs, went leisurely about their work on deck under a sail-cloth awning.

What a boundless richness and variety of colour on all sides! These are the glowing tints which the old Venetian painters seized and perpetuated on their canvas. The island of San Giorgio Maggiore, with its tall, slender bell-tower of red brick, topped with cream-white marble, and a conical leaden roof with a burnished golden angel glittering at its apex; the dome-shaped pile of Santa Maria della Salute, looking pearl-grey in the morning light; the faintly rose-coloured mass of the Doge’s Palace, with its exquisite marble arcades; the innumerable tints in the rich, weather-stained stone carvings of the princely dwellings on the Grand Canal; everything, down to the burnished neck of the pigeon that peeped and fluttered to be fed upon our window-sill, furnished a feast of colour to the gazing eye, thanks to that bounteous and lordly giver, the blessed sun!

In the Church of St. Mark’s—quaint, precious, Byzantine jewel, set in the Italian framework of the Piazza!—there was—I had nearly written “divine service”—there was chanting and bending, and low muttering of the mass, and much coming and going of many feet, and interchangement of soft, polite greetings; not forgetting a deeper and more courteous bow *en passant* to the high altar. Outside, on the quays, and in the narrow alleys (Venetian “*calle*”), and in the little stone-paved courts, now baking under the sunshine, sellers of fresh water were crying their stock in trade, and lavishing every epithet on it that could incite the thirsty to expend their last centesimo on the cool draught. This cry of “Acqua! Acqua! Buona fresca!” is one that seldom ceases throughout the long summer’s day in Venice. The sound of church bells came in wafts across the water from many an islet in the Lagoon, or clanged and jangled near at hand from the tall belfries. A few women of the lower orders, with shawls of more or less smartness, wrapped mantilla-wise over their heads and shoulders, passed along, going to mass or coming from it. Boatmen and gondoliers lounged and

basked in the hot rays until one expected that their brown faces and limbs would positively be baked into the hard terra-cotta which they so much resembled. The irrepressible boys were restless and noisy already. For even at Venice your boy is only so far modified by the influences of the place as to become amphibious, and to enjoy the delight of having two elements, instead of only one, to be mischievous in!

But on the whole the city was quiet. She was waiting. One who knows this country well, and is a true friend to it, has often said to me that there are few things which an Italian will do with less reluctance than waiting. And this trait presents matter for regret in many cases. But on the second of July, eighteen hundred and seventy-one, the nation might reply with an exultant glance at Rome, "We have at least waited to some purpose this time!"

As evening drew on there was a hum and stir perceptible. A very low hum, a very gentle stir. One of the greatest charms of Venice is the absence of jarring noises. There is no rattle of wheels, no clatter of hoofs, not much tread of feet. The gondole glide along with a faint plash! plash! of the oar. All sounds are softened and sweetened by the water. Even the voices of the people are low and pleasant—a very rare quality in Italians. And the soft, lisping accents of the Venetian tongue remind one of the low wash of the tide playing amongst weeds and shells.

At half-past seven, when the sky was flushing pale rose-colour, there was a crowd of gondole on the Grand Canal. The conspicuous object amongst them was a huge barge, gilt, and decorated, and beflagged, and bearing an inscription in gold letters on a sort of shield surrounded with garlands, "Viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re d'Italia Unita!" On this barge was the band of the National Guard, playing national airs; and above all, the *Fanfara Reale*, or March of the King. As I shall have occasion to mention this "*fanfara*" frequently, I may as well say at once that it is, as its title imports, a strain of lively military music in the time of a quick march, which is always played on the appearance of the King at any public ceremonial, and has thus become personally associated with the *Re Galantuomo*.

On went the barge at a slow and stately pace, surrounded and followed by a moving mass, a very shoal of boats of all sorts and conditions. Looked at from the level of one sitting in a gondola, it presented a strange spectacle. The gondoliers, standing high on the poop, with their long oars bending hither and thither, like a field of tall reeds in the wind. Only that instead of one wind, there seemed to be fifty, making the reeds slope to all points of the compass. Seen from a balcony above, the sight must have been charming; for all the folks were in holiday attire, and holiday attire in Italy means all colours of the rainbow, and the gondole were all open, having

taken off their black hoods for the occasion. Every now and then, in the intervals of the music, a voice would cry, "Viva Roma Capitale d'Italia!" "Viva Vittorio Emanuele in Campidoglio!" "Viva Italia libera e unita!" to which the crowd responded with clapping of hands and "Evviva-a-a!" Banners were flying from the windows and balconies on the Grand Canal, and at each patriotic shout, ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men their hats, and little children clapped their hands and joined their shrill pipes to the general cry.

So we struggled on, wedged into the "shoal," and somehow or other succeeded in getting through the archway of the Rialto despite of difficulties which only a Venetian gondolier could overcome. Yet throughout the whole proceeding I did not hear one voice raised in anger. There was not the faintest approach to a row, although the skilful rowers were necessarily incommoded and put out by the mistakes and awkwardness of the less skilful; and so compact was the crowd of boats, that at one time one could easily have walked dry-shod across the Grand Canal. Amongst the gondole, with their high prows and threatening steel *ferri* (the sort of battle-axe familiar to most persons from photographs and models of the Venetian gondola), flitted several tiny canoes, paddled with as much "skill and dexterity" as Tom Tug himself, that "jolly young waterman," could have laid claim to. One of the canoes bore a sail which looked, as did the whole craft indeed, as though it had just left the hands of the toymaker, and was all a-flutter with bright little strips of banners.

The turning a little below the Rialto, to retrace our course up the Canal, seemed in anticipation a ticklish business; but it, too, was accomplished with the same quietude and apparent ease as all the rest. And now, beautiful as had been the spectacle going down, it was a thousand times more beautiful in returning. For a glorious full moon had arisen by this time, and was lighting the splendid palaces in her own tenderly beautifying way; dwelling on the richness of the decorations and the grandeur of the outlines, and completely ignoring the ruin that Time has wrought among them here and there. At some of the houses a long line of lamps across the façade glowed with a rich golden light. Half-way back from the Rialto, towards the Piazza, the barge stopped, the music ceased, and we rowed along almost as silently as phantom boats upon the moon-lit waters.

Opposite the gardens of the Royal Palace—a mere strip of greenery with a marble balustrade fencing it on the side of the Lagoon—was a new spectacle: a little barque was gliding about with a crimson fire at her prow, which sent a long glowing reflection into the water, side by side with the trembling bluish lines of mirrored moonlight, and had a magically beautiful effect. From an Italian iron-clad in the offing coloured rockets were being sent up at intervals, and Bengal lights made an illumination far and wide. It seemed a sacrifice to

land at the Piazzetta and tread on the stone pavements, so lovely was the seaward view.

But what a crowd of many-coloured figures, what a ceaseless movement, what a hum of voices, persistent and continuous as the sound of a waterfall, when we fairly emerged on the great Piazza of St. Mark! The whole vast space was a blaze of light which glowed even up to the summit of the tall Campanile. There were clusters of lamps like clusters of stars, dotted all about the Piazza. The arcades called the Procuratie, where the jewellers' shops are, were dazzling. Banners hung from every window; companies of boys and young men carrying torches, which gave out the richest crimson light, walked slowly up and down, clearing a path among the people; and the wonderful effects of light and shadow thus obtained are indescribable. Sometimes a great white light would go up and make everything else pale in its intense brilliancy. Sometimes the flame would be as blue as a sapphire. These Bengal lights were burned at the extremity of the Piazza farthest from St. Mark's, and the grand oriental front of the venerable basilica looked in the glare as if it had that instant been erected by the Slaves of the Lamp. The mosaics glistened, the stone carvings showed like petrified tropical plants. The great bronze horses seemed to start forth from their niche over the doorway and paw the air; and, above all, stretched the unfathomable blue depth of sky, with its fair golden moon and quivering white stars.

In the centre of the Piazza was a military band. They had doubtless prepared a programme of music to be executed in due sequence, but they were not destined to carry it out. On this evening the crowd would listen to nothing save the Fanfara Reale. Let the band begin what ear-delighting melody they might, they infallibly had to stop at the end of a few bars and return to the "tra-ra-ra" of the King's March. And no sooner did the well-known strain begin than it was hailed with a shout of rapture, and listened to with as much apparent delight as though the auditors had never heard it in their lives before. Again and again it had to be repeated, the appetite of the crowd being apparently insatiable.

And it must not be supposed that the "crowd" consisted of any such elements as with us go to make up a street mob. Populace there was certainly, and of the poorest. But there were also smart *bourgeois* and *bourgeoises* (and how smart were these latter only the editor of a fashion-book could convey an idea; for the fair Venetians had disfigured themselves with humps, and heels, and masses of false hair in the newest mode, and wore dresses of every colour of the rainbow, and sometimes of a great many colours together), there were patricians, and artists, and lawyers, and men of almost every profession under the sun—save the clerical. Of these, I do not remember to have seen one. Every one of the great quantity of seats

before Florian's *café* was filled, every table occupied. All the other less famous *cafés* had also as many customers as they could serve on this occasion. The order and good-humour of the whole assembled mass were absolutely perfect. There was very much more good-breeding than I have often seen in a crowded ball-room. I am afraid it would not be possible to bring together an equal number of the "crème de la crème" who should hustle and stare so little! One heard a great many tongues spoken around—English, French, German, Russian, Greek; but the great majority of the people were Venetians. It was a popular demonstration, spontaneous and unforced as, perhaps, popular demonstrations seldom are. Shout after shout went up for the King, for united Italy, for Rome the capital, and the hero who, whatever his shortcomings, has deserved the utmost love and gratitude of his countrymen, was not forgotten. There was many a hearty "Evviva" for Garibaldi.

Close upon midnight the band moved away from the Piazza, still playing the inevitable Fanfara, and followed by an admiring and enthusiastic crowd. Just before entering their barracks they stopped, and in compliance with many urgent voices played the so-called "Hymn of Garibaldi." It is the melody made familiar to us by the street organs, and of which the burden is—

"Va fuori d'Italia,
Va fuori, chè l'ora,
Va fuori d'Italia,
Va fuori o stranier!"

"Go hence from Italy, O stranger! for the hour has come!" It used to be sang and played with especial reference to the Austrian dominion in the Peninsula. But now the Austrians are our very good friends on this side the Alps. And circumstances having carried away some other "good friends" (who perhaps were looked upon as being just a trifle in the way in the very core of Italy, notwithstanding the unimpeachable excellence of their intentions), it seems difficult to guess who now remains to be adjured to "audar fuori!"

No; there was no meaning attached to the old "Hymn of Garibaldi" on that July night save the laudable one of honouring the brave and incorruptible soldier whom every Italian must be proud to call countryman. The Italians are now in undisputed possession at home, "in casa loro," and the future seems fair before the nation.

As we walked homeward in the moonlight we looked up at the mystic-winged lion of St. Mark upon his soaring column, and thought that of all the strange, and beautiful, and significant, and important spectacles his winged shadow had fallen on, not the least lovely, characteristic, and fraught with important meanings was the festa which terminated with the distant dying strains of Garibaldi's Hymn.

JEANNE DUPONT.

I.

ONE evening in the autumn of 1870 there were heavy hearts both in St. Roque and in the little village of Laborde. The demand was everywhere for fresh soldiers. A levy had been raised in St. Roque and its neighbourhood, and the chosen men were already on their way to join the French army.

Baptiste Lenord had been passed over more than once since the beginning of the war; he was the only son of a widowed mother, and war even respects this claim. But defeat and disaster modified rules and overlooked exemptions. The capture of Sedan had given the first shock to the confidence of the people. At this last levy it was asserted that Madame Lenord was stout in health and able-bodied—quite stout enough in health and strength to support herself without the help of her son Baptiste. He could no longer plead exemption on the score of filial duty. So Baptiste went to swell the fast thinning ranks of his comrades. Neighbours said he seemed glad to go away, and they looked curiously at the widow Lenord when she drove her cart into St. Roque three days after his departure, and took up her accustomed place in the market, beneath the *fièche* of St. Pierre.

But Madelaine Lenord did not mean to afford her neighbours' curiosity any satisfaction. She stood behind the glowing array of fruit and vegetables, as stiff and cold as if nothing had happened to disturb her. No one looking at the square-faced, hard-featured woman in her dark blue gown and black apron would have guessed that her heart was echoing still the measured tramp along the dusty road that led from the caserne eastwards. Her large bony hands did not tremble as she piled orange and green-feathered carrots by purple onions and snowy turnips, or heaped up golden apricots beside bloomy plums. She seemed only intent on selling her goods to the buyers who thronged the market-place.

"Bah! at the next levy it is possible they will put us greybeards in the drawing; is it not so, *ma bonne mère*?"

Monsieur Jules Dupont, the well-to-do *épicier* of the Rue St. Jean, stood in front of the stall, and looked up in the face of the widow Lenord. He was forced to look up, she was so tall, and the projecting lilac handkerchief over her stiff-frilled cap added something to her great height.

The little *épicier's* black eyes twinkled; he rubbed his yellow, skinny

hands lovingly against each other as he glanced upwards. It seemed to him that Madame Lenord's chin entitled her to share in the name greybeard; and, though he repressed a smile at sight of her frowning shaggy eyebrows, he could not keep his enjoyment quite within—it went into his fingers.

"Hein!"—Madame Lenord turned her stiff angular body so as to face the grocer. She looked at him a moment before she went on—"It seems to me, my friend, that you would not be much of a mouthful for one of these Prussian guns they tell us about. Listen"—she put her hand on his arm, for he turned yellow, and was moving on into the crowd that thronged the market-place—"I did not mean to say it if you had kept aloof; but since you are such an old vaurien that you come to see how a mother bears suffering, you must take all you have come for, Monsieur Dupont."

The épicier caught a glance of her kindling eyes.

"My good mother"—he tried to edge his sleeve out of the market-woman's strong, veiny fingers.

No use; she only tightened her grasp, and the self-contented, cunning face lengthened into a look of alarm as those blue steadfast eyes gleamed down more angrily and sternly.

"Listen, I tell you, Jules Dupont. I have known you from a boy; and when I know people, I know the inside as well as the out. I never saw a thought in you which had not self on the top of it, and Jeanne is following in your steps. I warned my boy against her, but young men must always see with their own eyes. I am not grieving for Baptiste"—the proud old lips were pushed up with scorn. "Such a wound as love for Jeanne could give must heal quickly; but, meantime, who knows? my Baptiste may soon be lying in his blood under the feet of the Prussians, and that blood will be on the head of your daughter Jeanne, monsieur." Her voice grew harsher, and the veins on her forehead stood out yet more plainly with the violence of the agitation she restrained, for Madelaine Lenord was too proud to weep before Jules Dupont, and she kept her voice from reaching other ears than the épicier's.

"Gently, gently, my good mother," said Dupont; he was aghast at this attack on such a popular householder as himself, in the midst of his fellow-townsmen.

"I am never gentle, and you know it, Jules Dupont. As well may you seek herbs at the butcher's as gentleness from me. Ask your friend Marie, the dairy-woman, if her yellow cow is more gentle than usual when the butcher leads away her calf to the abattoir. I would cry shame on you if I did not think it was dulness more than malice that brought you here. But you may go." She held him another minute. "What I mean is, that if Jeanne had not made St. Roque hateful to my son, he would have tried for an exemption; but he went like a willing sheep."

She let go her hold of Dupont's arm, and stood still and calm, not even looking towards the grocer. Dupont went on a few paces as if in rebound from her grasp; then he stopped, and brushed the sleeve she had held with the coat-cuff of the other. He made a grimace and walked back to Madelaine's fruit-stall with a sort of dance in his step.

"You are a woman," he smiled, and rubbed his hands harder than ever; "and women are so often mistaken in judging. Is it not quite possible, my good woman, that Baptiste is tired of petticoat government, and anxious to try a little soldiering for a change?"

He spoke in a loud voice, and several idlers pressed up to the fruit-stall. The old woman's lips trembled, and she pressed them tight to steady them; then she took a long look at the sneering, wrinkled, yellow face.

"If I am a woman, I can't help it," she said. "You can't help being a man, Jules Dupont; but you can help being a coward!"

A chorus of applause from the group round her was too much for the respectable *épiciér*. He got very red, he left off rubbing his hands, and glared for an instant at Madelaine; then he shrugged his shoulders, and was soon out of sight in the crowded market-place.

II.

Monsieur Dupont's shop is in the principal street of St. Roque; the house above it is among the few which have escaped improvement, and the projecting gable a-top nods in close proximity to its opposite neighbour. Monsieur Dupont's is not a showy shop seen from the street, though when you get inside it you are at once impressed with the fastidious neatness of its arrangements.

There is a glass-door at the end of the shop, and looking through this you see a pretty little room. The walls are pale green; the window is shaded by fresh muslin curtains. A gilt looking-glass rests on a marble table, and on this table are fuchsias and choice pinks in flower-pots. Near the table, with her back to the window, Jeanne Dupont is sitting at her embroidery-frame. She stoops over her work, hiding her face, but showing the smooth plaits of her glossy brown hair. Jeanne has not a well-shaped head, but towards the forehead it is full and broad, and it is well placed on her shoulders.

She startles as her father comes into the shop. She knows his fidgety, small-stepping tread, and she looks up. Jeanne is not pretty; she has a bright brown skin, with a rich colour glowing under her dark eyes; but her mouth is wide, and her nose turns up at the end with that peculiar expression of sauciness, hastiness, and good nature, so inseparable from this conformation. The expression at this moment is unmistakably cross.

The glass door opens, and Monsieur Dupont comes in, and seats himself on the red velvet sofa opposite his daughter.

"Eh bien, Jeanne! I have news for thee. He rubs his hands, and

half shuts his bead-like eyes. "Madelaine Lenord is not in a complimentary mood to-day. She says—the old toad!—that Baptiste was glad to get away from St. Roque because at the same time he got away from thee."

At the name Baptiste the girl's mouth trembled, and her eye-lashes drooped and quivered; but the bitter ending of Madelaine's message was too much. Jeanne's eyes flashed open in bright wrath, and her nose turned up yet more than usual.

"Madame Lenord is well set to work"—she spoke so fast that she could hardly get her words out. "Did she say that in the open market?"

"But—yes"—Monsieur rubbed his hands, and looked still more cheerful; "and our good neighbours here in St. Roque, and also out at Laborde, are no doubt kind enough to pity poor deserted Jeanne Dupont."

"Chut!" Jeanne stamped her foot imperiously, and then she sat still, twining her plump brown fingers together as if she were trying to plait them into some pattern. Monsieur fidgeted a little with two old-fashioned seals which hung at his watch-chain. He began to whistle softly, as if to himself, "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*" Jeanne's brown skin grew suffused, and her eyes looked up full of angry fire.

"Father!" This came as an exclamation, and it seemed to act as warning to Monsieur Dupont. He left off whistling and playing with his seals, and looked gravely at his daughter. "Thou hadst best not rouse my temper. I know thou art trying to make me say I will marry Victor Devisme. Eh bien, voyons!" She got up and stood beside her high-backed low chair, grasping the rail a-top with all the strength of her well-shaped hands. "I have not said No—I will not promise to say Yes; but thou shalt not taunt me into anything." She stood thinking. Her father watched her, closing his eyes till they looked like black slits. "Madelaine Lenord must indeed have changed if she could speak so cruelly," she said, more quietly. "Father, art thou sure——"

A sob came in the girl's throat, but she choked it back.

Monsieur Dupont laughed in the low chuckling way that was inseparable from his favourite pastime of rubbing his hands.

"I blame thee not, Jeanne; but thou needest not be so ready to catch fire. Never believe what thou dost not like, my child—it is a safe motto. I object not to thy disbelief—why should I? I am quite willing to be convicted if I have not told the truth. Go to the market-place, my girl—there is yet time—and get the truth from Madelaine herself."

Jeanne bit her lips, and tears came to soften the hard light in her eyes.

"Father, there are times when I have wished—may the Holy Virgin forgive me, but I must wish it all the same—that thou couldest just for one hour, or less even, be cursed with my wild

spirit; it may be thou wouldst then show mercy at a time like this. Thou canst not in earnest wish me to suffer this public mortification. Why, then, say words which make me mad and wicked?" Dupont fidgeted under her earnest eyes. "Listen," she went on; "thou hast bid me go to Madelaine. I will see her, and have the truth from her, but not in the market-place."

Monsieur sat looking like a Japanese image; his thin, loose lips had relaxed from the grin which usually kept them strained into a line, and the lowermost hung down in open dismay. He had seen Jeanne petulant, vehement even, but she had never spoken with this highly-wrought earnestness. Her eyes did not flash; there was more of sorrowful appeal than of passion in her words.

She pinned the paper down over her embroidery, and passed out of the room, but Jules Dupont still sat with the same dismayed look on his wrinkled face. He had no moustache to hide the working of his mouth; he had very little hair even on his head, and the yellow skin on his bare crown likened him, in conjunction with his wide lipless mouth, to an unfledged thrush.

"What has she?" and then his black sharp eyes went inquisitively into every corner, as if to find a clue to Jeanne's new behaviour. "Bah! it is time I was rid of her. She must be married without delay. She is a fire-brand. My digestion is disturbed by her vehemence. She has not said No to my propositions; she is too well brought up to refuse a husband chosen for her by her father; and, *ma foi*"—he struck one hand energetically into the palm of the other—"what can she find to object? Bah! I did not think I had struck so hard." He caressed his injured palm as if it were some pet animal. "She cannot make an objection to Victor Devisme. He has good looks, a good position, good manners. It is impossible that Jeanne can prefer a mere carpenter like Baptiste Lenord to a gentleman. Why, Victor has dined at the Préfecture. Baptiste is a great overgrown lout, without looks or manners."

The *épicier* pulled a little file out of his pocket, and proceeded to trim his nails. Mechanically he again whistled, "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*"

III.

There is a long hilly street in St. Roque, with lime-trees on each side. It is almost in a line with the spires of St. Etienne; and it mounts upwards at a right angle with the street in which the famous old cathedral stands, till at its furthest extremity you get a glimpse of the tower of the Abbaye aux Dames. Some way up this hill you come upon a lonely, desolate-looking spot. Grey, quaint houses, chiefly untenanted, stand ghost-like about a large grass plot, with rows of chestnuts along its edges; and behind, shadowed by this dense foliage, and paved all round with hard obtrusive grey stones, is the little lonely church of St. Julien.

A young girl goes by the church with a rapid swinging walk. She stops and looks at the little grey building.

"Father Pierre would tell me what to do," Jeanne sighed, and faltered. There was a chapter of unspoken, unsifted trouble in the steadfast brown eyes.

She was not long undecided.

"I will see Madelaine first," and on she went again.

Looking at Jeanne in her close-fitting black silk gown and simple straw bonnet with its white trimmings, she seemed indeed too refined for a carpenter's wife.

Her mother had been very superior to Jules Dupont, and she had lived long enough to place Jeanne in the convent, where she had been taught more than usually falls to the lot of girls of her class. The usual result had followed. Jeanne disdained the female society she mixed among and its frivolity. She cared far more for reading and refined pursuits than for dress and fashion; and she had scandalised a group of shopkeepers' daughters by asserting that Madelaine Lenord, in her simple market cloak and cap, was more of a lady than any of these flounced and panniered demoiselles.

Jeanne has one friend nearer her own age than Madame Lenord—her former music-mistress at the convent, Mademoiselle Félicité Trudin—but she is never in St. Roque at this time of year; she goes to stay with her old mother at Dives.

"If I could only see Mademoiselle Félicité," the girl goes on to herself, "I believe she would give me good advice. I used to wonder at that sweet sad depth in her eyes; now I know that is the mark love leaves behind him. Ah! when a woman's eyes are only bright and fiery, she knows nothing of real love."

Jeanne has a long weary walk on the dusty road before the diligence overtakes her. She wishes to go the whole way on foot, but this will take too long; she must be home again before dusk; so she gets into the empty vehicle, and is almost smothered by the dust it raises. On between hedges, giving glimpses of orchards jewelled with rich-hued crops; below, stubble on the ground—the iron foot of war had not yet trodden down these remains of wheat and barley harvest—for the thrifty Normans turn orchard ground to double use.

By degrees the trees grow scanty and stunted, the herbage on the hedge banks coarser, till at last the sand-hills come in sight, and the diligence stops at a cross-road.

Jeanne pays her fare, and then turns down the left of the cross-roads. A few minutes bring her to the sandy country about Laborde. It stretches on beyond the village, a waste of sand and blue mud-hills, till these last assume a more regular aspect, and, in the shape of a range of low cliffs, bound the plage of the fishing-cabins of Dives.

Jeanne looks wistfully on towards the sea; but Dives is far away

from Laborde. She cannot reach it to-day, she has only time to see Madelaine Lenord.

The cottage is just like all the rest—whitewashed, with a black door, a shingled roof, and a queer little dormer window peeping out among circling vine sprays and stone-crop, as if it was there on guard. Jeanne knows the cottage well. Her mother used to take her out to Laborde on summer afternoons, and then it was that she and Baptiste Lenord made acquaintance. He was learning his trade in his own village in those days, and had got good book teaching from Monsieur le Curé. He had not begun then to work for Monsieur Carmier, the chief ébeniste of St. Roque.

The girl's face changed rapidly in expression. She stood still at the door, without knocking.

"I will try and be patient; but it was shameful to say such a thing out in the market-place."

And then came a quick throb of pain—that pain that seems filled with prophetic instinct, telling it is only a herald of worse to come, so hard to bear, because we know it is self-inflicted. Jeanne had been wilful, rebellious all her life; but she had all her life been resolving to turn over a new leaf, and nothing serious had come of her frequent relapses; and now, just when she had only had a little quarrel with her lover, when she had been less passionate than usual, and when, in thinking over the cruel words she had said to Baptiste, it had seemed that a few days must make all right, the terrible summons had come, and Baptiste had gone away, it might be for ever.

"It is all the fault of the war. I said I did not love him, and I did not know I loved him so much. I did not think this torment would have come in my heart, or I would have asked him to forgive me on my knees. And he has gone without a word or a look!"

Jeanne looked indignant at her own weakness, and drew up her head, while she tapped at the door.

No one answered.

"She is perhaps out," and Jeanne lifted the latch.

Madelaine Lenord looked up in an instant, defiance in her face. The sight of Jeanne standing in the doorway had brought some of it, and the rest came from the consciousness of tears, and the swollen eyelids, which had been hidden between the old woman's hands.

Madelaine sat still; she did not move her elbows off her knees, but she raised her head till it rested against the wall behind her, and looked steadily at Jeanne.

Wrought up as the girl was in the hush of those few moments, she saw, without noticing, how clean and spotless the wall looked, and the glitter of the few brass pans that hung against it.

Madelaine spoke first.

"Like father, like child. So, Jeanne Dupont, you've come now—is

it not so?—to see how I grieve for the loss of my son. Why should I not grieve?" Her voice grew harsh as she looked at the face that had come between her and her boy. "A mother must be harder than a brute if she does not grieve to lose her own child; no triumph for you in that, mademoiselle."

Jeanne came forward suddenly, and took the widow's hand between hers. Madelaine drew it away.

"But, madame, do not be hard—do listen; has he not, then, left one word for you to say to me?"

Jeanne forgot that Baptiste's mother had no belief in her own love for him. She forgot everything but her longing to know whether her lover had forgiven her, and the old woman's harshness filled her with a bitter sense of injustice.

Madelaine rose up slowly; she seemed to tower above the quivering, dark-eyed Jeanne. The girl had clasped her hands together; she stood in the attitude of a suppliant. But the stern old woman utterly misread her purpose.

"I thought you were selfish, Jeanne Dupont, but not so bad as this. You trifle with an honest lad's heart, because he is weak enough to feed your pride, and then you drive him from you with your bitter, heartless words. And you are daring enough to come and ask me at this hour if Baptiste is spaniel enough to cringe and fawn for your pity, to leave tender words and tokens for such as you! No, mademoiselle, your name was not spoken by my son. I said, 'What of Jeanne Dupont?' and he answered me, 'Be silent, my mother.' It was easy to see that he rejoiced in leaving St. Roque; he wished to escape the sight of you."

"Ah!"

The glow that had risen on the girl's dark cheeks faded, her hands fell apart and drooped beside her. Was not this the confirmation of her father's words?

"You are unjust—one day you will see how unjust. I came to tell you I was sorry to have caused his departure; but you throw my words back."

"Ta, ta, ta!" Madelaine looked scornful. "You make too much of Baptiste's sorrow, mademoiselle. Go home and grieve for your own pride and vanity; do not grieve for my son; you offended him—that was all. By this time he has forgotten you, Jeanne Dupont. He will come back; he will laugh that you could ever have had power to vex him. My son is not to be thrown away on a brown little chit of a vixen."

Perhaps Madame Lenord had surprised herself by her own sternness, or she may have felt unable to persist in it. She went to the door, and opened it for the girl to pass out.

Jeanne looked up at her, and went away without a word.

IV.

Monsieur Dupont stood at his shop-door. The street was quieter than it had been in time of peace; the market folk had gone home long ago; there was not left so much as a barrowful of plums. Opposite was the shop window of Monsieur Le Petit, with its shining plaits of hair and bottles of perfume and pomade; the gable a-top of the three-storied house projected its quaintly-carved head as if it wanted to see into the street below. The house itself projected slightly, and thus narrowed in the street so as to form a closer fitting frame to the grey old St. Pierre, which filled the end of it.

Monsieur Dupont was not smoking—the habit, in his opinion, was an unclean one, and his great virtue was a spotless cleanliness; the care of his finger-nails and of his small remnant of hair was an absorbing employment; his dress, too, gave token, by its frequent variety in the way of waistcoats and neckties, of the attention bestowed on it.

“Dress,” he observed, “costs money to purchase, time and taste to wear to the best advantage; and money and good taste are the only two things worth living for. How foolish and reckless, then, to taint and soil that which has so much value, by a saturation of poisonous smoke.”

Moreover, Monsieur Dupont considered that eyes were given one to use in observing the conduct and fortunes of one’s fellow-men, and he perhaps saw much more out of those bead-like eyes of his as he stood at his shop-door, each thumb in a waistcoat pocket, his feet drawn closely into the first position, bowing and smiling to almost all who passed him, than he would have seen if he had been smoking.

“Aha, my friend Victor! It is long, then, since you have come down the Rue St. Jean.”

“Bon soir, monsieur.”

The new-comer raised his hat, and stood still, with rather a sheepish, hesitating look.

Monsieur Victor Devisme was a clerk in the bureau of Monsieur le Préfet of St. Roque, and consequently, in such troublous times, a man of more importance than the wealthy épicier. He had a pleasant face—Belgian rather than French. Good, honest blue eyes, sunny, chestnut hair and beard, went well with his fresh, high-coloured complexion. He was taller than the épicier, but he was still only medium height. The cunning face of Jules Dupont did not show to advantage beside his frank, pleasant-looking companion.

“Well but, my friend”—the épicier looked slyer than ever—“you have not answered. Why is it, then, so long since you have come to see an old friend?”

The young man’s colour deepened.

“Aha!”—monsieur winked his sly eye, and his mouth curved

into a grin of intense enjoyment,—“We understand. Is it not so? It was better, was it not, to give the papa time to arrange a little matter for us with mademoiselle?” He rubbed his hands and chuckled till Victor longed to choke him.

“Well, Monsieur Dupont, and what have you to say to me?” He spoke so sharply that monsieur vibrated on the points of his toes in sudden, nervous tremor, though he laughed, to show how very much at ease he felt; and as Victor Devisme did not feel in a laughing mood, it seemed to him that his companion—even though he was the father of Jeanne Dupont—was a wrinkled old idiot.

“Aha, that is what it is!” The frown on Victor’s face quickened Monsieur Dupont’s sentence. “Well, my good friend, my news is not much to tell; I have spoken to my daughter, and I have reason to believe the next step is to present you to her.”

Victor left off frowning, but he did not look content.

“But, Monsieur Dupont, you know what I mean. Have you ascertained that Mademoiselle Jeanne will receive me with satisfaction?”

The earnest feeling in his face might almost have moved Jules Dupont; but he did not look up; his attention was concentrated on the polish of one of his little finger-nails.

“*Ma foi!*”—his shoulders went towards his large ears—“What will you? I have done my part. You can do yours, I suppose, without my help? Come again this evening. Jeanne will be at home, and will be ready to receive you from me as her future husband. Allons.”

Victor Devisme lingered. He could not believe the *épicier’s* news. Jeanne Dupont had always been civil to him, but she had been cold too. He would have given much for one of the flashes of petulance he had seen her bestow on his sister Thérèse—flashes which had gained her from that staid spinster the name of vixen.

Frenchman though he was, Victor was too much in love not to crave a little more romance in his wooing than he felt assured of finding.

“I shall know this evening how she really feels,” he thought. “Jeanne’s is a tell-tale face. She is no hypocrite.”

It seemed to the young man, who had till now led the monotonous and uneventful life of an official in a provincial town, that existence was turning into a fairy tale. As he reached the end of the street, he said to himself, “But it will spoil all to be obliged to ask Jeanne in the presence of her father;” and suddenly he turned the corner of the Rue Notre Dame, and there was Jeanne herself—Jeanne who, instead of passing him with a graceful, self-possessed bow in return for his shy salutation, flushed deeply at sight of him, and stopped when he paused beside her.

“Mademoiselle”—his voice was eager and trembling, it went to the girl’s aching heart at once—“I have received permission from

Monsieur your father to present myself at your house this evening. Have I also your permission, Mademoiselle?"

Jeanne bent her head; tears were coming into her eyes, and she did not want Devisme to see them.

"Yes, yes, Monsieur Victor;" she forced her lips into a smile, and hurried on past the angle of the street.

"Am I asleep or dreaming?" Victor rubbed his eyes, and then, as a girl with faggots on her head nearly knocked his hat off, he decided that he was awake, and that he was happier than he had ever been in his life before. Yes, the fairy tale had begun.

It was well for the growth of this sudden happiness that Jeanne reached home while Monsieur Dupont had crossed over the way to advise with his crony, Madame Le Petit. A hare had been presented to her—a gift in which the épicier, who loved his stomach as much as he loved every bit of himself, was resolved to share, and he had gone to Madame Le Petit to devise the best way of cooking it.

Jeanne took off her bonnet at the foot of the steep stairs, and swung it by the strings backwards and forwards as she mounted. She was asking herself why she was so foolish, so weak.

"Why should I grieve and crave for a love which never can be mine—which perhaps I never had, or I could not have lost it for just a few foolish, passionate words? Here is a man good and true, and loving too—whose eyes show me what I am to him. Why should I not make Victor Devisme happy? I can never be happy in the way I dreamed of; that is over. Why not trust that happiness may come with a man who I am certain loves me so much?"

v.

Days went by—so many, that they were weeks now; autumn had grown chill. The war was still raging fiercely. Victor Devisme was betrothed to Jeanne Dupont; but life was not quite the fairy tale he had begun to think it.

His sister Thérèse shook her head. It was no wonder, she said, that Victor looked downcast. In such troubled times, when the war grew worse every day, instead of coming to the glorious ending that had been promised, when even to far-off St. Roque news of defeat and the death of the townsmen came weekly—how could folks have the heart to think of love and marriage? For her part, Thérèse thanked the Holy Virgin and the saints she was not troubled with such nonsense; she thought the occupation of women should be praying and fasting at such a time. Marriage was quite out of season.

Perhaps Thérèse was right. Joy jars in a public grief; and though in Normandy there was yet a strong belief in the ultimate triumph of the French arms, still rumours of defeat and disaster grew. No

one could say how hearts grew heavier; folk went about with saddened faces, and not all the proclamations and bland self-complacency of Monsieur le Préfet could dispel the gloom that began to brood over the town of St. Roque.

Jeanne was one of the first to feel its influence; she had rarely smiled since the evening when her father placed her hand in that of Victor Devisme. In one way she was grateful to the war. The duties of her lover's office had grown much heavier during these last days, and Victor could only spend a few minutes with her each time he came, and, with a pertinacity which irritated him, Jeanne always contrived that her father should be present.

Marie, the milk-woman, a good-natured, gossiping Picarde, told Jeanne one day that a letter had come to his mother from Baptiste.

"He is not far off"—her small black eyes shone with significance—"not farther than Rouen. Dame! What do I know, he may be nearer still."

Marie's flat brown face broadened into one huge smile. She stood looking at Jeanne with both hands resting on her hips, or at least on the breadth of blue-plaited woollen which represented them.

Marie was an outspoken body. All the world of St. Roque had heard of the love between Baptiste Lenord and Jeanne Dupont; and though Mamzelle Jeanne had been hard-hearted enough to give Baptiste his congé, and was going to marry a gentleman, she might show a little interest in hearing about the poor fellow.

"And instead, ciel! she looks as proud as Madame Mérand herself, ma foi!" Up went the milk-woman's shoulders towards her ear-drops.

"Good morning, Marie"—Jeanne was turning out of the kitchen where the talk had been held—"I will send Sophie to you."

"Wait, mamzelle." Marie considered that if Jeanne had grown unfeeling, it was her simple duty to make her know it. It was said in St. Roque that Marie, the milk-woman, spent quite as much of her time in teaching her neighbours as in selling milk, and reaped more "kicks than halfpence" in her philanthropic endeavours; but she had never before administered advice to Jeanne Dupont.

"Has mamzelle heard the talk in the town this day?"

"I never listen to gossip." Jeanne kept her face turned towards the kitchen door.

"Gossip, ma foi! and mamzelle speaks of gossip, when it is our men's lives I mean! There is news of fighting near us, mamzelle. No one knows where the news began, but every one says so. It is quite near; not far off, at least, they say. Ah, mamzelle! it is well for you who have no friends in the army; but for me, I have many friends there. The poor lads, I love them. I care for poor Baptiste Lenord. Ma foi, I think so!—he with his bright, black eyes and cheerful smile—it is all that is most sad—to think of him dead and cold, trodden

under the feet of those cursed Prussians. They are cursed; they drink the blood of our men, and steal the food of our children. Dame, if I were then a man, I would make some of the butchering cowards bleed too!"

"Who told you this news?"

Marie stood with open mouth and eyes. Jeanne Dupont had turned round suddenly, and had taken a firm grasp of the milk-woman's arm, as if she thought she would run away.

"Who told you our soldiers were fighting near St. Roque?"

Jeanne spoke doggedly, and she shook Marie's arm.

"Dame! that is what I have but now said to mamzelle—there is a rumour. What will you? Does any one know how a rumour begins? It is like a mushroom; no one can say from whence it comes. It may be no more than—pouf"—she blew across the back of her hand, as if she saw a feather there—"but it may be true. Ciel! think, then, a little, my fine young lady, of the brave fellows we saw marching away to the sound of the drum. When I think that none of us, not even his mother, will ever again see Baptiste Lenord, my heart is like to burst. Ah, mon Dieu, but it is the most unhappy chance! He was good. Ah, the poor lad!"

Marie put her black apron to her eyes. Jeanne waited a minute, and then she spoke calmly.

"There have been these rumours once—twice even—and they have not proved true, Marie. There has, perhaps, been some truth as to the fighting, but it has always been farther off than was said, and our townsmen have not been engaged in it. Only a fortnight ago you said the Prussians were close to Rouen."

"Ma foi!"—Marie's face was flushed with her eagerness to speak—"and what is it, mademoiselle, a fortnight now, a fortnight to come, in a war which goes on from bad to worse? It is only a question of days and of suspense. It is all very well what they say at the Préfecture—that the Prussians will have to cry 'Vive la République.' Chut!"—she snapped her fingers. "Mademoiselle must of course believe what is said at the Préfecture; it is natural, if it is not just, and it has become the duty of mademoiselle. But Monsieur Le Petit has a friend at Versailles, and he has written Monsieur Le Petit that the King of these monsters of Prussians is not a man at all, but a demon, and he will never go back to Berlin till he is master of all France. Ah! but mamzelle, it is infamous. The old coquin, I could strangle him myself if he were only a man."

Marie wiped away her tears impetuously. Jeanne stood thinking. She did not love Victor Devisme, but his calm self-possession claimed her respect, and he had taught her to believe in the wisdom of the ruling powers. Yet though St. Roque had been kept ignorant at the outset of the state of public affairs, each day was forcing on the minds of its citizens two plain facts, which came always in unison—the

constant defeat and disaster of the French troops, and the steady success of their enemies, spite of enormous losses. So much of private interest had been distracting Jeanne's thoughts, that she had not realised, as many of her fellow-townswomen had realised, that actual war was approaching their city, and that each one of them might be brought face to face individually with its horrors. She grew white suddenly.

"Then, if this news is true, the enemy will march west; they may come to St. Roque?"

"Monsieur Le Petit says they will not reach us till they are sure of Rouen and Havre. Bah! Mademoiselle, if they come here, what can we do? We have no walls at St. Roque. They will eat us up like sheep. How can mamzelle think of such a horror? It is bad enough that our men should die for us without dying ourselves. Hark, mamzelle!"

The kitchen was near the end of a passage leading into the street. There was a continued tramp of feet, and overpowering these sounds came the *Marseillaise* ringing its soul-stirring music to this refrain—

"Aux armes contre l'étranger,
Tous les Français sont Volontaires,
Quand la Patrie est en danger."

"It is nothing." Jeanne had recovered herself. "You know we have heard it before—only some recruits going to the caserne on their way to join the army. They can give no news. They come from the other side—from Rennes, perhaps."

"Dame, but they may know; it was a soldier, mamzelle, who told me how that wicked old king shuts himself up with Bismarck and that old sorcerer Moltke, and makes charms with the blood of children—our children, mamzelle Jeanne. Tiens! have I not lived in Brittany, and have I not heard of the monster of Laval? and I say to you that he has come to life again in our day. Monsieur Le Petit has well said that the old coquin of Prussia should offer thanks, not to God, but to the devil—for it is Satan who is the Providence of that old sorcerer and of Bismarck."

"Was it Monsieur Le Petit who told you this news about a battle?" Jeanne asked faintly.

"No, mademoiselle, I heard it in the market; and I looked for Madelaine Lenord, but I could not find her. She does not come to St. Roque on every market-day since she lost her boy. She used to come to see Baptiste. Hein! but, mamzelle, it was a sad day when he went away, poor boy!"

This time Jeanne did not give any warning of departure—she went straight out of the kitchen and up to her own room. She closed the door and stood against it, trying to keep down agitation.

"I am foolish. I know this woman for a chatterbox and unscrup-

pulous in what she says. She may have invented this rumour—then why do I let my thoughts rest on it?" She pressed her slender hand over her eyes; they were hot and dry. "It is true, I feel it. I can't shut it out. I see only him, my Baptiste, lying there bleeding to death—mine—Ah, *mon Dieu!* have I not lost the claim to him?" She stood still, and presently she went on again. "I had not thought he would die; I thought only he would despise me, and he would marry some one else. It seemed to me, if I could fill my head with Victor Devisme, I should be safe—I should be a wife—I should not then die of jealousy in seeing Baptiste happy with some one else than me. Ah! how little I knew! and now, what has happened!" Both hands clasped her face, but the burning blushes spread and revealed themselves on the full brown throat, panting with the love that had been so cruelly restrained. "Ah, *mon Dieu!*—it happens thus. I am truly punished. I detest the sight of Victor, I shrink at the sound of his voice, and I love my darling more than ever. My Baptiste, my own well-beloved, if I could only once tell thee I have been true, though I seemed false! But he will die, and I shall never see him."

That evening, when Victor Devisme came to the Rue St. Jean, he was surprised at the change in Jeanne. She was no longer silent and reserved, she questioned him about the Government, about the position of the troops, the hopes of success; and when he had given the desired information, she scandalised him by her want of patriotism.

"It is a mistake to go on with this dreadful war," she said. "We have got rid of the Emperor—I do not know what harm he did, but I am willing to believe he began this war wrongly. But if he were wrong, why do we imitate him? why do we fight against fate? why sacrifice all our men to these Germans, who are too strong for us?"

Even Jules Dupont's cynicism stirred at this.

"Ta-ta-ta! thou art a woman! But was France ever conquered? What do I say? Has she not always triumphed? And is it possible that a herd of brutal beer-swilling peasants should trample on the bravery which has been renowned since the days of Charlemagne? *Ma foi!* Jeanne, it is too much! Why, the armies are preparing to march on Paris and unite forces; and then, where will be the triumph of the barbarians? Hemmed in between our soldiers and the city, they will not be allowed to escape—they will perish miserably, trampled under the feet of our advancing braves."

Monsieur Dupont rubbed his hands softly together as he rounded off these words, but Jeanne did not listen; she was stitching at her embroidery as if her life depended on the number of leaves she added to her roses. Victor Devisme lingered and lingered, but she had no more words to give him. Her hand lay passive in his when he bade her good-night. She made no attempt at reply to the warm clasp in which he held her fingers.

VI.

Two days passed. Victor came to the Rue St. Jean on the second evening. He found Monsieur Dupont drinking orgeat in the little parlour behind the shop, his yellow face wrinkled as he pored over a map.

Devisme answered the épiciier's questions as to the day's news at the Préfecture, and then he looked restless.

"Where is Jeanne?"

"Ma foi!"—the épiciier grinned till his face resembled a shrunken orange—"she has a headache; she has been in her room all day; but you can ask Sophie if she will see you."

Devisme went into the passage, but he met Sophie coming downstairs. Mademoiselle had sent her to say she was not coming down to-night. Mademoiselle had headache; she was going to bed. She had forbidden that any message should be sent her. Sophie gave this last part of the message with severe emphasis. For the first time since he had been accepted as Jeanne's lover Victor's pride rose. It was evident that Jeanne wished to avoid him; and ever since that parting, two nights ago, the young man's heart had been filled with an aching longing. His suit made no progress; he was no surer of Jeanne's love than he had been at the beginning. He had resolved to appeal to Jeanne, and ask her why she had promised to be his wife if she had no intention of satisfying the love which consumed him. He loved her so much, that hope was strong in him; and even while his heart ached, there had been a wild thrill of delight at the vision of all that this appeal might lead to, for Victor had determined to ask Monsieur Dupont for his absence. He believed that if he had found courage to do this earlier, he and Jeanne might have come to a better understanding than was possible under the sneering, observant eyes of the épiciier. He had come to the shop full of this resolve, and now all his hopes were dashed to the ground and shattered by such a message.

He turned from Sophie haughtily, and went out of the house without going to bid Monsieur Dupont good evening.

Sophie put her head on one side. She was a small thin creature, who adored her young mistress and snubbed her old master alternately. She looked on Monsieur Devisme as an ally of the grocer, and therefore an unsuitable match.

"Hein!" she said, "they say love is blind; it seems that love has made that young clerk blind and stupid too. Why, mamzelle gets paler every day; she hates the very sight of him—the staring owl. When it was Baptiste Lenord, ma foi! she was like sunshine. Why did she take this one, ma foi! I know not. It is not to be believed that a young demoiselle should give scandal by changing one lover for another, and then not please herself after all."

But Sophie was different from Marie the milk-woman. Sophie was old, and a Parisian born, and she knew that a girl crossed in love must be left to battle with her own heart in peace.

Jeanne's swollen eyelids did not tell of a peaceful night. She came down next morning later than usual, and she gave such sharp, irritable answers that her father was glad to escape into his shop. He told Sophie that he should not be in for dinner, and that she must wait on customers, if any came in, after five o'clock.

Jeanne felt relieved when she heard of her father's absence. She dreaded inquiries and rebukes for her avoidance of Victor. She had not yet decided how to act, and she felt that interference would rouse her into vehemence.

Monsieur Dupont's was a corner house, and the windows of the little parlour at the back of the shop looked into a side street. Jeanne stood by the open window in the vacant state that so surely follows great mental suffering. Her eyes were fixed on the white wall of a house opposite—a whitewashed, bare space, with green *persiennes* on the first floor. She stood some minutes gazing, but, seeing nothing, she could not have said the house before her was white or black; and then, before any object darkened the bare blank space, a slight shiver ran through Jeanne, and her vision came back. Came back, and seemed fixed, so intense was the straining gaze, on a figure—a man, seemingly a drunkard, for he staggered forward, then sideways, on the round knobbed pavement, and at last flung up his arms and reeled against the white wall with a groan.

“Au secours, Sophie, au secours!”

That was all Jeanne said; and then she sprang on a chair, and let herself drop into the side street from the open window. She saw no one else; she clasped both arms round the fainting man and kissed him.

“My own—own Baptiste!”

But Baptiste did not know her. His head drooped on her shoulder; he seemed changing into lead; instead of supporting him, Jeanne felt that she must sink on the pavement beneath his weight.

“Parbleu! Leave him there, mamzelle. He is not women's work as he stands there. Voyons, voyons, friend Baptiste! Stand up. What is it? Lend a hand, then, Ferdinand.”

It was fortunate for Monsieur Le Petit that the tall garçon of the Hôtel Sainte Barbe was passing by. The hairdresser's own round squat figure, spite of its strength, must have been overbalanced by the inert frame of the young soldier.

“Bien,” said Ferdinand glibly. “I hold him; and what is then to be done with him, monsieur?”

Jeanne had disengaged herself from Baptiste, but she stood close by.

“Monsieur Le Petit, he is dying! you will take him into your house? He should come in here”—she pointed across the way—“but you

know my father ; and, then, your door is quite at hand. He shall be no trouble to you ; I will nurse him. Oh, monsieur, you will not leave him to die in the street—Baptiste, whom you have known all his life !” There was agony in her voice.

Monsieur Le Petit's face became ludicrous. He had a secret admiration for Jeanne Dupont, and a hearty liking for Baptiste Lenord ; but he had a strict regard for “*les convenances*” and a most wholesome awe of his wife. He knew that Madame Le Petit had aided and abetted her gossip, Jules Dupont, in making the match between Jeanne and Victor Devisme. She had denounced Baptiste as a mere carpenter, quite unworthy to be allied to such a man as the *épicier*. Moreover, madame kept her husband's purse, and kept it shut against any hospitality to guests not chosen by herself.

“If you will not”—Jeanne spoke in a hard, desperate voice—“then bring him to us. I will dare everything. My father even will not turn a dying man out of doors.”

“Diable !”—Ferdinand had been looking close at his burden—“we must be quick, monsieur. Lenord is bleeding from the side here.”

He pointed to a large dark mark on the blue uniform. Instinctively Jeanne put her hand there, and drew it back blood-stained.

The hair-dresser forgot his wife and his scruples—forgot all but the impulsive French nature—which determined him to risk everything but his honour, and this he felt to be implicated in succouring a wounded soldier.

“Wounded ! *mon Dieu !* Run, *mamzelle !*” he exclaimed, “send my man Alexis to help, and tell Nanine to be ready.”

In the midst of his excitement it was a soothing reflection to Monsieur Le Petit that his wife was dining at her mother's in the company of Monsieur Dupont ; there was no chance of her return before evening.

Jeanne hurried on into the Rue St. Jean. She had only to cross the road to Monsieur Le Petit's house ; but at the corner her gown was pulled by some one, and she stopped.

“Let me go ; I can't stay an instant.” Jeanne looked up at her hinderer. It was Thérèse Devisme.

“What are you about, Jeanne ? Do go quickly in-doors, and leave this soldier, whoever he is, to the men who are with him. You look wild, *mon enfant*. Victor would not be pleased to see you bare-headed in the open street.”

“Let me pass !” Jeanne's eyes flashed at her future sister. “It is Baptiste, I tell you, and he is bleeding to death.”

Mademoiselle Devisme stood in open-mouthed horror. She had always considered Jeanne wilful ; but there was a flagrant daring in this proceeding which took her breath away.

Baptiste Lenord !—the very person Jeanne ought to avoid, now that she belonged to Victor, and, instead, she was actually disgracing

herself by running about the streets telling folks in a wild way that he was wounded.

Thérèse had been putting up prayers that morning at St. Etienne for her wounded countrymen; but her patriotism succumbed for the moment. "Wounded! What else can soldiers expect? Jeanne ought to be ashamed to make such a fuss about a wound!" Thérèse had not lost sight of Jeanne while she stood murmuring at the corner of the by-street. She saw her go into the hairdresser's shop and summon his assistant, and then a moment after, Nanine, Monsieur Le Petit's servant, came flying down the street.

"She has sent for Dr. Roussel herself. Jeanne is undoubtedly mad," said Mademoiselle Thérèse.

But a knot of idlers was gathering, and by the time the three men had borne Baptiste Lenord into the house, quite a busy little crowd filled the street between the houses of the épicier and that of Monsieur Le Petit.

Mademoiselle Devisme could not form one of such a group, and she went home, full of outraged propriety.

VII.

The doctor had come, and had looked very grave. The loss of blood had been frightful. It was evident that Lenord had travelled some distance in his wounded state, and there was little hope he could rally from the exhaustion.

"You will send for his mother?"

At first Jeanne had shrunk from the doctor's gaze; now she met it fully. There was such a quivering, hungering despair in those dark brown eyes, that Dr. Roussel winced as from the sight of a starving man.

"Why? He is unconscious; he may never know any one again. If Madame Lenord comes she will nurse him herself. Why should I yield up the care of him to any one?"

"Mon enfant, because this is not your place, and it is Madelaine's." He put his hand on Jeanne's, to quiet the interruption she tried to speak. "You think it is yours; but just now you are carried out of yourself; you cannot see things as they are. I owe it to your father and to Monsieur Devisme, for whom I have a profound respect"—he bowed—"to tell you you ought not to be here. Do not fear, Baptiste shall be well cared for."

Jeanne stood a minute, hard and defiant; but there was nothing irritating in the doctor's manner; his grave eyes looked full of pity for her. Her heart, too, was over-burdened; it was a relief to yield to its longing for sympathy. The slender fingers the doctor held closed suddenly on his, and he felt Jeanne's warm kisses on his hand.

"God bless you, monsieur! You are good; you have some pity; you will not drive me mad. If you knew how I have sinned against Baptiste—how, when I saw him there suddenly, like a spirit, in the

street, it seemed to me he had come back to St. Roque to show to me that I had murdered him by my fierce, hard temper! Oh, Monsieur Roussel, see into my heart, if you can! I know I am of little use; but think what it is to me to be able even to watch him, and wipe his lips on my knees! Why will you take this consolation from me?"

"Well, well"—the doctor stroked her head and thought a minute—"perhaps you may come from time to time and see how we go on. But his mother must be sent for; it is her right."

"And if she comes, do you know what she will do? She will send me away at once from Baptiste."

"No she will not"—Dr. Roussel smiled—"I am master here at present, my child, and if you are quiet and self-controlled, you may be of use; but remember, you have no *right* here."

He was surprised at Jeanne's answer. It came in a sad, subdued voice—

"No, it is true; I have no right here! I forfeited that by my own wickedness!"

"Hum! I wonder how long this new mood will last," thought the doctor.

Monsieur Le Petit undertook to fetch Madelaine himself; he was glad of a pretext for being absent when his wife and Monsieur Dupont should return.

Jeanne sat beside her charge, gazing fondly at the loved, changed face, so still and death-like, with rigid lines of pain about the eyes and mouth. By-and-by Nanine came in on tip-toe to tell her she was wanted. Jeanne shook her head and pointed to the bed. Some one put Nanine aside and came gently into the room. It was Dr. Roussel.

"Go down," he said to Jeanne; "I will stay till you come back."

Jeanne wondered at her own obedience; but she went.

Victor had come to see her; he was standing at the foot of the stairs. He looked very pale, but he did not speak; he opened the door of Madame Le Petit's salon and pointed to Jeanne to go in there. Victor had a patient, much-enduring temper; but dissatisfaction with Jeanne had been growing, her avoidance had stung him deeply, and his sister's news had just been the spark wanting to kindle a strong tempest of indignation and wounded love. And yet when he looked at Jeanne, his love was as strong as ever—stronger, for jealousy gave keenness to his determination that she should be his wife. He did not even say *bon jour*, or attempt to take her hand.

"You know why I have come!" he said.

"No, not quite." She looked honestly at him, and he saw the sorrow in her eyes. It only increased his jealousy.

"I have come to take you to your home, Jeanne. This house is not a fit place for you to stay in; it is compromising. Why, even Madame Le Petit is not at home."

"I cannot go away, Victor. You are angry—you have the right; and I must bear your anger."

He was angry now, he flushed a deep red.

"You must come from here, I say. The man you are nursing has the doctor, and will soon have his mother. It is wholly unnecessary that you should stay here. Jeanne, listen; have some consideration for me: you have promised to be my wife, and it is not your place to be running about after wounded soldiers and nursing them." His pride kept back any show of jealousy; but Jeanne's frank nature burst forth—

"I am sorry, Victor; but it is not because he is a wounded soldier that I say I must stay here. It is because he is Baptiste. I can't talk to you now, I must go to him. I do not blame you—I do not expect you to forgive me; but I must stay with Baptiste."

Victor stood in front of her so that she could not pass; he looked very angry, but Jeanne felt dead to fear.

"You shall not stay here, I tell you. I put myself aside. Even if you were nothing to me, a young girl like you cannot remain with a wounded soldier unless she is a nurse or a *sœur*. You are excited, or you would know it too. Be reasonable. Come home now." He took her hand, Jeanne drew it away.

"I will not," she said firmly.

For a moment Victor felt that he must snatch her up in his arms and save her from her own wilfulness by carrying her across the street; but something in her manner restrained him—she seemed sorrowful, not angry. Was she sorry for him or only for Baptiste?

"Ah, Jeanne!" he said, "have you, then, no thought for me? Me, your promised husband, you avoid and neglect, to devote yourself to a man who himself gave you up." Jeanne trembled and grew pale; but Victor went on in an agitated voice—"It has come to this between us, that I must ask you if you think a man who really loves, who has the feelings and spirit of a man, can stand by tamely and see his promised wife bestowing herself utterly on some one else, and neglecting him meanwhile? If no other feeling will weigh with you, Jeanne, humanity—sympathy for the torment you make me suffer—should restrain you." He waited for her answer.

"I am very sorry, Victor; but please let me go!"

"You have not listened," he said angrily. "I see that I am as indifferent to you as one of the stones in the street. Oh, Jeanne! why did you accept my love? why did you promise to become my wife? You have never loved me; you have only mocked me by hopes you never meant to fulfil. I loved you long ago, but not as I love you now. If you had told me you belonged to some one else I would have tried to cure myself; now it is hopeless. You must marry me, Jeanne, or you destroy me."

The pain had grown deeper in the girl's face. At first it had seemed cruel and hard of Victor to keep her from Baptiste; but Jeanne was not wholly selfish. Though she had so long been the

slave of her own will, Victor's reiteration was rousing her from the one absorbing thought; it seemed to her that she had wronged him as much as she had wronged Baptiste. He was surprised when she took his hand and held it quietly:

"You should not love me, Victor. I am not worth your love." The tears came rushing to her eyes. "You must not—you cannot love a girl who has acted as I have acted towards you. You will not forgive me, I cannot expect you should; but I will tell you the truth at last, which I ought to have told sooner. Do you remember that evening I met you, and you asked me if I wished you to pay us a visit? I know not how I looked, but my heart was on fire. I had been cruelly misunderstood. I had humbled myself—ah, Victor! you don't know what it costs a girl like me to humble herself!—and I had been repulsed! I was bruised—heart sore! You offered me consolation, tenderness, soothing, and my poor torn soul wanted these things; and I was greedy enough, selfish enough, to rob you of your gifts, knowing that I could make no return!"

The flush came back to Victor's face, and the softening which Jeanne's words had brought there faded away.

"Do you mean to say," he said sternly, "that you never meant to marry me when you promised to be my wife?"

"Even that would have been less sinful." Jeanne's voice was broken by sobs. "Do not spare me, Victor, I deserve the worst you can say or think! Yes, I meant to marry you; but I knew I could never love you! I never really left off loving Baptiste! I laid all the blame on Madelaine Lenord; and sometimes lately, when I have pictured myself as your wife, seeing Baptiste return to claim my love, I have felt that I must have forgotten all honour and duty, and have gone to him if he would have taken me." Victor drew back a step. "No;" she went on eagerly, "I wrong myself, though that is difficult. I do not think God would have let me fall so low; but the feeling has told me how fierce the fight would have been, and that I should have deserved to have been left to my sin if I had tempted it! Oh, Victor! don't look so hard, so stern—I deserve it, but I can't bear it! Won't you forgive me?"

In that moment, Victor's face was to Jeanne like a sentence of judgment. How often she had turned away in weary shrinking from the love she saw there, and now, that she read in his stern expression the alienation she had longed for, it seemed as if she must win him back at least to friendship.

"No, I cannot forgive," he said harshly. "I must still love you, I cannot help it; and if you would leave Lenord and come to me now this minute, I'm fool enough, infatuated enough, to take you, Jeanne; but that is the only price of my forgiveness, and you are not in earnest when you ask for it. You are——" he stopped and looked at her fixedly. "Go away; I don't want to be hard on you, but you have made me hard yourself."

"God bless you, Victor! Some day you will believe that I have punished myself most of all."

He gave no answering sign, and she went away slowly, with none of the gladness of release she had looked for.

VIII.

Madelaine came and took her post beside her son; but Dr. Roussel spoke to her earnestly before she saw Jeanne, and the stern old woman tolerated the girl's presence, though she seemed unconscious of it.

Days passed by, and Baptiste still lay senseless. Monsieur Le Petit went about in a depressed and crestfallen state. Marie, the milk-woman, asserted that the hairdresser's ears had been boxed by his irascible wife on her return from her mother's. According to the same popular authority, Monsieur Dupont had been across to see Jeanne, and there had been a long and warm dispute between the grocer and his daughter; but Jeanne persisted in her attendance beside Baptiste. Folks talked and wondered, and did not know what to think. Mademoiselle Thérèse was questioned. She had been communicative enough on the day of the wounded man's arrival, but now she became suddenly dumb. She even told one of her inquisitive visitors that Monsieur Victor would resent scandalous talk of Jeanne Dupont, or any inquiry into the relations between the grocer's daughter and himself. So the gossips were forced to wait till the death or recovery of Baptiste Lenord should show how matters were really going to turn out.

The two women seemed to be vying with each other in self-devotion. Hitherto they had watched unwearily night and day, but on the third evening Madelaine's eyes grew heavy. She moved restlessly in her chair, but the drowsiness took stronger hold upon her; her head drooped, sank gradually, gradually, till the neck bent under its weight, and she nearly fell forward on the floor.

There had been little speech between the watchers; a few necessary questions and answers—that was all. Madelaine's steady avoidance of Jeanne had been maintained.

As she fell, Jeanne started forward and caught her; the old woman roused and shook herself free. But the girl's heart went out to her; she yearned to be at peace with Baptiste's mother.

"Sleep a little, *ma mère*—it will do you good. You can trust me to watch. Is it not so?"

Madelaine frowned, and then common sense got the better of her.

"I must sleep," she said, half sulkily, "or I may be found un-wakeful when I am most needed."

She threw her apron over her face, leaned back, and was asleep almost at once.

Jeanne went up to the bed. Dr. Roussel had spoken more hopefully. He had said consciousness might return; and already, more than once, Jeanne had fancied she saw a quivering movement in the

sufferer's eyelashes. If she might only be alone with him at his first awakening! And the next minute she shrank from it. Baptiste had perhaps heard of her promise to Victor Devisme—he might turn from her in anger; and then she looked at the pale suffering face, and it seemed as if no such earthly feeling could ever again visit Baptiste Lenord. Might not his spirit even now be trying its wings for flight away for ever?

Jeanne knelt beside the bed, and gave way to an agony of tears. She had had to bear so much, to hide her grief away, and be so entirely calm and self-contained under Madelaine's eyes, her heart felt nearly bursting with pent-up sorrow. She did not know how long she had knelt there, when a touch roused her. She started up. She scarcely knew what she expected, but she saw that Madelaine had awakened and was standing over her. Jeanne followed the old woman's eyes to the bed. Baptiste was awake and conscious.

She had wished for Madelaine's absence—she had thought her own joy would be beyond all power of control; but, like many another impulsive woman, Jeanne found she could not forecast feelings. Instinctively she hid her eyes from Baptiste's sweet, loving look, and shrank behind Madelaine. The tall old woman bent over the bed, and whispers passed between the mother and son. Baptiste looked lovingly at his mother, and pressed her hand, but his eyes strayed away. Madelaine gave a little sigh. The sternness had left her when she turned to look at Jeanne. Jeanne had departed.

"I will bring her to thee, my boy."

Madelaine had not far to go. Jeanne stood in the dark passage outside, her head pressed against the wooden wall.

"Come, my child—he asks for thee;" and Madelaine put her hand on the girl's shoulder.

It seemed to Jeanne that she was in a dream. She, who had so sorely wronged both mother and son, to be thus claimed by them!

"Ma mère!" she held up her face for Madelaine's kisses, and she felt tears come with them.

"Thou wilt remember his weakness, my child."

Madelaine had got to the stairs, but she turned back with this caution. Jeanne nodded, and went swiftly to the bed-room. Madelaine sighed again as she went down-stairs.

"But I am a thankless old good-for-nothing. Have I then forgotten that parents are made for children, not children for parents? The birds make nests for their eggs and for the little ones who break the eggshells, but when the young birds are strong on the wing the home-life is ended. No, a child is given us to rear and to love, but we must be content to rear him for others, and to give him all our heart when he can only give half of his. But my child is not for any of us. Poor Jeanne! she is not as ready to yield him as I am. She has not learned yet the Love that is waiting for Baptiste; she does not know—how can she, poor child?—that it is more than she can give him."

Jeanne was kneeling again beside the bed. Baptiste stretched his hand out feebly—oh, how feebly!—and she hid her eyes on it and devoured it with silent kisses.

"My beloved," he said faintly, "look at me."

Jeanne raised her head timidly, and her eyes stole to his face—they rested there conscience-struck, yet brimming over with her love. The answering love she met drew her onwards—drew her arms tenderly round him till his head rested on her bosom. Baptiste gave a deep sigh of relief. Jeanne's tears fell like rain; some drops touched his forehead.

"Why dost thou cry, my Jeanne? I am happier than I ever thought to be again. I am in thy arms—I can feel thy heart beat—thou art mine still—my own, is it not so?"

"Yes," she sobbed; "but it is only because thou forgivest me. Thou art so merciful; but thy forgiveness cannot wipe out my sin. Oh, my Baptiste! I can never be really forgiven."

"Hush!" His voice was faint, and he paused. "See, Jeanne, I shall not talk much to thee—I have no power. It may be in the blood dropping, dropping always from my heart, in that long journey home, some evil thoughts, some evil passions, have dropped too. The good God ordered all this, my well-beloved. We both sinned against Him by our angry words. I was also wicked. We made our own sorrow, my child. Do not cry so much; the end would have come—the end was made long ago. Kiss me, my wife—my Jeanne. I can never have thee now, but thou art mine always."

She kissed him fervently, reverently, and then they kept still. He said sometimes, "My Jeanne," "She is mine always;" sometimes "God be thanked;" and then her tears came welling forth silently.

Madelaine crept in after a while, but there was no more speaking for Baptiste; he had fought his last fight, he had spent his last strength in that weary journey home; but his eyes spoke tenderly.

It seemed to the sorrowing, penitent heart of Jeanne that those loving looks were more than she could bear; but it was Jeanne that the dying eyes sought—her hand that the feeble fingers clung to till the end.

"It was hard for me, but it was right and just, monsieur,"—Madelaine was relating the scene to the docteur Roussel, tears streaming over her hard-featured, tender face. "Monsieur le Curé made me see it when he came away from my boy. Baptiste had nothing to forgive me, but he had to heal that broken heart before he went away, and his time was short. Ah, Monsieur Roussel! have you heard that Jeanne has left her home? she is going to be a nurse for the rest of her sorrowful life. She says the sick and wounded will want all the time and strength she has. Monsieur"—Madelaine whispered the rest,—“the poor child can never forget her sin against Baptiste.”

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CATHAY.

WITH NOTICES OF TRAVELLERS TO THAT COUNTRY.

THE popular impression is so strong that China was a new discovery in the sixteenth century, that if we were Irish we should be disposed to call this paper, "*Visits to China before it was discovered.*" The idea is, however, equally well conveyed without a bull, if we term it "*Notices of Cathay.*" For to those who have paid any attention to the subject, the mere use of that name will define the period with which we mean to deal, viz., the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

Our notices of China as known to the West might indeed go many centuries further back, though not under the name that we have prefixed. We might go back to the *Sinin* of the Prophet Isaiah if we were bold enough; we might with firmer assurance go back to the *Seres* and *Sinae* of classic poets and geographers, which were but two names applied to the same great people as dimly seen from landward on the north, and from seaward on the south; and to the *Tzinista* of the Alexandrine monk and merchant, Cosmos, in the sixth century, which was but a Grecizing of the Persian appellation *Chinistân*. But to begin so far back would lead to prolixity; we confine ourselves, then, to *Cathay*.

This name, *KHITAI*, though its European use be limited properly to the centuries we have specified, is to this day that by which China is known to nearly all the nations which are accustomed to view it from a landward point of view, including the Russians, the Persians, and the nations of Turkestan. The name was originally borrowed from that of a people who were not, properly speaking, Chinese at all. The *Khitans* were a people of Manchu lineage (kindred therefore to the race of the present Imperial Dynasty), who in the tenth century overran all the northern provinces of China, and established a considerable empire, embracing those provinces and the adjoining regions of Tartary. This empire subsisted for two centuries. The same curious process took place which seems always to have followed the intrusion of Tartar conquerors into China, and strongly resembling that which followed the establishment of the Roman emperors in Byzantium. The intruders themselves adopted Chinese manners, ceremonies, and literature, and gradually therewith degenerated and lost all warlike energy. It must have been during the period (ending with the overthrow of the dynasty in 1128) when this northern

monarchy was the face which the Celestial Empire turned to Inner Asia, that the name of *Khitan*, *Khitat*, or *Khitai* became indissolubly associated with China.

A century later came the climax of the power of Chinghiz, the Mongol conqueror of the eastern world. One result of his conquests, and those of his immediate successors, by the depression into which they threw, for a time, Mahomedan arrogance, and, in fact, all the political partitions of Asia, was to open the breadth of that great continent to the travellers, traders, and missionaries of the west. "It is worthy of the grateful remembrance of all Christian people," says one of the ecclesiastical travellers of the next age, "that just when God let loose in the eastern parts of the world those Tartars to slay and to be slain, He sent forth also into the western parts of the world his faithful and blessed servants, Dominic and Francis, to enlighten, instruct, and build up in the faith." And, indeed, whatever we may think on the whole of the world's debt to Dominic (as indirectly, if not directly, the Father of the Inquisition), it is to the brethren of the two orders, but chiefly to the Franciscans, that we owe a large part of the notices of Eastern Asia that those ages have bequeathed.

Thus, among the many wanderers dumb to posterity, who found their way to the far court of Karakorum, on the northern verge of the Mongolian Desert, luckily for us there went, also, in 1245, John of Plano Carpini, a native of Umbria, and, a few years later, the Fleming William of Ruysbroek, or De Rubruquis, both of them Franciscan monks of superior intelligence, whose narratives have been preserved.

First by these two, after centuries of oblivion, Europe was told of a great and civilised people, dwelling in the extreme east upon the shores of the ocean; and to the land of this people they gave a name now first heard in the west, that of CATHAY.

The elder and earlier monk, after several incidental references to the *Kitai*, returns to speak of them more particularly thus:—

"The Cathayans are a Pagan people, who have a written character of their own. They have also, it is reported, a New and an Old Testament; they have besides a Book of the Lives of the Fathers, and they have religious recluses, and buildings used very much like churches, in which they say their prayers at appointed seasons of their own. They worship the one God, and reverence the one Lord Jesus Christ, and believe in Eternal Life, but are entirely without baptism. They honour and reverence our Scriptures, are affectionately disposed towards Christians, and do many almsdeeds; indeed they seem to be kindly and civilised folk enow. They have no beard; and in their features are very much like the Mongols, but not so broad in the face. They have a peculiar language. Better craftsmen in all the arts practised by mankind are not to be found on the face of the earth. Their country also is very rich in corn, in wine, gold, silver, and in silk, and in all other things that tend to human maintenance."

These curious statements about the quasi-Christianity of the

Chinese will be found repeated in Oriental rumour again and again, down to the seventeenth century, and are doubtless connected with those singular parodies of the Roman worship and religious orders which are to be found in the Buddhism of Tibet and China, and which led some of the later, as well as the earlier, missionaries of the Roman Church to declare that the evil one had devised these parodies in order to throw ridicule on the Church and obstruct its progress. Indeed, in our day, poor Père Hue, in spite of his adoption of the latter theory, painted those analogies so vividly, that he is said to have found, to his dismay, his charming book on Tibet placed in the *Index Prohibitus* of Rome!

Rubruquis (1253) gives somewhat more of detail. He shows his acumen by identifying the Cathayans with the ancient *Seres*; and he is not only the first, but, as far as we know, the only mediæval traveller who had the sagacity to discern (though, of course, imperfectly) the great characteristic of Chinese written language. The following are his chief remarks on the Cathayans:—

“Beyond this is *Great Cathay*, the people of which I believe to have been those anciently called *Seres*. From them still come the best silk stuff, which the people in that quarter still term *seric*, and the nation has the name of *Seres* from a certain city of theirs. I was well assured that in that country there is a town which has walls of silver and battlements of gold”—a Chinese legend of the ancient capital Singanfu, and which may remind us of Ptolemy’s remark that it was *not true* that the metropolis of the *Sinae* had walls of brass. The friar goes on: “The people are little fellows who talk much through the nose; and, like most folk in the far east, they have eyes with a very narrow aperture. They are the very best of artists in every kind of craft; and their physicians have an excellent knowledge of the virtues of herbs, and of diagnosis by the pulse” (on which last matter you will find prolix pages on pages in Duhalde) “Their current money consists of pieces of cotton paper, of a palm in length and breadth, on which are printed”—remark that expression—“certain lines in imitation of the seal of the Great Khan Mangu. They do their writing with a hair-pencil, such as painters paint withal, and in what they write a single character embraces several letters, so as to form a word in itself.”

When Rubruquis in this passage (with the *Serica Vestis* of the ancients in mind) points out that the people at Karakorum still called silk stuffs by the name of *seric*, he anticipates the learned etymologies of Klaproth, and refers, doubtless, as the latter does, to the *sirkek* of the Mongols, their word for silk.

In another passage Rubruquis tells us that he had heard for a fact that beyond Cathay there was a certain place with this peculiarity, that whoever entered it *never grew any older*; but he really could not believe this.

Rubruquis had been sent on this mission by St. Lewis of France, part of his commission being to ascertain the truth of the rumours spread that Sartac, one of the great Mongol princes, was a Christian. This, according to the traveller, proved entirely unfounded. Indeed he was admonished by one of that Prince's officers,—“Mind what you are about, saying that our master is a Christian; he is no such thing, but a *Mongol*.” Just so we have heard of an unlucky Southron traveller in days gone by, benighted in a village north of the Scotch border, and exclaiming in despair—“Was there then no good Christian who would take him in?” “Na, na,” was all the reply, “we're all Jardines and Johnstones here!”

Other brief notices of Cathay occur in the narrative of the Journey of Hayton, king of the small Cilician territory, which bore the name of Little Armenia, who in 1254-55 visited by invitation the court of Mangu Khan at Karakorum. Among other things King Hayton heard that beyond Cathay there was a country where the women were possessed of reason *just like men*, whilst the male sex were represented by great shaggy dogs, devoid of reason; a story which had been told also to Plano Carpini, and which Klaproth has found in Chinese books of the period. It is an Arab legend also, in somewhat different form, and probably has its foundation in the exceeding disproportion in personal comeliness between the two sexes, which is found in many peoples of Mongolian race.

Our scheme and space admit only of an allusion to that illustrious Venetian family, whose travels occupy a large portion of the interval between the journey of Rubruquis and the end of the thirteenth century, and who were in fact the first Europeans known actually to have reached Cathay. All other travellers to Cathay are stars of inferior magnitude beside the orb of Marco Polo. There was a time when he was counted among the romancers; but that is long past, and his veracity and justness of observation still shine brighter under every recovery of lost and forgotten knowledge. Fifty years ago Marsden did much in a splendid edition to elucidate the traveller's narrative; but it is no exaggeration to say that the material for the illustration of the story has been more than doubled since that day, scarcely so much from the expansion of modern travel as from the stores of Chinese, Mongol, and Persian history which have been rendered accessible to European readers, or brought directly to bear upon the elucidation of the traveller by the great scholars of France and Germany. Within the last few years Paris has issued a beautiful edition of the book by M. Panthier, which brings forward a vast mass of new matter from the editor's own Chinese studies. It is indeed to be regretted in this work that there is a want of generosity in the recognition of the labours of the editor's predecessors, and towards some of them an acrimony which makes outsiders marvel and exclaim, “*Tartære animis cœlestibus iræ?*” Wherefore should the

language of the celestial empire have so bad an effect on the temper of its students ?

Just as the three noble Venetians were reaching their native city (*i.e.*, in 1295), the forerunner of a new band of travellers was entering China from the south. This was John of Monte Corvino, a Franciscan monk, who, already nearly fifty years of age, was plunging alone into that great sea of paganism, and of what he deemed little better, Nestorianism (for the Nestorian Christians at this time had flourishing communities in many parts of China), to preach the Gospel according to his understanding of it. After years of uphill work and solitary labour, as better days began to dawn, others joined him ; the Popes woke up to what was going on ; he was created Archbishop in Cambalec (or Peking) with patriarchal authority, and was spasmodically reinforced with batches of suffragan bishops and friars of his order. The Roman Church spread ; churches or Franciscan convents were established at Cambalec, at Kinsai (or Hangcheufu), then by general consent of Christian and Mahomedan the vastest city in the world, at Zayton (or Chinchu), at Yangcheu near the Great Kiang, and elsewhere ; and the missions flourished under the immediate patronage of the Great Khan himself. Friar John, in the early and solitary days of his mission, followed a system which has sometimes been adopted by Protestant missions during famines in India. In his letter he says :—

“ I have bought gradually one hundred and fifty boys, the children of pagan parents, who had never learned any religion. These I have baptized, and taught Greek and Latin after our manner. Also, I have written out Psalters for them, with thirty Hymnaries and two Breviaries. By help of these, eleven of the boys already know our service, and form a choir, and take their weekly turn of duty, whether I am there or not. Many of the boys are also employed in writing out Psalters and other things suitable. When we are chaunting, his Majesty the Cham can hear our voices in his chamber ; and this wonderful fact is spread far and wide among the heathen. And I have a place in the Cham's Court, and a regular entrance and seat assigned me as legate of our Lord the Pope, and the Cham honours me above all other prelates, whatever be their titles.”

Among the friars who visited China during the interval between the beginning of the fourteenth century and the year 1328, when Archbishop John, full of years and honour, was followed to his tomb by a mourning multitude of Pagans as well as Christians, several have left letters or more extended accounts of their experience in Cathay. Among these was Friar Odoric of Pordenone in Friuli, to whose work we shall recur by-and-by.

The Exchange had its envoys to China at this period as well as the Church. The record is a very fragmentary one ; but many circumstances and incidental notices show how frequently both India and China were reached by European traders during the first half of the fourteenth century—a state of things very difficult to realise when

we see how all the more easterly of those regions, when re-opened only two centuries later, seemed almost as absolutely new discoveries as the empire which about the same time Cortez and Pizarro were annexing in the west.

As examples of the frequency of mercantile expeditions to India, we may quote the allusion of the Venetian Marino Sanuto, writing about 1306, to the many merchants who had already gone to that country to make their purchases and come back safely. About 1322 Friar Jordanus, a Dominican, when in sore trouble at Tana (near Bombay), falls in with a young Genoese, who gives him aid; and the same Jordanus, writing at a later date from Gogo, in Guzerat, refers to information apparently received from Latin merchants on that coast. John Marignolli, when in Malabar about 1348, has for interpreter a youth who had been rescued from pirates in the Indian Sea by a merchant of Genoa. Mandeville speaks of the Italian merchants who frequented Hormuz. Again, as regards China and the remoter regions of Asia, John of Monte Corvino was accompanied all the way from Persia to Peking (1292-95) by Master Peter of Luculongo, "a faithful Christian man and a great merchant." There was then perhaps an intermission of some years; for Friar John, writing in 1305, says that twelve years had passed since he had heard any European news, except some in the shape of awful blasphemies about the Pope, which had been spread by a certain chururgeon of Lombardy (probably a *Paterino*, or quasi-Protestant heretic) some two years before. A little later in the century, however, Odoric refers for confirmation of the wonders he had to tell of Kansai (Hangcheufu) to the many persons he had met at Venice since his return, who had themselves been witnesses of the truth of his tales. A letter written in 1326 by Andrew Bishop, of Zayton (or Chincheu), quotes on a question of exchanges the opinion of the Genoese merchants at that great seaport. Some twenty years later John Marignolli found in the same city a *fondaco*, or factory and warehouse for the use of the Christian merchants; and about 1389 we find William of Modena, a merchant, dying with certain Franciscans, as a martyr to the faith, at Almalig, in the depths of Tartary.

But the most distinct and notable evidence of the importance and frequency of this eastern trade is to be found in the work of Francis Balducci Pegolotti, a factor in the service of the great Florentine house of the Bardi (the house which gave a husband to Dante's Beatrice, and a heroine to George Eliot, in *Romola*), for whom he had acted not only in England and Flanders, but in Cyprus and the East. This book, which was written about 1340, under the name of *Dirisamenti di Paesi*, or "Descriptions of Countries," is a regular handbook of commerce, and the first two chapters of it are devoted to useful information for the merchant going to Cathay. The route lay from Tana or Azov to Sarai, then a great city on the Wolga above Astracan, and thence by Astracan, Saraichik on the River Yaic or Ural, Organj near

Khiva, Otrar near the Jaxartes, and Almalig near the River Ili, to Kancheu in North-Western China, and so forward to the Great Canal which led to the great marts of Peking and Hungcheu. Particulars are given as to the investments and exchanges proper to the journey, and especially as to the paper money which formed the only currency of China; how the traveller was to dress and otherwise provide himself for the journey; what carriage he would require, and what his expenses ought to be. The road travelled from Tana to Cathay, the author says, was perfectly safe, whether by day or night, according to the report of the merchants who had used it. And the ventures were evidently no inconsiderable matters; for the example taken by the author to illustrate the question of exchanges is that of a merchant with a dragoman and two men-servants, and goods to the value of 25,000 gold florins, or about £12,000 in intrinsic value.

This intercourse, both religious and commercial, probably continued till the fall of the Mongol dynasty in China (1668). The latest detailed notice of it which we possess is the account of the journey of John Marignolli, a Florentine friar, and afterwards Bishop of Bisignano, in Calabria, who was sent with some others in 1338 by Pope Benedict XII. on an embassy to the Court of Peking, in return for one which had come from the Emperor Togatimur, called by the Chinese Shunti, to the Papal Court at Avignon. The notices of this journey have been preserved for us in a manner sufficiently whimsical. Marignolli, after his return in 1353, seems to have acquired the favour of the Emperor Charles IV., who was King of Bohemia. He made the traveller one of his chaplains, and carried him to Prague. During this visit the new chaplain was desired by his imperial patron to undertake the task of recasting the Annals of Bohemia. Charles would have shown a great deal more sense if he had directed the Churchman to put on paper the detailed narrative of his eastern experiences. However, let us be thankful for what we have. The essential part of the task was utterly repugnant to the Tuscan ecclesiastic. He drew back, as he says, from the thorny thickets and tangled brakes of the Bohemian chronicles, "from the labyrinthine jungle of strange names, the very utterance of which was an impossibility to his Florentine tongue." And so he consoled himself under the disagreeable task by interpolating his chronicle, *à propos de bottes*, with the recollections of his Asiatic travels, or with the notions they had given him of Asiatic geography. It might perhaps have been hard to drag these into a mere chronicle of Bohemia; but in those days every legitimate chronicle began from Adam at the very latest, and it would have been strange if this did not afford latitude for the introduction of any of Adam's posterity. And thus it is that we find these curious reminiscences imbedded in a totally unreadable chronicle of Bohemia, like unexpected fossils in a bank of mud. As these notices are little known, we propose to come back upon them more fully, and also

upon the visit to China of the Moorish traveller Ibn Batuta, which took place about the time that Marignolli quitted Peking.

Soon after this time missions and merchants alike disappear from the field, as the Mongol dynasty totters and comes down. We hear indeed, once and again, of friars and bishops despatched from Avignon; but they go forth into the darkness, and are traced no more. For the new rulers of China revert to the old indigenous policy, and hold foreigners aloof, whilst Islam has recovered and extended its grasp over Central Asia; and the Nestorian Christianity, which once prevailed so widely there, is rapidly vanishing, leaving its traces only in some strange semblances of Church ritual which are found woven into the worship of the Tibetan Lamas, like the cabin-gildings and mirrors of a wrecked vessel treasured among the fetishes of a Polynesian chief. A dark mist descends upon the further East, covering Mangi and Cathay, with those cities of theirs of which the old travellers told such wonders—Cambalec and Kansai and Zayton and Chinkalan. And when the veil rises before the Portuguese and Spanish explorers nearly two centuries later, those names are heard no more. In their stead we have China, with Peking and Hangcheu, Chincheu and Canton. Not only are the old names forgotten, but the fact that the places had been known before is utterly forgotten also. Gradually Jesuit missionaries go forth anew from Rome; new converts are made, and new vicariats constituted. But of the old converts no trace has survived; they and the Nestorians with whom they battled have alike been swallowed up again in the ocean of Paganism. The earlier impression of Ricci and his Jesuit comrades was that no Christianity had ever existed in China, though somewhat later the belief was modified; and even a few relics of Christian art were found, culminating in the discovery of the elaborate Christian monument of Singanfu, which, however, belongs to a much older date than we deal with in this paper. By-and-by, too, Marco Polo came to the surface, and one and another began to suspect that China and Cathay were one.

But we have been going too fast over the ground, and must return to that dark interval of which we have spoken, between the fall of the Mongol dynasty in China, and the first appearance of the Portuguese in the Bocca Tigris. The name of Cathay was not forgotten; the poets and romancers kept it in mind, and it figured in maps of the world. Nor was this all. Some flickering gleams of light came once and again from behind the veil which hung over the East of Asia. Such are the cursory notices of Cathay which reached the Castilian Gonzalez de Clavijo, on his embassy to the Court of Timur in 1404, and Hans Schiltberger, of Munich, who served in the army of the same conqueror. A more substantial account is found in the narrative of the wanderings of Nicolo Conti, of Venice, taken down from his lips by Poggio Bracciolini in 1440 or 1442. It is not distinctly stated in this narrative that Conti had been in Cathay, but there is internal

evidence of the fact. The information that he brought home was eagerly caught at by the map-makers of the age, and much of it is embodied in that gorgeous work, the map of Fra Mauro, now in the ducal palace at Venice.

A century passed after the discovery of the Cape route before the identity of Cathay and China was fully established, and in that time we find several narratives that treat of the journey to Cathay without any recognition of that identity. Such is that which Ramusio gives us, as received from an intelligent Persian called Hajji Mahomed, who had come to Venice with rhubarb for sale, remarkable as containing the first distinct mention of *tea* (so far as we know), published in Europe; and another narrative of a similar character, which Busbeck, when ambassador from Charles V. to the Ottoman Court, picked up from a wandering dervish.

Late in the sixteenth century Jerome Xavier, nephew of the great Francis, and himself a Jesuit missionary at the court of Akbar, met in the great king's durbar in Lahore a Mahomedan merchant who had just arrived from Cathay. The picture which he drew of the country, and especially the account which he gave of the religion of the people, greatly excited Father Jerome, who saw in it an untouched and promising field for the labours of the Society. He strongly urged his superiors to send a party to reconnoitre this country, in which he fancied that the long-lost land of Prester John was at last to be revealed. The opinion of Ricci and his comrades, who had come to the conclusion that the Cathay of the old travellers was the very China in which they were labouring, was communicated to him; but Father Jerome was not to be convinced, and brought forward arguments on the other side sufficiently plausible to bend the authorities at Goa to his views. The expedition was resolved upon, and Benedict Goes, a lay coadjutor of the Society, and one of the noblest characters in the history of travels, was selected for the task. After a long and difficult journey in the character of an Armenian merchant, by way of Kabul, the high table-land of Pamir, Yarkand, Aksu, and Kamul, he reached Kancheu on the Chinese frontier in 1605. Here he was kept for eighteen months by the intolerable delays and obstacles to the admission of travellers into the empire. He had come to the conclusion that the Cathay he was sent to seek was no other than China, but his endeavours to communicate with his brethren at Peking were long unsuccessful. At last they succeeded: a native convert was sent to help him forward, and arrived at Kancheu only to find Benedict on his death-bed. "Seeking Cathay he found Heaven," as one of his Order has pronounced his epitaph. With him the curtain may finally drop upon Cathay. China alone could be recognised thenceforward by reasonable people, though for nearly a century later geographical works of some pretension continued to indicate Cathay as a distinct region, with Cambalu for its capital.

After this sketch of one phase of the communication between China and the Western world, we return to speak more particularly of some of the travellers who have been named.

First, then, of Friar Odoric. Born about 1280, of a Bohemian family settled in Friuli, he joined the Franciscans at an early age, and about 1316, impelled, it would seem, by a natural love of roaming, rather than by the missionary zeal afterwards ascribed to him, he obtained the permission of his superiors to set out for the East. We have not space to trace his overland journey to the Persian Gulf, but thence he embarked at Hormuz for Tana, on the Island of Salsette, a port which may be considered the mediæval representative of Bombay, and now a station on the Great Peninsular Railway, a few miles from the modern city. Here four brethren of his order had recently met with martyrdom at the hands of the Mussulman governor of the city, which seems to have been then dependent on Delhi. Several chapters are devoted to the marvellous and very curious history of this event; and Odoric made it his business to take up the bones of his murdered comrades, and to carry them with him on his further voyage. He went on by sea to Malabar, and thence to Ceylon and Mabar, as the southern part of the Coromandel coast was then called by the Mahomedan navigators, and to Mailapur, a town close to the modern Madras, and the name of which still adheres to a suburb of that city, famous from an early date as the alleged burial-place of St. Thomas the Apostle, and visited as such by the envoys whom our own King Alfred sent to India.

Hence Odoric sailed to Sumatra, a name which he, perhaps, first brought to Europe, though it then applied to only a principality in the great island which now bears the title. He tells strange stories of the cannibalism for which certain tribes of that island have continued down to our own day to be infamous. As Hakluyt's quaint old version of the traveller's story runs: "Man's Flesh, if it be fat, is eaten as ordinarily there as Beefe in our country. Marchants comming vnto this Region for traffique do vsually bring to them fat men, selling them vnto the Inhabitants as wee sel Hogs, who immediately kil and eate them!" Thence he went on to Java, apparently to Borneo, to Champa or Southern Cochin China, and so to Canton. From Canton he travelled to two of the great ports of Fokien—viz., Zayton (or Chincheu) and Fucheu. At the former he found two houses of his Order, and deposited with them the bones of his brethren, which he had carried thus far, and probably found somewhat inconvenient baggage for a land journey. From Fucheu he crossed the mountains to the great city of which we have already heard, Kinsai or Kansa (a corruption of the Chinese *king-szé*, or "capital"). Thence he visited Nanking, and crossed the mighty Kiang, which he describes, justly, as the greatest river in the (non-American) world, under the Mongol appellation of *Talai*, or "The Sea." At Yangcheufeu, where he

found three Nestorian churches, he embarked on the Great Canal, and proceeded by it to Cambalec (or Peking), where he abode for three years, attached, no doubt, to one of the churches founded there by Archbishop John, now in extreme old age. Turning homeward, at length, he went to Singanfu, in Shensi, for many years the capital of great Chinese dynasties—now the head-quarters of one of the great insurrections (in this case Mahomedan) which are tearing the Chinese empire to pieces. Thence he found his way to Tibet, and its capital, Lhassa, the seat, as he says, of “the Pope of the Idolaters.” Here we lose all precise indication of his further route, only we gather from slight hints and probabilities that his further journey led him through Badcokhshan and the passes of the Hindu Kush to Kabul, and thence by the south of the Caspian to the shores of the Mediterranean. He reached his native soil in 1829-80.

The companion of Odoric, on part, at least, of these long wanderings, was Friar James, an Irishman, as appears from the record of a donation to him in the public books of Udine. It was in May, 1830, whilst lying ill in the convent of St. Anthony at Padua, that Odoric dictated his story, which was taken down in homely Latin by a brother monk, and in January of the following year he died at Udine, in his native province. We cannot here relate the curious circumstances that attended the funeral, which ended in the declaration of his miraculous sanctity. *Qui peregrinatur raro sanctificantur*, says an ecclesiastical adage, and there is certainly nothing in Odoric's story to suggest his possession of exceptional holiness. The movement seems to have been in the first place entirely a popular one, and to have taken his brother friars quite by surprise. *They*, probably, during his short residence among them since his return, had regarded him only as an eccentric, much addicted to drawing the long-bow about the Grand Cham and the Cannibal Islands! Be that as it may, Odoric was beatified by popular acclamation, the miracles performed by his remains were authenticated by a solemn commission,* and ever since he has been regarded at Udine as a sort of patron saint. He has never reached the higher honours of canonisation, but in the middle of the last century the cult rendered to him for centuries received the solemn sanction of the Pope. We have seen the record of the process which then took place at Rome, a highly curious ecclesiastical blue-book of a hundred and fifty folio pages. The body of the beatified friar still lies at Udine, and is exhibited quadrennially to the eyes of the faithful, or so much of it as has not

* Seventy such miracles are alleged to have been authenticated; and indeed so says the heading of the Notary's Report of the Commission; though (like the cotton reels of Manchester, which profess to contain two hundred yards of thread) as a matter of fact it enumerates only twenty-seven. The scribe at the end apologises—"I have written them down as well as I could but not the whole of them, because there was no end to them, and I found it too difficult"—in fact, "what no fellow could do!"

been frittered away in reliques. These were in high esteem in the last century, and Father Venni, one of the biographers, assures us that in his day the *Polvere del Beato Odorico* was reckoned potent in fevers, like the James's powders of our youth. We have not seen the body of this eminently wandering Christian, but we have visited his tomb, and the cottage where he was born, near Pordenone.

Odoric has been scouted as a liar, and even the brethren who wrote his history as one of the saints of their Order, have been unable to hide their doubts. One says that much in the book will seem incredible unless the holy character of the narrator find belief or force it—*jidem extruat vel extorqueat*. Another is reduced to plead character—so saintly a man would never have told lies, much less have *sworn* to them as Odoric has done!

There is no doubt, however, that he was a genuine, though undiscriminating, traveller. We cannot enter into all the proofs of this, but we may select a few passages in illustration of the manner of the story, and to show the justification that it admits of. We must not forget the disadvantage under which the story labours in having been dictated, and that in illness, and to a friar of probably still less literature than himself.

This may help to explain some of his most staggering stories. For instance, the narrative alleges that Odoric saw in Champa a tortoise as big as the dome of St. Anthony's at Padua. Now, the smallest of St. Anthony's many domes is some forty feet in diameter. But consider that the traveller was lying ill in that convent when he dictated the story to Brother William of Solagna. He tells the latter, perhaps, that he saw an awfully big tortoise. "How big?" quoth Guglielmo, all agape. "Was it as big as the dome yonder?" "Well, yes," says the sick traveller, without turning his weary bones to look, "I daresay it might be!" And so down it goes in regular narration—"And I saw in that country a tortoise that was bigger in compass than the dome of St. Anthony's church in Padua."

Now for a few specimens of his narrative. In describing a great idol on the Coromandel coast, he speaks of the various penances performed by the pilgrims who came from great distances to say their prayers before it, just, he remarks, as Christian folk go on pilgrimage to St. Peter's, and then he proceeds:—

"And some have quite a different way of proceeding. For these as they start from their homes take three steps, and at every fourth step they make a prostration at full length upon the ground. And then they take a censer and incense the whole length of that prostration. And thus they do continually, until they reach the idol, so that sometimes, when they go through this operation, it taketh a very great while before they do reach the idol."

Now, this mode of penitential pilgrimage is by no means extinct in India. Not very long since, the Indian newspapers contained a striking account of the performance of such penances at some shrine

in the Deccan. One man, it was stated, had come from his home, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, in this way—measuring his length along the ground, not at every *fourth* step, but continuously, at the rate of about one mile a day !

“Hard by the church of this idol,” continues Odoric, “there is a lake made by hand, into which the pilgrims who come thither cast gold or silver and precious stones, in honour of the idol, and towards the maintenance of the church, so that much treasure has been accumulated therein. And thus, when it is desired to do any work upon the church they make search in the lake and find all that has been cast into it.”

This, you may say, looks very like a “traveller’s tale.” But it happens that we learn from an Arabic work, translated by Quatremère, that among the towns in the south of India conquered by Mahomed Tughlak of Delhi, a few years after the visit of Odoric to that region, there was one which possessed an idol-temple held in great repute all over that country, and which stood in the middle of a lake, into which the worshippers used to cast their offerings. After the capture of the city, the sultan caused the lake to be drained, and the treasure accumulated in its bed sufficed to load two hundred elephants and several thousand oxen !

When in China, on his way from Zayton to Kinsai (see above), Odoric gives the earliest known description of the well-known Chinese practice of fishing with tame cormorants. His account, which is substantially identical with that which you will find in Staunton, Fortune, and other modern travellers, runs as follows :—

“Passing hence I came to a certain great river, and I tarried at a certain city which hath a bridge across the river. At the head of the bridge was a tavern, in which I was entertained. And mine host, wishing to do me a pleasure, said : ‘If thou wouldst see good fishing, come with me!’ So he led me upon the bridge, and I looked and saw certain water-fowl tied upon perches. And these he went and tied with a cord round the throat that they might not be able to swallow the fish which they caught. Next he proceeded to put three great baskets into a boat, one at each end, and the third in the middle, and then he let the water-fowl loose. Straightway they began to dive into the water, catching great numbers of fish, and ever as they caught them putting them of their own accord into the baskets, so that, before long, all three baskets were full. And mine host then took the cord off their necks, and let them dive again to catch fish for their own food. And when they had thus fed they returned to their perches, and were tied up as before. And some of those fish I had for dinner.”

Ending another chapter on the magnificence of the Court of Pekin, he concludes : “But no one need wonder at his being able to maintain such an expenditure ; for there is nothing spent as money in his whole empire, but certain pieces of paper which are there current as money ; whilst an infinite amount of treasure comes into his hands.” Here, as previously from Rubruquis, we have an allusion to that system of paper currency which prevailed nationally in China for many centuries, and which, though for four hundred years it has

ceased to be national (though there have been recent efforts to re-establish it), is still maintained on a very large scale by local banks in great cities, such as Pekin and Fuchen.

We shall extract only one other passage from Odoric, and that, perhaps, the most questionable and perplexing in the whole narrative. It is the chapter in which the friar, on his return from Tibet to the west, describes a certain valley in which he saw terrible things:—

“Another great and terrible thing I saw. For as I went through a certain valley, which lieth by the River of Delights, I saw therein many dead corpses lying. And I heard also therein sundry kinds of music, but chiefly nagarets (or kettledrums) which were marvellously sounded. And so great was the noise thereof that very great fear came upon me. Now this valley is seven or eight miles long, and if any unbeliever enter therein he quitteth it nevermore, but perishes incontinently. Yet I hesitated not to go in, that I might see, once for all, what the matter was. . . . And at one side of the valley, in the very rock, I beheld, as it were, the face of a man, very great and terrible, so very terrible, indeed, that for my exceeding great fear my spirit seemed to die in me. Wherefore I made the sign of the cross, and began continually to repeat *verbum caro factum* (‘The Word was made flesh,’ &c.), but I dared not at all come nigh that face, but kept at seven or eight paces from it. And so I came at length to the other end of the valley, and there I ascended a hill of sand, and looked around me. But nothing could I descry, only I still heard those nagarets to play, which played so marvellously.”

The locality of this adventure is left obscure; but we think it can be fixed to the vicinity of the passes of the Hindu Kush, north of Kabul.

The river, you will have observed, on the banks of which he received these alarming impressions, is called the River of Delights, or, as it is in the Latin, *Flumen Deliciarum*, a name inappropriate enough to the tale. But if this was, as we can hardly doubt, in Odoric's mouth, *Fiume di Piaceri* (which is the actual reading in Ramusio's old Italian version), we see strong reason to believe that the word intended was not *pleasures* or *delights*, but the actual name of the River Panjsher, which flows from the Hindu Kush, north of Kabul. Wood tells us that the country thereabouts is rife with legends of the supernatural. And as regards the many corpses which our friar saw, the passes of the Panjsher were those, as Sultan Baber tells us in his memoirs, by which the robbers of Kafiristan constantly made their forays, *slaying great numbers of people*. Long before Baber's time, and before Odoric's, the Arab geographer, Edrisi, informs us that the people of Panjsher were notorious for their violence and wickedness: nor have they mended their manners; for Captain Wood observes, of the Panjsher valley, that “this fair scene is chiefly peopled by robbers, whose lawless lives and never-ending feuds render it an unfit abode for honest men.”

The awful and gigantic face in the cliff was probably some great rock-sculpture resembling the colossal figures at Bamian, described by Alexander Burnes; and though these figures themselves are at a con-

siderable distance from the Panjsher, it is possible that the traveller's excited memory may have compressed into too narrow a compass all the circumstances of the passage of those mountains which had so strongly impressed his imagination. We may add that in the diary of a modern adventurer in those regions—a document, we must admit, vaguer and wilder than anything written by mediæval friar—we find the following passage strikingly analogous to the description of Odoric, of whose work, we will answer for it, the writer knew nothing :—

“27th July.—The basaltic cliffs assume fanciful shapes : supposed to be Kafirs petrified by Abraham. One very remarkable human face on the precipitous sides of a dark ravine of amygdaloid rock is called Baboo Boolan, about twenty-five feet in height, with monstrous red eyes and mouth and aquiline nose. They are objects of extreme dread to the natives.”*

The account of the Hill of Sand, on which our traveller heard the sound of invisible kettledrums, at once points to the phenomena of the *Rug Rowân*, or Flowing Sand, forty miles north of Kabul, and at the foot of the valley of Panjsher. Burnes describes the sounds heard there as loud and hollow, *very like those of a large drum*. Wood says the sound was that of *a distant drum mellowed by softer music* (how like our friar's “sundry kinds of music, but chiefly kettle-drums !”); Sultan Baber speaks of the sound as that of drums and *nagarets*, again the very instruments specified by Odoric.†

Before quitting Odoric's Terrible Valley, we may remark that one would almost think John Bunyan had been reading the passage in old John Hackluyt, when he indited the account of Christian's transit through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, *e.g.* :—

“This frightful sight was seen, and those dreadful noises were heard, by him for several days together ; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of friends coming to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best do but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out, with a most vehement voice, ‘I will walk in the strength of the Lord God !’ so they gave back, and came no further.”

We now pass to another of our travellers, and one still less generally known, viz., John Marignolli, the papal legate of 1398, of whom we have already spoken briefly. This dignitary of the Church is not a sage ; his garrulous reminiscences show an incontinent vanity, and an incoherent lapse from one subject to another, matched by nothing in literature except the conversation of Mrs. Nickleby. But he is a man of considerable reading, and his recollections of what he

* Journal kept by Mr. Gardner during his travels in Central Asia, in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. xxii. p. 290.

† The same phenomenon has been observed in various parts of the world, and always in connection with the movement of sand disturbed upon a slope. One celebrated instance is “the Hill of the Bell,” in the peninsula of Sinai ; and another was discovered by the lamented Hugh Miller in the island of Eig.

saw often form very vivid and graphic pictures, whilst his veracity is unimpeachable.

As a first extract we shall give a sample of the incoherency of some of his recollections, though really it is impossible in translation not to modify and soften the effect of the original *Nicklebyism*. This is from a chapter headed, "Concerning the Clothing of our First Parents." (You must remember that the book is professedly a chronicle of Bohemia, to which such a subject of course legitimately belongs):—

"And the Lord made for Adam and his wife coats of skins and clothed them therewith. But if it be asked, Whence the skins?—the answer usually made is, either that these were expressly created (which savours not of wisdom!); or that an animal was slain for the purpose (and *this* is not satisfactory, seeing that 'tis believed animals were created first in pairs only, and there had been no time for the multiplication of the species). Now, then, I say (but pray don't think I mean to dogmatize), that for *pelliceas*, we should read *alliceas*, or for coats of *fur*, coats of *fibre*. For among the fronds of the cocoa-nut, of which I have spoken before, there grows a sort of fibrous web, forming an open network of coarse dry filaments, and to this day among the people of Ceylon and India it is customary to make of those fibres wet-weather blankets for those rustics whom they call *camdlles*, whose business it is to carry burdens, and also to carry men and women upon their shoulders in palankins, such as are mentioned in Canticles, *Ferculum fecit sibi Salomon de lignis Libani*, whereby is meant a portable litter, such as I used to be carried in when I was at Zaiton and in India.* A cloak, such as I mean, of this *camall* cloth (not *camel* cloth), I wore till I got to Florence, where I left it in the sacristy of the Minor Friars. No doubt the raiment of John Baptist was of this kind. For as regards *camel's hair*, that is, next to silk, the softest stuff in the world, and never *could* have been meant. By the way—speaking of camels—I once found myself in company with an innumerable multitude of camels and their foals in that immense desert by which you go down from Babylon of the Confusion towards Egypt, by way of Damascus; and of Arabs also there was no end! Not that I am meaning to say there were any camels in Ceylon. No; but there were innumerable *elephants*. And these, though they be most ferocious monsters, scarcely ever do any harm to a foreigner. I even *rode* on an elephant once! It belonged to the Queen of Saba. That beast did really seem to have the use of reason—if it were not contrary to the faith to say such a thing!"

In an earlier passage, the legate thus describes his reception by the emperor at Cambalec:—

"But the great Kaam, when he beheld the great horses, and the Pope's presents, with his letter, and King Robert's† likewise, with their golden seals, and when he saw us also, rejoiced greatly, being delighted—yea, exceedingly delighted—with everything, and he treated us with the greatest honour. And when I entered the Kaam's presence, it was in full festival vestments, with a very fine cross carried before me, and candles and incense, whilst *Credo in Unum Deum* was chaunted in that glorious palace in which he dwells. And when the chaunt was ended, I bestowed a plenary benediction, which he received with all humility. And so we were dismissed to one of the imperial apartments, which

* The word intended by the good bishop is the Arabic *Hhamal*, a porter; still the usual word for a palanquin-bearer in Western India.

† Of Naples.

had been most elegantly fitted up for us; and two princes were appointed to attend to all our wants. And this they did in the most liberal manner, not merely as regards meat and drink, but even down to such things as paper for lanterns; whilst all necessary servants were also detached from the court to wait upon us."

You will observe that among the presents sent to the emperor in the legate's charge were certain *Destriers* or "great horses." Now it is pleasing to find that though our legate himself has no place in the Chinese annals, these great horses *have*. Under our year, 1342, that of Marignolli's arrival at Peking, it is recorded that there were presented to the emperor certain horses of the kingdom of *Fulang* (*Farang* or Europe) of a breed till then unknown in China. One of these horses was *eleven feet and a half* in length, and *six feet eight inches* high, and was black all over except the hind feet. This present was highly appreciated. And Père Gaubil mentions also that a portrait of this horse was in the last century still preserved in the imperial palace, with all the dimensions carefully noted. This vast animal was surely the prototype of the *Black Destrier* which Mr. Millais painted under Sir Ysenbras several years ago!

Of his residence in Malabar, and the Christians of St. Thomas there, Marignolli says:—

"These latter are the masters of the public steel-yard, from which I derived during my stay, as a perquisite of my office as Pope's legate, a hundred gold *fanams* every month, and a thousand when I came away. There is a church of St. George there, of the Latin communion, at which I dwelt. And I adorned it with fine paintings, and taught therein the Holy Law. And after I had been there some time, I went beyond the glory of Alexander the Great when he set up his column. For I also erected a stone as *my* landmark and memorial, and anointed it with oil! In sooth, it was a marble pillar, with a stone cross upon it, intended to last till the world's end. And it had the Pope's arms and my own engraven upon it, with inscriptions both in Indian and Latin characters. I consecrated and blessed it in the presence of an infinite multitude of people, and I was carried on the shoulders of the chiefs in a litter, or palankin, like Solomon's."

We all know of the altars that Alexander erected on the banks of Hyphasis; but the imagination of his legendary biographers in later days was not satisfied with his turning aside from India barely entered—(who indeed does not feel a fresh disappointment every time that the story is read?)—and in defiance of history they prolonged his expedition to the ends of the earth. The story how he reached the land of the Seres, at the extremity of Asia, and there erected a stone pillar, on which he inscribed, "Thus far came Alexander, king of the Macedonians," is nearly as old as classic times. We have some reason to believe that the pillar which our friend the legate thus erected in ambitious rivalry with Alexander, survived to our own day. The Dutch chaplain, Baldaens, writing in the latter part of the seventeenth century, says:—"Upon the rocks near the sea-shore of Quilon stands a stone pillar, erected there, as the inhabitants report, by St. Thomas.

I saw this pillar in 1662." Three hundred years of tradition might easily swamp the dim memory of John the Legate in that of Thomas the Apostle. Mr. Day, in his "Land of the Permauls," tells us that this pillar still exists; but Mr. Broadley Howard, in a recent work on the Malabar Christians, says it was washed away some years ago. We wish this notice may lead some one on that coast to inquire about it still.

We now come to the last of the travellers of whom it has been proposed to speak particularly. This is Abn Abdallah Mahomed, surnamed Ibn Batuta, *the traveller, par excellence*, of the Arab nation, as he was hailed by a saint of his religion whom he visited in India. He was born at Tangier, in Morocco, in 1304.

We cannot go into great detail on the wanderings of this traveller on a great scale. Suffice it to say that between his starting on his first journey at the age of twenty-one, and his final settlement in his native land at the age of fifty-one, his travels extended over a distance which, as well as we can compute it by a rough compass measurement, without allowance for excesses and deviations, amounted to at least 75,000 English miles. During the thirty years of his wanderings, he four times made the pilgrimage to Mecca, on one occasion residing there for three years; he traversed all Egypt twice, and both coasts of the Red Sea; he visited the eastern shores of Africa as far down as Quiloa in 9° south latitude; he several times visited Babylonia and Ispahan; he three times traversed Syria, visited all the Turkish sultanates into which Asia Minor was then divided; stayed a short time at Constantinople, and twice with Uzbek Khan on the banks of the Wolga, penetrating north to Bulgar on that river, a city standing in nearly the latitude of Carlisle. He then travelled across the steppes to Bokhara, and through Khorasan and Kabul, crossing the Hindu Kush by that very Panjsher valley where Friar Odoric saw such wonders. He then proceeded to Sind and Multan, and there received an invitation to the court of Mahomed Tughlak of Delhi, a soldier, a scholar, a patron of learned men, and at the same time one of the most sanguinary and capricious tyrants in history. Ibn Batuta continued about eight years in this sovereign's service, drawing a handsome salary, yet constantly getting into debt, and hanging like a perfect horse-leech on the royal bounty.

Towards the end of his residence at Delhi he fell into disfavour and suspicion, and in his fear betook himself to intense devotion and ascetic observances, giving all that he possessed to dervishes and the poor (he says nothing of his creditors!). The king, hearing of his reformed character, sent for him and named him chief of an embassy to China.

It was an ill-starred appointment. After a progress in state through Central India to Guzerat, where they embarked for Malabar, the party awaited at Calicut the departure of the China junks, which then annually visited the ports of Southern India. The Zamorin, or Prince of Calicut,

had prepared accommodation for the mission on board one of the large junks; but Ibn Batuta, having ladies with him, went to the shipping agent to obtain a private cabin for them, having, it would seem, in his usual happy-go-lucky style, deferred this to the last moment. The agent told him that the cabins were all taken up by the Chinese merchants (who had apparently *return-tickets*); there was one, however, without fittings, belonging to his own son-in-law, which Ibn Batuta could have. So one Thursday afternoon, in the early summer of 1343, our traveller's baggage and slaves, male and female, were put on board, while he stayed on shore to attend the Friday service before embarking. His colleagues with the presents for China were already on board. Next morning early his head-servant came to complain that the cabin was a wretched hole, and would never do. Appeal was made to the captain, a person who was, as Ibn Batuta tells us, "a great Amir," or, as our vulgar term would aptly translate it, "a very great swell." The captain said he could do nothing (so captains *always* say); but if they liked to go in a smaller vessel, called a *kakam*, it was at their service. Our traveller consented, and had his baggage and his womankind transferred to the *kakam*. The sea then began to rise (for the south-west monsoon had set in), and he could not embark. When he got up on Saturday morning he found both the junk and the *kakam* had weighed and left the harbour, and a gale of wind blowing. The junk was wrecked; the bodies of Ibn Batuta's colleagues in the embassy were cast up on the beach; and the *kakam's* people, seeing what had befallen their consort, made sail, carrying off with them our traveller's slaves, his girls, and gear, and leaving him there on the beach of Calicut gazing after them, with nought remaining to him but his prayer-carpet, ten pieces of gold, and an emancipated slave; which last absconded forthwith!

We cannot follow Ibn Batuta during the next few years' adventures, which carried him about the ports of Malabar, the Maldine Islands, Ceylon, and Madura; but eventually he found his way to Bengal, which he calls "an *inferno* full of good things," and thence to Sumatra and China. Here he professes still to have been received as the ambassador of Sultan Mahomed, and to have travelled over the whole length of the empire from Canton to Peking. That a part at least of his travels in China is genuine there can be no doubt, but it is highly questionable whether he ever was at Peking. His description of the palace arrangements there appears to be cooked up from his recollections of the Court of Delhi, and circumstances which he asserts to have taken place during his stay are totally inconsistent with Chinese history.

From China he returned *via* Sumatra to Malabar and Arabia, and thence, by devious wanderings, at last reached Fez, the capital of his native country, in 1349, after an absence of twenty-four years.

Here he professes to have rejoiced in the presence of his own

Sultan, whom he declares to surpass all the mighty monarchs of the East : in dignity, him of Irák ; in person, him of India ; in manner, him of Yemen ; in courage, the king of the Turks ; in long-suffering, the Cæsar of Constantinople ; in devotion, him of Turkestan ; and in knowledge, him of Sumatra !—a list of comparisons so oddly selected as almost to suggest irony. After all that he had seen, he comes to the conclusion that there is no country like his own west. “ It is,” says he, “ the best of all countries. You have fruit in plenty ; good meat and drink are easily come by ; and, in fact, its blessings are so many that the poet has hit the mark when he sings :—

‘ Of all the four quarters of heaven the best
 (I’ll prove it past question) is surely the west !
 ’Tis the west is the goal of the sun’s daily race !
 ’Tis the west that first shows you the moon’s silver face !’

The *dirhems* of the west are but little ones, ’tis true ; but then you get more for them !” (Just as in the good old days of another dear Land of the West ; where, if the pound was but twentypence, the pint anyhow was two quarts !)

His travels, however, were not yet over ; he traversed Andalusia and Granada, and penetrated to the heart of Negroland, before he finally settled. He died in 1377-78, aged seventy-three.

Ibn Batuta has drawn his own character in an accumulation of slight touches through the long history of his wanderings ; but to do justice to the result in a few lines would require the hand of Chaucer, and something perhaps of his freedom of speech. Not wanting in acuteness nor in humane feeling ; full of vital energy and enjoyment of life ; infinite in curiosity ; daring, restless, impulsive, sensual, inconsiderate, and extravagant ; superstitious in his regard for the saints of his religion, and plying devout observances, especially when in difficulties ; doubtless an agreeable companion, for we always find him welcomed at first, but clinging like one of the Ceylon leeches which he describes, when he found a full-blooded subject, and hence too apt to disgust his patron, and to turn to intrigues against them. Such are the impressions which one reader at least has gathered from the surface of his narrative.

We shall now quote one or two passages as examples of his narrative. The following extract shows how the Chinese so long ago, though without the aid of photography, had anticipated a modern expedient of the detective police :—

“ As regards painting, no nation, whether of Christians or others, can come up to the Chinese ; their talent for this art is something quite extraordinary. I may mention, among astonishing illustrations of this talent of theirs which I have witnessed myself, viz., that whenever I have happened to visit one of their cities, and to return to it after a while, I have always found my own likeness, and those of my companions, painted on the walls, or exhibited in the bazars. On one occasion that I visited the emperor’s own city, in going to the imperial palace with my comrades, I passed through the bazar of the painters ; we were



"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

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all dressed after the fashion of Irák. In the evening, on leaving the palace, I passed again through the same bazar, and there I saw my own portrait and the portraits of my companions, painted on sheets of paper, and exposed on the walls. We all stopped to examine the likenesses, and everybody found that of his neighbour to be excellent! Indeed, the thing is carried so far that, if by chance a foreigner commits any action that obliges him to fly from China, they send his portrait into the outlying provinces to assist the search for him, and whenever the original of the portrait is discovered, they apprehend the man."

The next extract illustrates strikingly the manner in which the free-masonry of common religion facilitated the wanderings of the Mahomedans over the world. The traveller is staying at the city of Kanjanfu, apparently Kianchanfu in Kiangai, where as usual he is hospitably received by his co-religionists :—

"One day, when I was in the house of Zahiruddin al Kurlani (the sheikh of the Mahomedans in this city), there arrived a great boat, which was stated to be that of one of the most highly-respected doctors of the law among the Mussulmans of those parts. They asked leave to introduce this personage to me, and accordingly he was announced as 'Our master, Kiwamuddin the Ceutan.'* I was surprised at the appellation; and when he had entered, and after exchanging the usual salutations we had begun to converse together, it struck me that I knew the man. So I began to look at him earnestly, and he said, 'You look as if you knew me.' 'From what country are you?' I asked. 'From Ceuta.' 'And I am from Tangier!' So he recommenced his salutations, moved to tears at the meeting, till I caught the infection myself. I then asked him, 'Have you ever been in India?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have been at Delhi, the capital.' When he said that, I recollected about him, and said, 'Surely you are Al-Bushri?' 'Yes, I am.' He had come to Delhi with his maternal uncle, Abu'l Kasim of Murcia. I had told the Sultan of India about him, and he had given him 3,000 dinars, and desired to keep him at Delhi. He refused to stay, however, for he was bent on going to China, and in that country he had acquired much reputation and a great deal of wealth. He told me that he had some fifty male slaves and as many female; and, indeed, he gave me two of each, with many other presents. Some years later, I met this man's brother in Negroland. What an enormous distance lay between those two!"

This meeting, in the heart of China, of the two Moors from the adjoining towns of Tangier and Ceuta, has a parallel in that famous, but we fear mythical, story of the capture of the Grand Vizier on the Black Sea by Marshal Keith, then in the Russian service. The venerable Turk's look of recognition drew from the marshal the same question that Al-Bushri addressed to Ibn Batuta, and the answer came forth in broad Fifeshire dialect—"Eh man! ay; I mind you weel, for my father was the bellman of Kirkaldy!"

Like all the travellers of that age, Ibn Batuta seems to lack words to describe the magnitude and glories of the city of Kinsai, or Hangcheufu. He represents himself as received with great honour there, both by the Mahomedan colony and by the officials of the Mongol government. The following, last of our extracts, refers to this :—

"The Amir Kustai (the Viceroy of the Province) is the greatest lord in China. He offered us hospitality at his palace, and gave us an entertainment at which

* i.e. of Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar.

the dignitaries of the city were present. He had got Mahomedan cooks to kill the cattle and cook the dishes for us, and this lord, great as he was, carved the meats and helped us with his own hands! We were his guests for three days, and one day he sent his son to escort us on a trip on the canal. We got into one barge, whilst the young lord got into another, taking singers and musicians along with him. The singers sang songs in Chinese, Arabic, and Persian. The lord's son was a great admirer of the Persian songs, and there was one of them sung by them which he caused to be repeated several times, so that I got it by heart from their singing. This song had a pretty cadence in it, and thus it went:—

‘My heart given up to emotions
Was o’erwhelmed in waves like the ocean’s,
But, betaking me to my devotions,
My troubles were gone from me!’*

Crowds of people in boats wore on the canal. The sails were all of bright colours, the people carried parasols of silk, and the boats themselves were gorgeously painted. They skirmished with one another, and pelted each other with lemons and oranges. In the afternoon we went back to pass the evening at the Amir's palace, where the musicians came again and sang very fine songs.

“That same night a juggler, who was one of the Great Kaan's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him, ‘Come and show us some of your wonders!’ Upon this he took a wooden ball with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a short end of a thong in the conjuror's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him. The conjuror then called to him three times, but, getting no answer, he snatched up a knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared in his turn! By-and-by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and the other foot, then the trunk, and, last of all, the head! Lastly, he came down himself, puffing and blowing, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when presto! there was the boy who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation. . . . They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi of Khanai, Af karuddin by name, was sitting next to me, and quoth he, ‘*Wallah!* ’tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; ’tis all hocus pocus!’†

With this marvellous story of prestidigitation, and the learned Kazi's comment on it, we must close these extracts.

The subject is large—China indeed in any point of view is a large subject—and it has been difficult to compress without running to dry bones. But we trust even this fragmentary view of one phase of the

* We may note that the “pretty cadence” of the lines which Ibn Batuta gives in the Persian, is precisely that of—

“We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear!”

† Omitting the marvellous disappearance in the air, this trick is still a favourite in China. See Doolittle's “Social Life of the Chinese,” London ed., 1868, p. 643.

history of communication with the Chinese may have preserved some small flavour of that interest which has always attached to that remote and peculiar nation. The ancients felt this in the dim legends which crossed the length of Asia about the Seres dwelling in secluded peace and plenty on the shores of the Eastern Ocean; mediæval Christendom was strangely fascinated by the stories which these travellers, of whom we have been speaking, brought home—of the vast population, riches, and orderly civilisation of this newly-revealed land of Cathay; the rediscovery of the country as China by the Portuguese kindled a fresh curiosity which three centuries of partial knowledge scarcely abated. Familiarity of late years has in some degree wrought its proverbial result; but among all the clouds of change that are thickening on the world's horizon, some are surely big with great events for this hive of four hundred millions, for whom also Christ died. The empire, which has a history as old as the oldest of Chaldæa, seems to be breaking up. It has often broken up before, and been again united; it has often been conquered, and has either thrown off the yoke or absorbed its conquerors. But *they* derived what civilisation they had from the land which they invaded. The internal combustions that are *now* heaving the soil come in contact with a new and alien element of western origin. Who can guess what shall come of *that* chemistry?

HENRY YULE.

THE LITERARY LIFE.

II.

To take up, as promised, the subject of preparation for literature as a profession, I begin by saying that probably the greater number of those who try to find their way into literature never think of preparing for it at all, and that some of those who read this will no doubt wonder what kind of preparation can be possible or desirable. Let me be excused for being autobiographical: it will prove the shortest way of getting into the heart of the subject.

The Scripture-loving people among whom my lot was first cast used to say of me that I had "the pen of a ready writer," from the time when I could use the pen. But long before I had learnt writing I had a style of what shall I say?—slate-pencilmanship of my own, and, on the slate, "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." By the time I was ten years old I had produced plenty of verse, which, merely as such, was good, and which probably contained some faint elements of poetry. But my shyness and self-distrust were extreme, and this continued up to long after the time when it had been proved that other people were willing to hear me, or read me. These lines may possibly, nay, probably be read by an editor who will remember something of a poetical contributor whose rhymes he used to print, but who utterly disappeared and shot suddenly down the horizon upon being politely requested in the correspondents' column to furnish his name and address. This, which I suppose would have set the hair of many contributors on end with rapturous visions of cheques and conversaziones, was quite sufficient to shut me up, though I was a grown man with children. The good-natured editor had heard his first and last of me, unless he recognises me under this fresh disguise. I will help his memory, if he yet lives, in the following manner:—Supposing I wanted to get hold of him by advertisement, I should insert in the agony column of the *Times* or *Telegraph* a notice beginning—"The Ascent of the Peter Botte. If the Editor who once, &c., &c." Further than this I decline to go,—we have all our feelings. The upshot of this is that I had always a certain amount of "encouragement" given to me—especially in matters of verse. My rhymes were almost always inserted, and promptly; and a distinguished man of letters (never mind how I happened to get into communication with him—it cost me agonies) told me that verse was my "spere." While I write this I am thinking of Dickens's old stager, who failed to make a journey by rail, getting miserably lost at sta-

tions, and whose wife was told by the housemaid that "railways wasn't master's spear."

It is not an impossible thing to make money by writing verses, but in order to do so you must either have an independent standpoint to begin from, or you must be in such a position that you can afford to go through a long probation, *before* you arrive at the period when you can make poetry pay. Even then the chances are a million to one against success. My own position and feelings at the time when I began to think about writing for money, are expressed in certain paragraphs from my own pen, which I will quote directly. And I should never have begun to think of writing for money at all if it had not been that I was, in a manner, driven to it by finding certain occupations, which I need not describe, telling on my health.

The passage I was about to quote is as follows :—

"Any one who wishes to make a serious mark upon the literature of his country had better, if he possibly can, find some other means of getting his bread than writing. To write for immortality, and for the journals too, is about the most harassing work a man could engage in. There are, of course, cases to the contrary—cases of men who have a fine physique to back the large brain, and whose genius is consequently of the productive and popular order. Such men can kill the two birds with one stone, but woe betide the weakling who tries the same thing !

"In all cases where the brain, whether intrinsically or by association with a capricious physique, is delicate and incapable of incessant production, the problem—difficult of solution, but not always insoluble—is to find some not too uncongenial employment, which shall yield the nucleus of an income, and leave a good deal of leisure too. Not a clerk's place, if the man be of the Campbell order, but something less continuous, if even more arduous. Men of imaginative mould should choose, if they can, pursuits which leave large *gaps* of leisure, even if they pay for that advantage by being overworked at occasional times."

I must here say, harsh as the judgment will seem to a good many people, that it is all but impossible for a person to use any form of teaching (except the most mechanical, and scarcely then) as a means of earning a livelihood, and yet maintain perfect independence and purity of conscience. Journalists, who are bent to the yoke, will scoff at this, but the fox without a tail laughs all the world over at the fox who insists on keeping his ; and I maintain that what I say is true. At all events I thought so, and determined that I would, at whatever cost, find out some way of earning, at least, bread and water, so that I might leave myself without excuse if, at the end of every writing day, I could not say, "This hand has never written what this brain did not think, or this heart did not feel."

Besides this difficulty, there were others in my way which forced

themselves upon my attention. My natural inclination was always either to look at things "in the abstract" and run off into metaphysics, or else to be what people called transcendental, or florid, or, still more frequently, mystical. And I uniformly observed that writing to which the people I knew—my fool-ometers in fact—would apply these terms, was certain to be rejected by editors. I also observed, and past experience has amusingly confirmed this, that editors who will look very jealously after what you say while your articles are new to them, will let you write almost what you please after a little time. Putting one thing with another, I began a determined course of preparatory study—that is to say, I minutely analysed the sort of writing for which I found there was a market. In this way I pulled to pieces every novel and every leading article that I came across. Thus, I took so many pages of a story and chopped it all up into incident, conversation, and comment. Leading articles gave me a great deal of trouble. I found that I could write articles that were printed when the subject excited me, or when the appeal in the discussion was to first principles. Hence, an article of mine on a revolution, or on the law of husband and wife would, I found, be welcomed; but for politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, I had not a whiff of instinct. Although I always could, and can, adapt means to ends by dint of hard thinking, yet I found myself destitute of all sagacity in dealing with the by-play of minor motives, and utterly lost—though scornfully as well as consciously lost—in handling what people call politics. I shall never forget, and my friend now beyond the grave will perhaps remember in heaven, the outcome of his asking me to attend vestry meetings—and edit a local newspaper. This was not from any contempt of common things, but from a sense that everybody would get a rise out of me which would make my attempt to fulfil editorial duties a farce. My instinct was a true instinct; and, after accepting the engagement, I gave it up, because I was satisfied that, by attempting to keep it, I should put him to more inconvenience than I could possibly do by breaking it. He perfectly understood, laughed, and remained my friend to the last.

The things, then, that gave me the most trouble, considered as studies, were leading articles and essays on current politics. With regard to the latter, or indeed both, I never could get a firm footing to begin with. It was Austria wants to do this, and Prussia wants to do the other; the Bourbons aimed at so-and-so, and Spain had her reasons for standing aloof. But I was, for one thing, unable to see that there was any ground for all this sort of thing, outside the fancy of the *rédacteur*; and then, again, I could never personify Austria, or Spain, or Prussia, or France. My mind, or, as Lord Westbury puts it, what I was pleased to call my mind, said—"Austria? But what is Austria? It is so many roods of ground." It was intelligible to me that a man should want to marry a particular woman or to secure a particular estate, for its

beauty or use; but that Schwarzenburg and Thiers and Palmerston, and A. and B., and who-not, should be playing a political "game" with earnestness enough to deserve or justify a serious leading article, was to me utterly unintelligible. This was not for want of strong English feeling and even passionate pride in "speaking the tongue that Shakespeare spake," but from my general incapacity to understand why people should be always meddling with each other. When I was a little boy I remember hearing a shock-headed, wart-nosed tradesman, brandishing a ham knife, holding forth thus:—"What does a man go and be a politician for? His own aggrandizement. What makes a man go and be a clergyman? His own aggrandizement. What makes me go and keep a 'am-and-beef shop? My own aggrandizement." Well, I had been brought up in some loneliness, and chiefly in the society of those who had a consuming desire to make certain opinions prevail; the opinions being rooted in first principles, and the only means dreamt of being fair persuasion. And up to this time of my life, late as it was, I had only a very faint appreciation of the activity of the "aggrandizement" motive in the affairs of the world. Besides this obstacle to my appreciating current political, or even much of current social criticism, there was another difficulty. Leading articles seemed to me to begin from nothing and to lead to nowhere, and it was not till after most persevering study that I succeeded in cutting open the bellows and finding where the wind came from. Then, again, I carefully examined the magazines, and very carefully indeed the Notices to Correspondents. But at thirty years of age I was still so green as to write one day to the *Times*, pointing out an error of fact and a clear fallacy of deduction in one of its leaders, doing this in the full, undoubting expectation that they would make the necessary correction. About this time I had an introduction to Mr. Mowbray Morris, and saw him in his room at the *Times'* office. Nothing came of it, and I expect he thought I was a real Arcadian. I was.

My letters of introduction were rather numerous, and addressed to people who could probably have helped me, if they had taken pains; nay, some of whom would probably have done so if I had "pushed" a little. But this was impossible to me; and I was much surprised that clever men—as I had reason to suppose many of these persons to whom I had letters really were—did not seem able at a glance to feel sure that this real Arcadian had a share of honesty, application, and versatility which might make it politic, merely as a matter of business, to treat him civilly. The only person, however, who was really insolent, was a man who had written chiefly on "love" and "brotherhood." I am not writing down a cynical fib, but the simple truth. He certainly annoyed me, and I thought to myself, "One of these days I will serve you out." I have, of course, never served him out; the only effect of his rudeness has been that I have been

able to speak of him with cheerful frankness. There was some fun in situations of this kind; and I used to enjoy the feeling that while, perhaps, some one to whom I had a letter was snubbing me, or at least treating me *de haut en bas*, he was behaving thus to a stranger who would be able to his dying day to describe every look of the superior being's eyes, every line of his face, every word he said, the buttons on his coat, how high the gas was, and what tune the organ-grinder was playing in the next street, while the little scene came off.

After a time I was told by an old friend of a gentleman who, he thought, might help me. Him I hunted up, by a circuitous route, though I knew neither his name, his qualifications, nor his address. He is a man of genius and of good-nature, and through him I got really useful introductions. From this time there were no *external* difficulties in my way. But conscientious scruples, and personal habits of my own, remained to constitute real and very serious obstacles. I was not what Mr. Carlyle, describing the literary amanuensis who helped him in his Cromwell labours, "hardy." The manner in which the ordinary journalist knocks about was always a wonder to me. I could neither stand gas, nor tobacco, nor pottering about, nor hunting people up in the intervals of literary labour, nor what those who know me have (too) often heard me call "jaw." I mean the kind of debate which goes on at discussion societies, and among even intelligent men when public topics arise after dinner. It is half sincere; it is wanting in the nicety of distinction which love of truth demands; it is full of push, and loudness, personal vanity, and the zest of combat: so it seemed to me that no one could have much of it without loss, not only of self-respect, but also of fineness of perception and clearness of conscience. As unpleasant in another way was what we may perhaps call the clever "club" talk of literary men. Here you find men trying apparently which can say the smartest thing—to quote a *mot* of a living writer of admirable *vers de société*, "they call their jokes 'quips,' but the work is so hard that they might just as well be called 'cranks.'" On the whole, my tastes and habits were about as unfavourable for making way in journalism as could possibly be supposed. The necessity of keeping a conscience—and obstinately keeping it under a glass case, too—was a far more serious matter.

It so happened, however, that immediately on starting with my pen in a professional way, I got a character for writing good critical papers. The very first critical essay I every wrote was quoted, and noticed in high quarters; and it was passed round that I had a quick scent in literary matters. But the way in which this worked was very amusing. Everybody went about to flood me with reviewing work. It was quite natural; but rather wide of the mark. When a man who possesses a pretty good critical scent takes up a book that is either by goodness or badness suggestive, there are "three courses"

open to him. He may *characterise* it in a few sentences ; but half-a-dozen lines, even if they are bright and exhaustive in their way, are not a review—are not, in fact, what is wanted of a journalist. Or he may make it a topic, and produce an article as long as a small book. This, again, however good, is not what is wanted of a journalist. The third course, to write a column or two about a book that has no particular life in it is the arduous one. And arduous indeed it is.

There was another difficulty which stood in my way as a journalist. There is a class of article for which there is always a demand. I mean the kind of article which teaches one-half of the world how the other half lives. I hope literary beginners who may read these lines will take note of that. For this kind of writing I had some qualifications—quickness of eye, a tenacious memory of detail, and a lively sense of fun ; but then I could not knock about and come up to time. A day in Spitalfields would make me ill. There was a case in which under unusually favourable conditions, I had to refuse a task of this kind. The kind and discerning friend who proposed it I met by exposing my own unfitness in the matter of knocking about, and I said, “ Mr. So-and-so is your man ; he will do it better than I shall in many respects.” My friend answered, “ No, not in every respect ; he will not put into it the feeling that you will.” In spite of this encouragement, I declined the work, and for the soundest reasons. But any beginner who can do writing of this description, with plenty of detail,—and without interspaces of meditation, such as would come down by main force upon my pen,—may make sure of earning money by literature.

The practical upshot of most of the foregoing memoranda is this : It so happened that I usually got into print when I desired it ; that my very first article “ professionally ” written was printed in good company ; and that I had few difficulties outside of my own personal peculiarities. But how was this ? Just thus (shade of Artemus Ward !) : I had for years made the working literature of the day a study ; knew the things that tended to exclude a man's writing from magazines and newspapers, and the special points that I had to guard against. Is there anything wrong in suggesting that not one in a thousand of the class called “ literary aspirants ” has ever made the working literature of the hour a systematic study ?

The articles, like the books, of the class called literary aspirants are usually rejected, even when they have merit, upon what may be termed points of literary form. This paragraph is good, and *that* is good, and this other is really fine ; but the whole thing wants licking into shape. Thus, an editor or reviewer of experience and vision can almost certainly tell amateur work at a glance. See some interesting remarks by Mr. Herman Merivale in a recent “ Junius ” paper in the *Cornhill* upon the ease with which literary work is recognised as that of a practised pen. We are sometimes told,—and thousands of

"aspirants" think with bitterness,—that the distinction between the amateur and the practised writer is idle, because everybody is an amateur to begin with. But I have shown that this is not true. In spite of long practice in the use of the pen, I made working literature a deliberate study, and others have done the same; that is, they have not relied on mere aptitude. "Look," says the writer of a formless novel, "look at 'Jane Eyre!'" Well, by all means look at "Jane Eyre,"—you can hardly look at a more instructive case. Currer Bell did not succeed as an amateur; she had been a hard student of the conditions of success, and she attended to them so far as her knowledge went, and so far as she desired to use them. Of literary ambition proper she had none, nor—if I may speak of myself in the same sentence—have I. But whatever one's motive, or impulse, may be in writing, he must pay some attention to matters of literary form, and he must comply with such of them as have a just and natural foundation. He is, in fact, as much bound to comply with these as he is bound *not* to comply with those which demand some sacrifice of truthfulness, self-respect, and clearness of conscience.

Paradoxical as some may think it, the chief hindrance to honest literary success is literary vainglory to begin with. This involves splash, false fire, chaotic "out-lay" (to use a surveyor's phrase) of the work, and foolish and exaggerated ideas of the "success" within reach. There was a one-volume novel, published a year or two ago, in which a young journalist, whose suit has been rejected by a young lady's "aughty" mother, and who is under a cloud for a time, makes money at a rate which must have set every journalist in England laughing, and then suddenly blazes out in the society of dukes and Cabinet ministers because he has written a crushing exposure in a daily paper of the probable working of "Clause 5" of a certain bill. This particular book was a very innocent one, and no more vain-glorious than Currer Bell's notions of the Duke of Wellington. In that specimen sheet of her handwriting given by Mrs. Gaskell in the memoir, she shows us the Duke at the War Office, putting on his hat at five minutes to four, telling the clerks that they might go, and scattering "largess" among the clerks with a liberal hand as he takes his leave for the day. *Sancta simplicitas!* we cry; and there is an end. But every writing man knows that "aspirants," as a class, are eaten up with vainglory. They want distinction and the run of the pleasures of a "literary" life as they apprehend them. They have visions of the tenth thousand, and flaming reviews, and gorgeous society. I see with infinite amusement the ideas some people have of the sort of life I lead. They think—they almost tell me so in words—that I have always got my pocket full of orders for the theatre, that I can button-hole anybody I please, that I go to the Queen's garden-parties, that I sit, with a halo round my head, in gilded saloons, saying, or hearing said, brilliant *mots*; that I drink

champagne with actresses behind the scenes, and that, if they offend me, I shall at once put them in *Punch* or the *Times*. I have also been told—almost point-blank in some cases—that it was only my jealousy and desire to “keep others down,” that prevented my procuring immediate admission into periodicals for articles submitted to me by A. or B., which were perhaps of the silliest and most despicable quality. I have had this said or hinted to my face, or behind my back, about articles that were utterly unprintable, at times when my own papers had been waiting months—three, six, or eight months—for insertion in places where I had what is called “interest.” People who have—who are *capable* of having—notions of this kind, I would certainly do my best to keep out of literature; not, however, from “jealousy,” but because they are morally unfit for it.

This opens the way for a word or two which I promised upon “cliqueism.” That literary men, like other people, form knots and groups, is a matter of course; and “what for no?” That there must be partiality and some degree of exclusiveness in these, is certain. That there are quarrels I am sure, for I hear of them, and discern their consequences. But so there are everywhere. In some hole-and-corner connections there may be jealousy and exclusiveness founded on money reasons. But, personally, I have never once come into collision with anything of the kind. As a hindrance to “aspirants,” I do not believe such a thing exists. The chief deterring or exclusive influence I have ever suffered from has been that of a kindness so much in excess of my capacity to make fair returns, that I have flinched from accepting it. Literary men, as I know them, come nearer to Wieland’s *Cosmopolites* (“*Die Abderiten*”) than any other class.

If anybody thinks there is too much of what is called “egotism” in these notes, I disagree with him. It is a pity I have not had the moral courage to be more “egotistic” still, and I wish other people would set me the example. This is a world in which you cannot wear your heart upon your sleeve; but it is for a base and disgusting reason, namely, that there are so many daws and other unclean birds about. It was not my intention to append my signature, but the Editor did it, and his judgment in such a matter is better than mine.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

NURSING AS A PROFESSION FOR LADIES.

THE want of remunerative occupations suitable for gentlewomen is, in these days, painfully felt and universally acknowledged; and fresh schemes are continually being started to remedy the evil. It has been proposed to throw open the learned professions to the competition of women, and to remove the various disabilities which keep the sex in a position of inferiority. But it appears that there is one department of activity peculiarly their own, which they have hitherto failed to make the vantage-ground it might become. We refer to nursing.

Much has been written and said about nursing as a department of Christian benevolence, and all honour is due to those noble and compassionate women who have proved that love can dignify and consecrate the most repulsive tasks, and who have made the scourge of cholera and typhus the opportunity of carrying elevating and purifying influences into some of the foulest spots of our great cities. But their efforts do not meet the necessities of the particular case we are considering.

There is no reason why the rich should not obtain for money services which are freely bestowed upon the poor. Ladies will now take fees as doctors, but they will nurse only for charity. Why is this? It is because nursing is considered menial. But it is not; it is essentially a profession, and waits only for the right persons to practise it, in order to take its proper rank. Surgery was counted menial a hundred and fifty years ago, and then the surgeons were servants to the physicians. But it was made a profession by a few men who saw what it was capable of becoming, and brought scientific knowledge to bear upon their practice. It needs now only a few qualified women to elevate nursing to the same rank.

If ladies would devote two or three years to thorough study, coupled with practical training, they might at the end of that time be equipped with a knowledge and experience which are not now to be had from nurses, but which are very much desired by medical men. Doctors, especially those whose large practice obliges their visits to be limited in time and infrequent, do feel the want of efficient and intelligent help in the sick-room; indeed physicians say that the science of medicine will not be perfected until accurate and constant observations of all the stages of a disease are made and reported by some qualified individual. Who could do this so well as

a trained nurse, whose general culture and education had quickened her powers of accurate observation and correct description?

Invalids of the upper classes would soon feel the advantage of being tended by a lady of refinement and scientific training, and would be willing to remunerate her services at such a rate as would in time repay the expenses of her preparatory study. It is not of course to be supposed that many such nurses would command their two and three guineas a day (though some undoubtedly would, and deservedly); but the mere fact that such remuneration is being obtained by a few ladies at the head of the profession will raise the position of all.

In proof of this, witness the doctors practising at a shilling a visit. For the sake of the prizes to be had by those who reach the top of the ladder, they are willing patiently to work their way upwards; or even where no such ambition exists, they profit by the rank which the intellectual superiority of the first physicians secures to all.

The questions here arise—What is to be included in this special training? and is there, at the present moment, any possibility of obtaining the requisite instruction, both theoretic and practical? To the first question we may broadly answer that the training should consist in teaching people to know what they see. In order to make intelligent and useful observation, it is not enough that a nurse be gifted with quick perception; she must be furnished with a knowledge of physiology, and kindred branches of medical science. Habits of accuracy are so essential to a nurse of the class referred to, that the pursuit of other collateral studies which shall tend to the cultivation of such habits may be desirable. But while a portion of her time is devoted to the acquisition of theoretic knowledge, the student's work will be mainly in the sick-room. It is while working in the hospital wards, under the instruction of physicians and the head-nurses, that she will acquire her most valuable knowledge.

In answer to the second question suggested, we must state that no system of theoretic instruction has yet been organised; but there is no doubt that, if the right people came forward, they would soon be provided with the necessary instruction. There are many places where ladies can acquire efficiency in actual nursing; arrangements have been made in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, and in the Middlesex Hospital, for the training of a certain number of lady probationers; and the British Nursing Association in Cambridge Place, Paddington (which undertakes the entire nursing of two London hospitals), and Miss Merryweather's Training School for Nurses in Dover Street, Liverpool, have been founded for this purpose.

A lady may be received into either of these establishments as boarder on the payment of from half a guinea to a guinea a week: she is expected to spend the day in nursing, but the evenings are her own.

If there existed a class of nurses such as we have described, the

fitting remuneration would soon be forthcoming. What will not men give for a little chance of lengthening out life? If once it were known to be worth while to secure such a skilled nurse, no money would be grudged her. Only ladies must make their services valuable before they can have the right to command their own terms.

Even the charitable aspect of the case is best met in this way : as medical charity is better now than it would be if doctors acted only from charity, so will nursing become more efficient than if it were practised only by amateurs. The things that are worst done are always those that are supposed to require no special training. Witness teaching, of which all are supposed to be capable, but which so few can do well.

We are often hearing of ladies who have ruined their health by trying, untrained, to nurse their friends. Many a wife and mother has continued night and day to watch by the sick-bed, who would gladly have taken proper rest had she been able to trust the nurse ; and yet with all her care, she has not succeeded in her conflict with disease as a more experienced person might have done. The crises of domestic sickness are those in which it is most necessary to guard against the undue encroachment of the feelings upon the judgment, and a stranger can often nurse really better than the fondest relative. Besides, there is often no occasion for the alabaster box of a delicate frame to be *broken* in order that the generous ointment of loving care may be poured out.

One objection has been raised to this scheme—namely, that such lady-nurses would not be willing to do all that is required in a sick-room, and yet few would be disposed to employ two people to do the work which usually falls to the lot of one. To this we reply, that the higher class of nurses would not be called in for a slight illness, while in severe cases, the nurse's time and attention are so constantly required by the invalid, that it is impossible for her to dispense with help. Besides, a nurse ought never to be over-tired ; it would, therefore, be undesirable for her to expend her valuable strength in doing work which could as well be left to the servants in the house. A lady who is a good nurse will never consider herself above rendering any service in the sick-room, any more than a medical man does in times of emergency, but, from the nature of the case, her work will usually be of the higher kind.

The demand for good nurses is already so great, that the influence of this movement on the general condition of women would be immense, infinitely greater than having women doctors, who would always be few and would require wealth. Doctors, even after having passed through a long medical training, have very long to wait before their practice begins in any sense to pay, whereas nurses would very soon meet with employment. Their term of training, extending perhaps to two or three years, need not involve the expenditure of

more than two hundred pounds—probably not so much—and as soon as ever they were ready for work, they would find the work ready for them, and they would speedily be indemnified for the original outlay.

Were this scheme realised, its effects would be felt all through society ; a legitimate ambition would be open to all, for nurses might well become rich ; we should then have women drafted off from all manner of unsuitable occupations and brought to devote themselves to the one most congenial to them. Especially would the advantage be felt among educators ; some of those who now become governesses, because they know of no other means of earning a livelihood befitting their station, will gladly devote themselves to the work for which nature or home experience may have fitted them, and in it may rise to a higher rank than any to which they would have attained as teachers. The demand for good nurses is really very great already ; they now command what would by governesses be considered as good salaries, and are far oftener sought for than found.

Then, too, the general standard of nursing would be raised ; the lower class of nurses, through working under such trained superiors, would become more efficient, and would always have before them the prospect of rising.

A collateral advantage of the practice of nursing as a profession would undoubtedly be felt, in that it would develop in one typical example the relation of men and women's work to each other. Waiving the question whether woman might or might not be made capable, with man's advantages, of doing man's work, it surely will not be denied that a sphere of action would be preferable in which she would not have to compete with him, but in which her own peculiar endowments would give her a special advantage. And here is an opportunity for showing how a woman's work may complement man's in the true order of nature. Where does the character of the "help-meet" come out so strikingly as in the sick-room, where the quick eye, the soft hand, the light step, and the ready ear, second the wisdom of the physician, and execute his behests better than he himself could have imagined ?

Besides these obvious advantages, it will, no doubt, be found, in the course of their scientific training, that women discover special aptitudes for particular branches of professional knowledge and practice, and the science of medicine itself will in time be benefited by the fruitful co-operation of the two orders of workers.

It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that if this experiment of mutual help succeeds, it may stimulate attempts in other departments of labour, which have hitherto been monopolised by the stronger sex, or which have been the objects of a rivalry tending to lower both the quality and the remuneration of the work done.

CHARLOTTE HADDON.

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KARL VON MOOR.

"Quæ medicamenta non sanant, ferrum sanat; quæ ferrum non sanat, ignis sanat."—HIPPOCRATES.

"THE greatest of the poetical idealists was Schiller; he brought back the abstract ideal to the fulness of nature, as Goethe also did; but he did further what Goethe did not do—he elevated nature up to the ideal. His heroes were, in romantic poetry, what the gods of the Greek sculpture were to the Greeks—divine men, human gods."

So wrote Wolfgang Menzel, of whom it was said by one of his countrymen, "Er schreibt wie ein Britte;"* and that this eulogy upon "the purest of poets" is not unmerited, will be readily admitted when Wallenstein, Carlos, Posa, and William Tell become the objects of criticism; but perhaps the most touching, as well as the most passionate, of Schiller's creations has hardly been allowed his place among "divine men," although gifted with every noble quality of manhood in overflowing abundance.

In the character of Karl von Moor there are depths which are far from being easily sounded; and not to be thoroughly understood is, for the most part, to be summarily condemned.

Great as was the success of *The Robbers*, and although its publication produced an extraordinary sensation, not only in Germany, but in the literature of the world, grave and steady people did not like it. They imagined it to advocate revolutionary principles, and to be calculated to injure the cause of morality.

Because a few empty-headed young men, impatient of restraint, and greedy of adventures, were found attempting to ape the character of the robber-chief by imitating his excesses, it was supposed that the work would do incalculable injury to the youth of the period; and because the boundless imagination of the author was able to conceive and to paint the depths of vice and iniquity into which the noblest of mankind may fall, it was gathered that a rough and ferocious sensuality was upheld by him, against the whole fabric of narrow-minded conventionality.

In Schiller's preface to the first edition of his *Robbers* he describes his hero as "a mind for which the greatest crimes have only charms through the glory which attaches to them, the energy which their perpetration requires, and the dangers which attend them;" and in an advertisement to the play which was supposed to

* "He writes like an Englishman."

have been used as a prologue, he adds that it is "the picture of a great misguided soul, endowed with every gift of excellence, yet lost in spite of all its gifts; unbridled passions and bad companionship corrupt his heart, lead him on from crime to crime, until at last he stands at the head of a band of murderers, heaps horror upon horror, and plunges from precipice to precipice into the lowest depths of despair. Great and majestic in misfortune, by misfortune reclaimed, and led back to the paths of virtue; such a man shall you pity and hate, abhor yet love, in the Robber Moor."

In the delineation of such a character, "the unsearchable abysses of man's destiny are laid open before us, black, profound, and appalling as they seem to the young mind when it first attempts to explore them. The obstacles that thwart our faculties and wishes, the deceitfulness of hope, the nothingness of existence, are sketched in the sable colours so natural to the enthusiast when he first ventures upon life and compares the world that is without him to the anticipations that were within."

The famous soliloquy which has been so often compared to those of Cato and Hamlet, and which is perhaps a still nearer copy of the Duke's advice to Claudio in *Measure for Measure*, describes vividly the darkness and confusion of a mind which, missing the only clue to the labyrinth of this world's inequalities, becomes bewildered and almost unsettled by difficulties of its own creating. "It is all so dark," the unhappy Moor exclaims; "no clue, no guiding star!" The quenchless thirst for happiness, the haunting dream of an ideal of unattained perfection, the want of moral concord in the midst of a universe which is otherwise filled with the sweetest harmonies, assures him that there must be "something more;" and yet although almost ashamed of possessing "what none but fools would keep," the portals through which our finite nature shrinks to pass are so filled with ghosts of horror that the shipwrecked intellect falls back almost with a feeling of relief upon those evils which are known rather than encounter that terrible dread of "something after death."

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

The scenes and characters employed to paint the darker dramas of life must of necessity grate upon the ear like a series of moral discords; but in the midst of a darkness so terrible we never cease to follow the career of the Robber Chief with an almost painful intensity of interest. "An archangel, though in ruins," his lofty daring, his innate nobility and magnanimity of nature, the fire which animates his every feeling, the glow of passion which purifies and refines even the fury into which he is goaded by his miseries, we find nothing unnatural or overstrained in the love which follows him unaltered through the crimes and follies of his career; and although, like his

Amelia, we sail with him "on troubled seas," we have no feeling but that of pity for sufferings so intense, and for a fate so unutterably sad.

In the second scene of the tragedy, a tavern on the frontiers of Saxony, Karl von Moor is discovered intent upon a book. He is reading "of great men in his Plutarch."

One of the wild companions who has shared with him the follies of his university career at Leipsic, is drinking at a table beside him. It is the moment when, having thrown himself at the feet of his father, in a letter full of grief and repentance, he is expecting confidently that forgiveness which should open to him a new life.

He is thoroughly sick of "the old fooleries," and loves to picture to himself the sweetness of receiving pardon, help, and compassion from his beloved ones. The letter arrives,—he is forbidden to return in language which puts an end to all hope of forgiveness, and his agony knows no bounds.

The lawless associates who surround him seize only too readily upon the madness caused by despair, and induce him to enter into their wild scheme of forming a band of robbers, which, according to their view of the case, is calculated to "relieve rich misers of half those cares which only scare golden sleep from their eyelids, to force hoarded coin into circulation, to restore the equalisation of property—to bring back the Golden Age."

Without Moor they confess themselves to be "a body without a soul," and he consents to become their captain. "Away then," he exclaims,

"with human sympathies and pity!
I have no father more, nor loved one more;
And blood and death shall teach me to forget
That ever anything was dear!"

The lawless band of which he now becomes the chief spreads terror over the whole country. "Leagued with desperadoes, directing their savage strength to actions more and more audacious, there is still," in the words of Carlyle, "a towering grandeur about him, a whirlwind force of passion and will, which catches our hearts, and puts the scruples of criticism to silence. The strong agony with which he feels the present, the certainty of that stern future which awaits him, which his own eye never loses sight of, makes us lenient to his crimes. When he pours forth his wild recollections, or still wilder forebodings, there is a terrible vehemence in his expressions which overpowers us, in spite of both his and their extravagance."

The scene on the hills beside the Danube, when, weary and despairing, the robber chief flings himself down, and, looking at the "glorious sunset, the golden harvest, the trees bending beneath their load of fruits, the vines so full of promise," recalls the past, vainly invoking the old time—

"When he had failed to sleep"
If he had left unsaid his evening prayers,"

is peculiarly touching and tender; and nothing can be more exquisite than the soliloquy into which he falls, upon returning to the old haunts of his childhood, which are still so dear. We cannot forbear quoting the whole of it, the more especially as *The Robbers* has never been transfused into blank verse, and that the lofty tone of the tragedy naturally induces such metrical adornment:—

"All hail, earth of my fatherland! all hail,
Heaven—sunshine of my fatherland! Ye meads,
Vales, streamlets, woods! I greet ye all! How sweetly
The breeze is wafted from my native hills!
What floods of balmy perfume wander forth
To welcome the poor exile! Paradise!
Land of the poet! Hold, Moor! for thy foot
Has ventured into holy ground!

See there
Still in the old court-yard the swallow's nest,
The little garden gate; and there the meadow
Where thou as Alexander didst lead on
Thy Macedonians to Arbela's plains,
And further on, the grassy hillock, whence
Thou hurl'dst the Persian satrap, waving high;
Thy conquering banners!

In the outcast's soul
Revives the golden May of boyish years!
I was so happy then! so cloudlessly,
So wholly happy! Now there lie my hopes
In ruins round me! Here should I have stood
A great, a noble, and an honoured man.
Here have lived o'er again my happy boyhood
In my Amalia's blooming children! Here
Have been the idol of my people. This
Was by the fiends forbid! Why came I here
To suffer like the captive when the clank
Of his grim chain awaketh him from dreams
Of liberty! No, let me wander back
To wretchedness; the captive had forgotten
The light of day, but over him the dream
Of freedom flashed like lightning in the night
To leave it darker!"

The closing scene of the tragedy works out with painful distinctness the strange moral obliquity which, like some remorseless fate, pursues the unhappy Karl, rendering null and void the nobler qualities of his nature. In it both love and hate, remorse and fury, hope and despair, struggle by turns for mastery, and the soul which seems framed only to be the plaything of conflicting passions, gives up the battle at last, with the conviction that his destruction is the will of Heaven:—

"I was a fool!
To dream that I could mend the world through crime,

And minister to law with lawlessness !
I dreamed, O Providence, that I could whet
The notches of Thy sword ; could right Thy scales !
Vain trifling ! Here at last I stand among
The ruins I have made, with bitter wailing !
To Thee alone belongeth vengeance ! Thou
Needest no mortal hand ! I have no power
To call the Past back—but one thing remains
Whereby I may endeavour to atone
To the offended laws, and to restore
The order I have broken.

I remember
A poor day-labourer with whom I spoke
On my way hither, toiling for his bread.
A thousand Louis d'or is the reward
Of him who shall deliver up alive
The Robber Captain : *That man may be served."*

CECILIA E. MEETKERKE.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IX.

HANNAH's waking-up on the morning after her brother-in-law's return was one of the most painful sensations she had ever known, the more so as it was so unusual. To her healthy temperament the morning hour was generally the best of the day. Not Rosie herself, who always woke up as lively as a young linnet in a thorn-bush, enjoyed it more than Aunt Hannah did. But now things seemed changed. She had gone to bed at once, and fallen asleep immediately; for there are times when the brain, worn out by long tension, collapses the instant we lie down—Nature forcing upon it the temporary stupefaction which is its only preservative.

Now even she could not shake off weariness, nor rise as usual to look at one of those glorious winter sunrises which only active people see. She dreaded the dawn—she shrank from the sun. For he brought her her daily duties, and how she should ever fulfil them as heretofore she could not tell.

First, how should she again meet Mr. Rivers? What position should she hold towards him? Had her sister lived, he would have been to her nothing at all; regarded with the sacred indifference with which every pure-minded woman regards every other woman's husband. Now, what was he? Not her brother—except by a legal fiction, which he had himself recognised as a fiction. Not her lover; and yet when she recalled his looks and tones, and a certain indescribable agitation which had been upon him all the evening, some feminine instinct told her that, under other circumstances, he might have become her lover. Her husband he could never be; and yet she had to go on living with him in an anomalous relationship, which was a compound of all these three ties, with the difficulties of all and the comfort of none. Her friend he was; that bond seemed clear and plain; but then is it customary for a lady to go and keep the house of a male "friend," be he ever so tried and trusted? Society, to say nothing of her own feelings, would never allow it; and for once society is in the right.

Hannah felt it so—felt that, stripping off the imaginary brother-and-sister bond, Bernard and she were exactly in the position of a lady and gentleman living together in those Platonic relations, which are possible certainly, but which the wicked world never believes to

be possible, and which Nature herself rejects as being out of the ordinary course of things, and therefore very unadvisable. A life difficult enough to carry on even if the parties were calmly indifferent to one another; but what if they were not indifferent? Though he had never "made love" to her in the smallest degree, never caressed her, even in the harmless salutations which brothers and sisters-in-law so commonly indulge in, still Hannah must have been dull indeed not to have long since found out that in some way or other Bernard was very fond of her; and a young man is not usually "very fond" of a woman, not his own born sister, without, sooner or later, wishing to monopolise her, to have her all to himself—in plain terms, to marry her. And though women have much less of this exclusive feeling—though many a woman will go on innocently adoring a man for years without the slightest wish of personal appropriation—still, when somebody else appropriates him—marries him in short—and the relations are changed, and she drops into a common friend, or less than a friend, then even the noblest and most unselfish woman living will feel, for a time, a slight pang, a blank in her life, a soreness at her heart. It is Nature's revenge upon all shams, however innocent those shams may be.

And poor Hannah was reaping Nature's revenge now. Whether he did or did not love her in a brotherly way, she was cruelly conscious that to go on living with her brother-in-law as heretofore would be a very severe trial. Should she fly from it? The way was open. She could write to Lady Dunsmore, who she knew was again in search of a governess, and would gladly welcome her back. Two days, or one day even, and she might resume her old life, her old duties, and forget this year and half at Easterham as if it had never been.

For a moment the temptation was strong. She felt hunted down; like the Israelites, with the Egyptians behind and the Red Sea before, the dreadful surging sea of the future, over which there seemed no pathway, no possible way of crossing it to any safe shore. If she could but escape, with her reputation clear, out of her brother-in-law's house!—that House on the Hill which had been so pleasant, which she had tried to make a sort of home-beacon to all the parish; and now all the parish levelled at it their cruel stares, their malignant comments, for it was exposed to all. For Bernard's sake, as well as her own, she ought to save him from this—free him from her blighting presence and go.

As she lay thinking, turning over in her mind how best to accomplish this—when she should write and what she should say to Lady Dunsmore—there came the usual little knock at her door, the usual sound of tiny bare feet trotting over the carpet, and the burst of joyous child-laughter at her bedside. And when she hardly noticed it, for it pierced her like a sword, there came a loud wail. "Tannie,

take her! Take Rosie in Tannie arms." Poor Tannie sprang up, and felt that all her well-woven plans were torn down like spider-webs. To go away and leave her child! The thing was impossible.

Our lives, like the year, go through a succession of seasons, which may come early or late, but come in regular order. We do not find fruit in March or primroses in August. Thus, though Hannah's heart now, strangely stirred as it was, had a primrose breath of spring quivering through it, it was not exactly the heart of a girl. She was a woman of thirty, and though she loved—alas, she knew it now only too well!—she did not love romantically, absorbingly. Besides, coexistent with this love had come to her that other sentiment, usually of much later growth—the maternal instinct, which in her was a passion too. Bernard's one rival, and no small one, was his own little child.

As Hannah pressed Rosie to her bosom, all her vague terrors, her equally dreadful delights, faded away into quiet realities, and by the time she had had the child with her for an hour, she felt quite herself again, and was able to carry Rosie down to the Sunday breakfast-table, where the small woman had lately begun to appear, conducting herself like a little princess.

Oh, what a blessing she was! the pretty little maid! How her funny ways, her wonderful attempts at English, and her irresistible bursts of laughter, smoothed over difficulties untold, and helped them through that painful hour—those two, who stood to the little one like father and mother, and yet to one another were nothing, and never could be. This was the strange anomaly of their relationship; that while Rosie was her own flesh-and-blood, closer to her than any child not her very own could possibly be, with Rosie's father there was no tie of blood at all.

The usual Sunday morning routine went on—prayers, breakfast, after breakfast play with Rosie—yet neither Hannah nor Bernard ventured once to look at each other, lest they should betray the piteous secret, which, whether or not hers did, the deadly paleness of Bernard's features, and his nervous, excited manner, only too much revealed.

"I scarcely slept an hour," he said. "I had to sit up and write my sermon. And I found so much to do among my papers. I must never leave home again."

She was silent.

Then he asked her if she were going to church—an idle question for one who never missed church in any weather. Perhaps he did not want her to go? And she would have been angry, but for the strange compassion she always had for him—the feeling that, if any trouble came to him, she should always like to bear it herself. And now he had more to bear than she. He must go up into his pulpit and preach, conscious that all eyes were watching him, all tongues

gossiping concerning him ! For in Easterham nothing was hid ; rich and poor alike chattered of their neighbours' affairs, and James Dixon's visit to the House on the Hill, in all its particulars, was likely to be as fully known as Mr. Morecomb's interview with Lady Rivers, and its purport as regarded Hannah herself.

The Moat-House, too, must be faced, for at breakfast-time a note had come asking them to dine there, though it was Sunday, as young Mrs. Melville had come over for the day, and particularly wished to see Miss Thelluson.

"You will go ?" Bernard had said, passing the note over to her. Her first instinct had been a decided "No ;" till, looking down on the bright little face beside her, Aunt Hannah felt that, at whatever cost, she must boldly show her own—at church, at the Moat-House, anywhere and everywhere. There were just two courses open to her—to succumb to the lie, or to meet it and trample it down. So, again taking Rosie in her arms, she looked up fearlessly at Rosie's father.

"Yes, since Lady Rivers asks me, I will certainly go."

It was Hannah's custom to get ready for church quite early, that she might walk with Bernard thither—he disliked walking alone. Never was there a man who clung more affectionately to companionship, or to whom it was more necessary. But this Sunday he never summoned her, so she did not come. Indeed, she had determined not. She watched him start off alone, and then followed, going a longer way round, so that she only reached her pew when he reached his reading-desk. Then the sad tone of his voice as he read, evidently with an effort, the sentence, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," &c., went to her heart.

Were they sinners ? Was it a crime for her to look now at her dead sister's husband, her living Rosie's father, and think that his was one of the sweetest, noblest faces she had ever seen ; that had she met him by chance, and he had cared for her, she could have tended him like a mother, served him like a slave—nay, have forgotten for his sake that sacred dream of so many years, the lost love of her girlhood, and become an ordinary human wife and mother—Rosie's mother. And it would all have seemed so right and natural, and they three would have been so happy ? Could it be a sin now ? Could any possible interpretation, secular or religious, construe it into a sin ?

Poor Hannah ! Even in God's house these thoughts pursued her ; for, as before said, her only law of conduct was how things were, not in the sight of man, but of God. That love, which was either a righteous affection or a deadly sin, could she once assure herself that He did not forbid it, little she cared whether man forbade it or not. Nor, if it were holy, whether it were a happy love or not.

Thus, during her solitary walk home, and a long solitary afternoon that she spent with Rosie—earning that wonderful rest of mind and fatigue of body which the companionship of a child always brings—her

thoughts grew clearer. Rosa's very spirit, which now and then looked strangely out of her daughter's eyes, seemed to say to her that the dead view all things with larger vision than ours, that in their passing away they have left all small jealousies behind them, and remember only the good of their beloved, not themselves at all.

"Oh, Rosa, Rosa!" Hannah thought to herself, "surely you are not angry with me, not even now? I am not stepping into your place and stealing away your joys; I have only tried to fulfil your duties towards this little one and towards him. You know how helpless he is alone! And his pretty lamb—I have to take care of them both. Rosie, my darling, who could ever love you like Tannie? Yet they say it is all unnatural and wrong—that any strange woman would be a better mother to you than I! But that is false, altogether false. When your own mother comes to look at you, as she may do every night,—I would, if I were a happy ghost and God would let me, Rosie, look at her and tell her so!"

These wild and wandering thoughts, the last of which had been said out loud, must have brought a corresponding expression to Hannah's face, for the child caught it, and fixing on her aunt that deep, wise, almost supernatural gaze she sometimes had, answered deliberately, "Yes." For "No"—given with a sweet decisiveness, as if she already knew her own mind—the baby! and a gentle, satisfied "Yes" were among the earliest accomplishments of that two-year-old darling.

But when Rosie was put to bed, and left wide awake in her little crib, fearless of darkness or anything under Tannie's "lots of tisses," left to curl round and fall asleep in the blessed peace of infancy, innocent of all earthly cares—then this world's bitterness darkened down again upon poor Aunt Hannah. She went to dress for the Moat-House dinner, and prepare to join the family circle, where she, always an uncomfortable excrescence, was now regarded—how and in what light did they regard her? Hannah could not tell; she was going there in order to find out.

Of one thing she was sure, the invitation was not given out of pure kindness. Kindness was not the habit of the Rivers family; they generally had a purpose in all they did. More than once lately, Lady Rivers had told her, in as plain terms as so polite a person could, that she—Hannah—stood in the way of her brother-in-law's marriage; that his family wished him married, and she ought to aid them in every possible way towards that desirable end. Could there be a plan formed for lecturing her on this point?

But no. Bernard would never have allowed it. And if he had, Hannah would not have turned back; she had always faced her fate, this solitary woman, and as she now walked alone in the early winter darkness through Easterham village, she braced up her courage and faced it still.

Externally, there seemed nothing to face; only a bright, pleasant drawing-room, and a circle of charming, well-dressed women; whose conversation suddenly paused at her entrance, as if they had been talking her over, feminine fashion, which no doubt they had. Hannah was sure of it. She knew the way they used to talk over other people—the Melville family above all, till Adeline belonged to it—with that sweet acerbity and smooth maliciousness which only women understand. A man's weapons smite keen, but they generally smite straight forwards. Women only give the underhand thrusts, of which Hannah that night had not a few.

"What a long, dark walk, Miss Thelluson; only you never mind dark walks. Were you really quite alone? And what has become of Bernard? for you generally know all his proceedings. We thought him looking so well—so much the better for going from home. But what can he have done with himself since church-time? Are you quite sure that——"

The question was stopped by Bernard's entrance—ten minutes after the dinner hour, of which Sir 'Austin bitterly complained to his son; and then offered his arm to Hannah, who stood silent and painfully conscious, under the battery of four pairs of feminine family eyes.

"I have been home to fetch Miss Thelluson," said Bernard. "Hannah, you should not have walked here alone."

And he would have taken a seat beside her, but Lady Rivers signed for Bertha to occupy it. Fenced in by a sister on each side, he had not a chance of a word with Hannah all dinner-time.

It was the same thing afterwards. Miss Thelluson would have been amused, if she had not been a little vexed and annoyed, to see herself thus protected, like an heiress in her teens, from every approach of the obnoxious party. Mother and daughters mounted guard successively, keeping her always engaged in conversation, and subjecting Bernard to a sort of affectionate imprisonment, whence, once or twice, he vainly tried to escape. She saw it, for somehow, without intending it, she always saw him everywhere, and was conscious that he saw her, and listened to every word she was saying. Yet she made no effort to get near him, not even when she noticed him surreptitiously take out his watch and look at it wearily, as if entreating "Do let us go home." Every simple word and act of a month ago had a meaning, a dreadful meaning, now.

Hannah was not exactly a proud woman, but she had a quiet dignity of her own, and it was sorely tried this night. Twenty times she would have started up from the smooth, polite circle, feeling that she could support it no longer, save for Bernard's sad, appealing face and his never-ending endurance. But then they loved him in their own way, and they were his "people," and he bore from them what he would never have borne from strangers. So must she.

So she took refuge beside Adeline's sofa. Young Mrs. Melville had never been well since her marriage; they said the low situation of Melville Grange did not agree with her. And ill-health being quite at a discount among the Rivers girls, who were as strong as elephants, Adeline lay rather neglected, watching her husband laughing and talking with her sisters—flirting with them, people might have said, almost as much as before he was married; only, being a brother now, of course it did not matter. Nevertheless, there was at times a slight contraction of the young wife's brow, as if she did not altogether like it. But she laughed it off at once.

"Herbert is so merry, and so fond of coming here. Our girls amuse him much more than his own sisters, he says. Just listen how they are all laughing together now."

"It is good to laugh," said Hannah quietly.

"Oh; yes; I am glad they enjoy themselves," returned Adeline, and changed the conversation; but through it all, the pale, vexed face, the anxious eyes, heavy with an unspoken anger, an annoyance that could not be complained of, struck Hannah with pity. Here, she thought, was a false position too.

At nine the butler came in, announcing formally, "Miss Thelluson's servant."

"It is Grace. I told her to call for me on her way from chapel. I wished to go home early."

"And without Bernard? I understand. Very right; very nice," whispered Lady Rivers, in a tone of such patronising approval, that Hannah repented herself of having thus planned, and was half inclined to call Mr. Rivers out of the dining-room, and tell him she was going. But she did not. She only rose, and bade them all good-night. Not one rough word had broken the smooth surface of polite conversation; yet she was fully aware that, though with that convenient plaistering over of sore or ugly places peculiar to the Rivers family, they said nothing, they all knew well, and knew that she knew they knew, why she was going, and the instant her back was turned would talk her over to their hearts' content. Yet she walked out of the room slowly, calmly, with that dignified, ladylike presence she had, almost better than beauty. Yes, even though she saw Lady Rivers rise to accompany her up-stairs—a piece of condescension so great that there was surely some purpose in it. Lady Rivers seldom took trouble without a purpose.

Yet for a moment she hesitated, sat pulling her rings off and on, and eyeing with her critical woman-of-the-world gaze this other woman, who fulfilled the apostolic law of being in the world, not of it. The long strain of the evening had worn Hannah out, and she was in doubt whether Bernard would like her stealing off thus—whether, since Lady Rivers thought it "wise," it really was not most unwise thus to condense the cloudy scandal into shape by paying it the

respect of acceptance. As she tied her bonnet, her hands trembled a little.

"Are you ready? Then, Miss Thelluson, may I say just one word before you go? As a married lady and the mother of a family, speaking to a young—no, not exactly a young, but an unmarried—person, may I ask, is it true what I hear, that you have had a definite offer of marriage from Mr. Morecomb?"

Hannah started indignantly, and then composed herself.

"I do not quite see that the matter concerns anyone but myself and Mr. Morecomb. But since you have heard this, I conclude he has told you. Yes, it is true."

"And what answer did you give? You may as well tell me: for he will; he is coming here to-morrow."

Hannah waited a moment. "I have given the only answer I could give—No."

Lady Rivers sprang from her chair. "Good heavens! Are you mad? My dear Miss Thelluson, I beg your pardon; but really—to refuse such an offer! If Mr. Morecomb had come and asked me for one of my own daughters, I would at least have considered the matter. To one in your position, and under present circumstances——"

"Excuse me, Lady Rivers; but I am myself the best judge of my own position and circumstances."

"So gentlemanly of him, too—so honourable—when he knew, as everybody knows, the way you are being talked about!"

"He did know, then—" and Hannah checked herself. "Will you oblige me by telling me what he knew? How am I being talked about?" And she turned her face, white as that of a traveller who walks up to face a supposed ghost by a churchyard wall; shuddering but still facing it. It may be only a dead tree after all.

"I am very sorry," said Lady Rivers; and no doubt she was, for she disliked saying unpleasant things, except in a covert way. "It is a most awkward matter to speak about, and I have kept it from the girls as long as possible; but people say in Easterham that it was not for nothing you took part with that unfortunate Grace—Dixon I can't call her, as she has no right to the name. In fact, I have heard it suggested plainly enough that the reason of Bernard's not marrying is because, were it not for the law, he would like to marry you."

Hannah stood silent. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still too.

"We do not believe it, of course. Neither does Mr. Morecomb. Still it is generally believed at Easterham,—and worse things, too."

"What worse things? Tell me. I insist upon hearing."

Hannah spoke, as she had listened, with a desperate calmness; for she felt that at all costs she must get to the bottom of the scandal—must know exactly how much she had to fight against, and whom.

"Miss Thelluson, you are the very oddest person I ever knew. Well, they say that—that— Excuse me, but I really don't know how to tell you."

"Then I will tell you ; for I heard James Dixon say it, and before my own servants—as of course you know ; everybody knows everything in Easterham. They say, these wicked neighbours, that I, a woman not young, not pretty, not attractive in any way, with her dead sister's memory yet fresh in her heart, and her dead sister's child in her arms, am living in unlawful relations with that sister's husband. Lady Rivers, I do not wonder that you shrink from repeating such an atrocious lie."

The other was a little confounded. She had been so very patronising, so condescendingly kind in her manner, to this poor Miss Thelluson, who now stood and looked at her face to face, as much a lady as herself, and ten times more of a woman. Nay, the fire in the grey eyes, the dignity of the figure, made Hannah for the moment even a handsome woman, handsome enough to be admired by many a man.

"Pray don't talk of lies, Miss Thelluson. We object to such an ugly word out of the schoolroom—where, however, your experience must chiefly have lain. This is what made me resolve to speak to you. You cannot be expected to know the world, nor how important it is for Bernard, as a gentleman and a clergyman, that this gossip should be stopped at once. Of course, I only refer to the nonsense about his wishing to marry you. For the rest, his own character—the character of the family—is enough denial. Still, the thing is unpleasant, very unpleasant, and I don't wonder that Bernard feels it acutely."

Hannah started. "Does he ? Did he tell you so ?"

"Not exactly ; he is a very reserved person, as we all know ; but he looks thoroughly wretched. We, his family, see that, though you, a stranger, may not. The fact is, he has placed himself, quite against our advice, in a most difficult and painful position, and does not know how to get out of it. You ought to help him ; as, most providentially, you have now the means of doing."

Hannah looked up. She was being pricked to death with needles ; but still she looked firmly in the face of her adversary, and asked, "How ?"

"Do you not see, my dear Miss Thelluson, that every bit of gossip and scandal would necessarily die out, if you married Mr. Morecomb ?"

Hannah was but human. For a moment the thought of escape—of flying out of this maze of misery into a quiet home, where a good man's love would at least be hers—presented itself to her mind, tempting her, as many another woman has been tempted, into marriage without love. But immediately her honest soul recoiled.

"Lady Rivers, I would do a great deal for my brother-in-law, who has been very kind to me ; but not even for his sake—since you put it so—can I marry Mr. Morecomb. And now"—turning round with

sudden heat—"since you have said all you wanted to say, and I have answered it, will you let me go home?"

Home! As she uttered the word, ending thus the conversation as quietly, to all appearance, as it had begun—though she knew it had been all a planned attack, and that the ladies down-stairs were all waiting eagerly to hear the result of it—as she spoke of home, Hannah felt what a farce it was. Had it been a real brother's home, there at least was external protection. So likewise was there in that other home, which, when she had saved enough, she had one day meant to have—some tiny cottage, where by her own conduct a single woman can always protect herself, keep up her own dignity, and carry out, if ever so humbly, her own independent life. Now, this was lost and the other not gained. As she walked on towards the House on the Hill—that cruel "home" where she and Bernard must live henceforward, as if in a house of glass, exposed to every malicious eye, Hannah felt that somehow or other she had made a terrible mistake. Almost as great a one as that of the poor girl who walked silently by her side, asking no questions—Grace never did ask any—but simply following her mistress with tender, observant, unceasing care.

"Don't let us go through the village," whispered she. "I'll take you round a nearer way, where there are not half so many folk about."

"Very well, Grace; only let us get home quickly. You are not afraid of meeting anybody?"

For Jem Dixon was still at Easterham, she knew, though nothing had been seen of him since that night.

"No, no," sighed Grace; "nobody will trouble me. The master frightened him, I think. My sister told me the master did really speak to the police about him in case he should trouble us while he was away. Look, Miss Thelluson, there he is."

Not Jem Dixon, but Mr. Rivers; yet Hannah instinctively shrank back under the shadow of a high wall, and let him pass her by. She made no explanation to her servant for this; what could she say? And Grace seemed to guess it all without her telling.

It was a bitter humiliation, to say nothing of the pain. As she bade Grace keep close to her, while they hurried along, by narrow alleys and cross cuts, the thought of that happy walk home under the stars, scarcely a fortnight ago, came back to Hannah's mind. Alas! such could never be again. Their halcyon days were done. In her imaginary wickedness, her sinless shame, she almost felt as if she could understand the agony of a real sin—of a woman who loves some other woman's husband, or some man besides her own husband—any of those dreadful stories which she had heard of afar off, but had never seemed to realise. Once, no power of will could put her in the place of these miserable sinners. Now, perhaps, she was as miserable a sinner as any one of them all.

When reaching the gate she saw Mr. Rivers standing there waiting.

She drew back as if it were really so—as if it were a sin for him to be watching for her, as he evidently was, with the kindly tenderness of old.

“Hannah, how could you think of starting off alone? You make me miserable by such vagaries.”

He spoke angrily—that fond anger which betrays so much; and when he found he had betrayed it to more than herself, he, too, started.

“I did not know Grace was with you; that alters the case a little. Grace, take Miss Thelluson’s wet cloak off, and tell the servants to come at once to prayers.”

He was wise and kind. Hannah recognised that; in spite of the bitter feeling that it should be necessary for him to be wise and kind. She came into his study after all the servants were assembled there; and as she knelt near him, listening to the short service customary on Sunday nights, her spirit grew calmer. No one could hear Bernard Rivers, either in his pulpit, as that morning, or among his little household congregation, as now, without an instinctive certainty that he was one of the “pure in heart,” who are for ever “blessed.”

The servants gone, he and she stood by the fire alone. There was a strange look upon both their faces, as if of a storm past or a storm brooding. Since this time last night, when, after her sore confession was wrung from her, Hannah had tottered away out of the room, she and her brother-in-law had never been one minute alone together, nor had exchanged any but the briefest and most commonplace words. They did not now. They just stood one on either side the fire—so near yet so apart.

A couple that any outside observer would have judged well suited. Both in the prime of life; yet, though he was a little the younger, he did not seem so, more especially of late, since he had grown so worn and anxious looking. Both pleasant to behold, though he had more of actual physical beauty than she; but Hannah had a spiritual charm about her such as few handsome women possess. And both were at that season of life when, though boy and girl fancies are over, the calm, deep love of mature years is at its meridian, and a passion conceived then usually lasts for life. And these two, with every compulsion to love, from within and without, pressing hard upon them—respect, tenderness, habit, familiarity—with no law, natural or divine, forbidding that love, in case it should arise between them, had to stand there, man and woman, brother and sister so-called, and ignore and suppress it all.

That there was something to be suppressed showed plainly enough. In neither was the free-hearted unconsciousness which, when an accusation is wholly untrue, laughs at it and passes it by. Neither looked towards the other; they stood both gazing wistfully into the fire, until the silence became intolerable. Then Hannah, but without extending her hand as usual, bade him “Good-night.”

"Good-night? Why so?"

"I am going up-stairs to look at Rosie."

"I believe if the world were coming to an end in half-an-hour, you would still be 'going up-stairs to look at Rosie.'"

That excessive irritability which always came when he was mentally disturbed, and had been heavy upon him in the early time of his sorrow, seemed revived again. He could not help it; and then he was so mournfully contrite for it.

"Oh, forgive me, Hannah! I am growing a perfect bear to you. Come down-stairs again and talk to me. For we must speak out. We cannot go on like this; it will drive me wild. We must come to some conclusion or other. Make haste back, and we will speak together, just as friends, and decide what it shall be."

Alas! what could it be? Every side she looked, Hannah saw no path out of the maze. Not even when, seeing that Grace sat reading her Bible by the nursery fire—Grace was a gentle, earnest Methodist, very religious in her own fashion—she sat down beside *her* living Bible, her visible revelation of Him who was once, like Rosie, a Christmas child, and tried to think the matter quietly out, to prepare herself humbly for being led, not in her own way, but in God's way. The more, as it was not her own happiness she sought, but that of those two committed to her charge in so strange a manner—the man being almost as helpless and as dependent upon her as the child. For she had not lived with Bernard thus long without discovering all his weaknesses; which were the very points upon which she knew herself most strong. When he called, as he did twenty times a day, "Hannah, help me!" she was fully conscious that she did and could help him better than any one else. Did she like him the less for this? Most women—especially those who have the motherly instinct strongly developed—will find no difficulty in answering the question.

How peaceful the nursery was—so warm, and safe, and still. Not a sound but the clock ticking on the chimney-piece, and the wind murmuring outside, and the soft breathing out of that darkened corner, where, snuggled down under the bed-clothes, with the round little head and its circle of bright hair just peeping above, "Tannie's wee dormouse," as she sometimes called her, slept her sound, innocent sleep.

Aunt Hannah bent over her darling with a wild constriction of the heart. What if the "conclusion" to which Mr. Rivers said they must come to-night implied her going away—leaving Rosie behind? The thought was too much to bear.

"I will not—I will not! God gave me the child, God only shall take her from me!"

And rushing to her own room, she vainly tried to compose herself, before appearing in Rosie's father's sight. In vain. His quick eye detected at once that she had been crying; he said so, and then her tears burst out afresh.

"I am so miserable—so miserable! Don't send me away—don't take Rosie from me. I can bear anything but that. It would break my heart if I had to part from my child!"

He answered calmly—was it also a little coldly?—

"Don't distress yourself, Hannah; I had no thought of taking Rosie from you. I promised you she should be all your own, and I mean to keep my word."

"Thank you."

She dried her tears, though she was, indeed, strangely excited still; and they sat down for that serious talk together, which was to have—who knew what end?

The beginning was not easy, though Bernard did begin at once.

"I shall not detain you long, though it is still early. But I must have a few words with you. First, to apologise for a question I put to you last night, which I now feel was intrusive and wrong."

Which question—that about Mr. Morecomb or the final one, which she had answered with such sore truthfulness—he did not say, and she did not inquire.

Bernard continued—

"Let us put that matter aside, and speak only of our own present affairs. I want you to give me your advice on a point in which a woman is a better judge than any man; especially as it concerns a woman."

A woman? Hannah leaped at once to the heart of the mystery, if mystery it were. Her only course was to solve it without delay.

"Is it your possible marriage?"

"It is. Not my love, understand; only my marriage."

They were silent—he watching her keenly. Hannah felt it, and set her face like a stone. She seemed, indeed, growing into stone.

"My family—as they may have told you, for they tell it to all Easterham—are most anxious I should marry. They have even been so kind as to name to me the lady, whom, as we both know her, I will not name, except to say that she is very young, very pretty, very rich; fulfils all conditions they desire for me, not one of which I desire for myself. Also, they tell me—though I scarcely believe this—that if I asked her, she would not refuse me."

"You have not asked her then?"

"If I had, there would be little need for the questions I wished to put to you. First, what is your feeling about second marriages?"

"I thought you knew it. I must surely have said it to you some time?"

"You never have; say it, then."

Why should she not? Nothing tied her tongue now. The end she had once hoped for, then doubted, then feared, was evidently at hand. He was after all going to marry. In a totally unexpected way, her path was being made plain.

Hannah was not a girl, and her self-control was great. Besides,

she had suffered so much of late, that even the very fact of an end to the suffering was relief. So she spoke out as if she were not herself, but somebody else, standing quite apart from poor Hannah Thelluson—to whom it had been the will of God that no love-bliss should ever come.

"I think, with women, second marriages are a doubtful good. If the first one has been happy, we desire no other—we can cherish a memory and sit beside a grave to the last; if unhappy, we dread renewing our unhappiness. Besides, children so fill up a woman's heart, that the idea of giving her little ones a second father would be to most women very painful, nay, intolerable. But with men it is quite different. I have said to Lady Rivers many a time, that from the first day I came it was my most earnest wish you should find some suitable wife, marry her, and be happy—as happy as you were with my sister."

"Thank you."

That dreadful formality of his—formality and bitterness combined! And Hannah knew his manner so well; knew every change in his face—a very tell-tale face; Bernard was none of your reserved heroes who are always "wearing a mask." Her heart yearned over him. Alas! she had spoken truly when she said it was not buried in Arthur's grave. It was quick and living—full of all human affections and human longings still.

"Then, sister Hannah, I have your full consent to my marriage? A mere *mariage de convenance*, as I told you. Not like my first one—ah, my poor Rosa, *she* loved me! No woman will ever love me so well."

Hannah was silent.

"Do you think it would be a wrong to Rosa, my marrying again?"

"Not if you loved again. Men do."

"And not women? Did you mean that?"

"I hardly know what I mean, or what I say," cried Hannah piteously. "It is all so strange, so bewildering. Tell me exactly how the thing stands in plain words, and let me go."

"I will let you go; I will trouble you no more about myself or my affairs. You do not care for me, Hannah, you only care for the child. But that is natural—quite natural. I was a fool to expect any more."

Strange words for a man to say to a woman, under any other feeling than one. Hannah began to tremble violently.

"What could you expect more?" she faltered. "Have I not done my duty to you—my sisterly duty?"

"We are *not* brother and sister, and we lie—we lie to our own souls—in calling ourselves so."

He spoke passionately; he seized her hand, then begged her pardon; suddenly went back to his own place, and continued the conversation.

"We are neither of us young, Hannah—not boy and girl anyhow—

and we have been close friends for a long time. Let us speak openly together, just as if we were two departed souls looking out of Paradise at ourselves, our old selves—as our Rosa may be looking now.”

Our Rosa! It went to Hannah's heart. The tenderness of the man, the unforgetfulness! Ah, if men knew how women prize a man who does not forget! “Yes,” she repeated softly, “our Rosa.”

“Oh, that it were she who was judging us, not these!”

“Not who?”

“The Moat-House—the village—everybody. It is vain for us to shut our eyes, or our lips either. Hannah, this is a cruel crisis for you and me. People are talking of us on every hand; taking away our good name even. James Dixon's is not the only wicked tongue in the world. It is terrible, is it not?”

“No,” she said, after a moment's hesitation. “At least, not so terrible but that I can bear it.”

“Can you? Then I ought too. And yet I feel so weak. You have no idea what I have suffered of late. Within and without, nothing but suffering; till I have thought the only thing to do was to obey my family's wish, and marry. But whether I marry or not, the thing seems plain—we cannot go on living as we have done. For your sake as well as my own—for they tell me I am compromising you cruelly—we must make some change. Oh, Hannah! what have I said, what have I done?”

For she had risen up, the drooping softness of her attitude and face quite gone.

“I understand you. You need not explain further. You wish me to leave you. So I will; to-morrow if you choose; only I must take the child with me. I will have the child!” she continued in a low desperate voice. “Do what you like, marry whom you like, but the child is mine. Her own father shall not take her from me.”

“He has no wish. Her unfortunate father!”

And never since his first days of desolation had Hannah seen on Bernard's countenance such an expression of utter despair.

“You shall settle it all,” he said, “you who are so prudent, and wise, and calm. Think for me, and decide.”

“What am I to think or decide?” And Hannah vainly struggled after the calmness he imputed to her. “How can I put myself in your place, and know what you would wish?”

“What I would wish! Oh, Hannah! is it possible you do not guess?”

She must have been deaf and blind not to have guessed. Dumb she was—dumb as death—while Bernard went on, speaking with excited rapidity.

“When a man's wish is as hopeless and unattainable as a child's for the moon, he had better not utter it. I have long thought this. I think so still. Happy in this world I can never be; but what

would make me least unhappy would be to go on living as we do, you and Rosie and I, if such a thing were possible."

"Is it impossible?" For with this dumbness of death had come over Hannah also the peace of death—as if the struggle of living were over, and she had passed into another world. She knew Bernard loved her, though they could never be married, no more than the angels. Still, he loved her. She was content. "Is it impossible?" she repeated, in her grave, tender, soothing voice. "Evil tongues would die out in time—the innocent are always stronger than the wicked. And our great safeguard against them is such a life as yours has been. You can have almost no enemies."

"Ah!" replied he mournfully, "but in this case a man's foes are they of his own household. My people—there is no fighting against them. What do you think—I am talking to you, Hannah, as if you were not yourself, but some other person—what do you think my stepmother said to me to-night? That unless you married Mr. Morecomb, or I Ellen Melville (there, her name is 'out, but no matter)—unless either of these two things happened, or I did the other wicked, heart-breaking thing of turning you out of my doors, she would never admit you again into hers. That, in fact, to-night is the last time you will be received at the Moat-House."

Hannah's pride rose. "So be it. I am not aware that that would be such a terrible misfortune."

"You unworldly woman, you do not know! Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Hannah; I am forgetting all you must feel. I am speaking to you as if you were my conscience—my very own soul—which you are."

The love that glowed in his eyes, the emotion that trembled in his voice! Hannah was not a young woman, nor, naturally, a passionate woman, but she would have been a stone not to be moved now. She sat down, hiding her face in her hands.

"Oh, it is hard, hard!" she sobbed. "When we might have been so happy—we and our child!"

Bernard left his seat, and came closer to hers. His breath was loud and fast, and his hands as he took Hannah's—grasping them so tight that she could not unloose them, though she faintly tried—were shaking much.

"Tell me—I never believed it possible till now, I thought you so calm and cold, and you knew all my faults, and I have been harsh to you often—only too often!—but, Hannah, if such a thing could be, if the law allowed it—man's law, for God's is on our side—if we could have been married, would you have married me?"

"Yes," she answered, putting both her hands on his shoulders, and looking at him with a sad solemnity, as of those who take farewell for life; "yes, I would!"

Then, before he had time to answer, Hannah was gone.

SAINT PAULS.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ALEX FORBES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY OSBORNE.

ALL this time the acquaintance between Mary Osborne and myself had not improved. Save as the sister of my friend I had not, I repeat, found her interesting. She did not seem at all to fulfil the promise of her childhood. Hardly once did she address me; and, when I spoke to her, would reply with a simple, dull directness, which indicated nothing beyond the fact of the passing occasion. Rightly or wrongly, I concluded that the more indulgence she cherished for Charley, the less she felt for his friend—that to him she attributed the endlessly sad declension of her darling brother. Once on her face I surprised a look of unutterable sorrow resting on Charley's; but the moment she saw that I observed her, the look died out, and her face stiffened into its usual dullness and negation. On me, she turned only the unenlightened disc of her soul. Mrs. Osborne, whom I seldom saw, behaved with much more kindness, though hardly more cordiality. It was only that she allowed her bright indulgence for Charley to cast the shadow of his image over the faults of his friend; and except by the sadness that dwelt in every line of her sweet face, she did not attract me. I was ever aware of an inward judgment which I did not believe I deserved, and I would turn from her look with a sense of injury which greater love would have changed into keen pain.

Once, however, I did meet a look of sympathy from Mary. On the second Monday of the fortnight I was more anxious than ever to reach the end of my labours, and was in the court, accompanied

by Charley, as early as eight o'clock. From the hall a dark passage led past the door of the dining-room to the garden. Through the dark tube of the passage, we saw the bright green of a lovely bit of sward, and upon it Mary and Clara radiant in white morning dresses. We joined them.

"Here come the slave-drivers!" remarked Clara.

"Already!" said Mary, in a low voice, which I thought had a tinge of dismay in its tone.

"Never mind, Polly," said her companion—"we're not going to bow to their will and pleasure. We'll have our walk in spite of them."

As she spoke she threw a glance at us which seemed to say—"You may come if you like;" then turned to Mary with another which said: "We shall see whether they prefer old books or young ladies."

Charley looked at me—interrogatively.

"Do as you like, Charley," I said.

"I will do as you do," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I have no right——"

"Oh, bother!" said Clara—"You're so magnificent always with your rights and wrongs! Are you coming, or are you not?"

"Yes, I'm coming," I replied, convicted by Clara's directness, for I was quite ready to go.

We crossed the court, and strolled through the park, which was of great extent, in the direction of a thick wood, covering a rise towards the east. The morning air was perfectly still; there was a little dew on the grass, which shone rather than sparkled; the sun was burning through a light fog, which grew deeper as we approached the wood; the decaying leaves filled the air with their sweet, mournful scent. Through the wood went a wide opening or glade, stretching straight and far towards the east, and along this we walked, with that exhilaration which the fading autumn so strangely bestows. For some distance the ground ascended softly, but the view was finally closed in by a more abrupt swell, over the brow of which the mist hung in dazzling brightness.

Notwithstanding the gaiety of animal spirits produced by the season, I felt unusually depressed that morning. Already, I believe, I was beginning to feel the home-born sadness of the soul whose wings are weary and whose foot can find no firm soil on which to rest. Sometimes I think the wonder is that so many men are never sad. I doubt if Charley would have suffered so but for the wrongs his father's selfish religion had done him; which perhaps were therefore so far well, inasmuch as otherwise he might not have cared enough about religion even to doubt concerning it. But in my case now, it may have been only the unsatisfying presence of Clara, haunted by a dim regret that I could not love her more than I did. For with regard to her, my soul was like one who in a dream of

delight sees outspread before him a wide river, wherein he makes haste to plunge that he may disport himself in the fine element; but, wading eagerly, alas! finds not a single pool deeper than his knees.

"What's the matter with you, Wilfrid?" said Charley, who, in the midst of some gay talk, suddenly perceived my silence.—"You seem to lose all your spirits away from your precious library. I do believe you grudge every moment not spent upon those ragged old books."

"I wasn't thinking of that, Charley; I was wondering what lies beyond that mist."

"I see!—A chapter of the Pilgrim's Progress! Here we are—Mary, you're Christiana, and, Clara, you're Mercy. Wilfrid you're—what?—I should have said Hopeful any other day, but this morning you look like—let me see—like Mr. Ready-to-Halt. The celestial city lies behind that fog—doesn't it Christiana?"

"I don't like to hear you talk so, Charley," said his sister, smiling in his face.

"They ain't in the Bible," he returned.

"No—and I shouldn't mind if you were only merry, but you know you are scoffing at the story, and I love it—so I can't be pleased to hear you."

"I beg your pardon, Mary—but your celestial city lies behind such a fog, that not one crystal turret, one pearly gate of it was ever seen. At least we have never caught a glimmer of it; and must go tramp, tramp—we don't know whither, any more than the blind puppy that has crawled too far from his mother's side."

"I do see the light of it, Charley dear," said Mary sadly—not as if the light were any great comfort to her at the moment.

"If you do see something—how can you tell what it's the light of? It may come from the city of Dis, for anything you know."

"I don't know what that is."

"Oh! the red-hot city—down below. You will find all about it in Dante."

"It doesn't look like that—the light I see," said Mary quietly.

"How very ill-bred you are—to say such wicked things, Charley!" said Clara.

"Am I? They *are* better unmentioned. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! Only don't allude to the unpleasant subject."

He burst out singing: the verses were poor, but I will give them.

"Let the sun shimmer!

Let the wind blow!

All is a notion—

What do we know?

Let the moon glimmer!

Let the stream flow!

All is but motion

To and fro!

Let the rose wither!

Let the stars glow!

Let the rain batter—

Drift sleet and snow!

Bring the tears hither!

Let the smiles go!

What does it matter?

To and fro!

To and fro ever,
Motion and show!
Nothing goes onward—
Hurry or no!
All is one river—
Seaward, and so
Up again sunward—
To and fro!

Pendulum sweeping
High, and now low!
That star—*tic*, blot it!
Tac, let it go!
Time he is reaping
Hay for his mow;
That flower—he's got it!
To and fro!

Such a scythe swinging,
Mighty and slow!
Ripping and alaying—
Hey nonny no!
Black Ribs is singing—
Chorus—Hey, ho!
What is he saying—
To and fro?

Singing and saying
'Grass is hay—ho!
Love is a longing;
Water is snow.'
Swinging and swaying,
Toll the bells go!
Dinging and donging
To and fro!"

"Oh Charley!" said his sister, with suppressed agony, "what a wicked song!"

"It is a wicked song," I said. "But I meant—it only represents an unbelieving, hopeless mood."

"You wrote it then!" she said, giving me—as it seemed, involuntarily—a look of reproach.

"Yes, I did; but——"

"Then I think you are very horrid," said Clara, interrupting.

"Charley!" I said, "you must not leave your sister to think so badly of me! You know why I wrote it—and what I meant."

"I wish I had written it myself," he returned. "I think it splendid. Anybody might envy you that song."

"But you know I didn't mean it for a true one."

"Who knows whether it is true or false?"

"I know," said Mary: "I know it is false."

"And I hope it," I adjoined.

"Whatever put such horrid things in your head, Wilfrid?" asked Clara.

"Probably the fear lest they should be true. The verses came as I sat in a country church once, not long ago."

"In a church!" exclaimed Mary.

"Oh! he does go to church sometimes," said Charley with a laugh.

"How could you think of it in church?" persisted Mary.

"It's more like the churchyard," said Clara.

"It was in an old church in a certain desolate sea-forsaken town," I said. "The pendulum of the clock—a huge, long, heavy, slow thing, hangs far down into the church, and goes swing, swang over your head, three or four seconds to every swing. When you have heard the *tic*, your heart grows faint every time between—waiting for the *tac*, which seems as if it would never come."

We were ascending the acclivity, and no one spoke again before we reached the top. There a wide landscape lay stretched before us. The mist was rapidly melting away before the gathering strength of the sun: as we stood and gazed we could see it vanishing. By slow degrees the colours of the autumn woods dawned out of it. Close under us lay a great wave of gorgeous red—beeches I think—in the midst of which, here and there, stood up, tall and straight and dark, the unchanging green of a fir-tree. The glow of a hectic death was over the landscape, melting away into the misty fringe of the far horizon. Overhead the sky was blue with a clear thin blue that told of withdrawing suns and coming frosts.

"For my part," I said, "I cannot believe that beyond this loveliness there lies no greater. Who knows, Charley, but death may be the first recognizable step of the progress of which you despair?"

It was then I caught the look from Mary's eye, for the sake of which I have recorded the little incidents of the morning. But the same moment the look faded, and the veil or the mask fell over her face.

"I am afraid," she said, "if there has been no progress before, there will be little indeed after."

Now of all things, I hated the dogmatic theology of the party in which she had been brought up, and I turned from her with silent dislike.

"Really," said Clara, "you gentlemen have been very entertaining this morning. One would think Polly and I had come out for a stroll with a couple of undertaker's-men. There's surely time enough to think of such things yet! None of us are at death's door exactly."

"Sweet remembrancer!—Who knows?" said Charley.

"Now I, to comfort him," I followed, quoting Mrs. Quickly concerning Sir John Falstaff, "'bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.'"

"I beg your pardon," said Mary—"there was no word of Him in the matter."

"I see," said Clara: "you meant that at me, Wilfrid. But I assure you I am no heathen. I go to church regularly—once a Sunday when I can, and twice when I can't help it. That's more than you do, Mr. Cumbermede, I suspect."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"I can't imagine you enjoying anything but the burial service."

"It is to my mind the most consoling of them all," I answered.

"Well, I haven't reached the point of wanting that consolation yet, thank heaven."

"Perhaps some of us would rather have the consolation than give thanks that we didn't need it," I said.

"I can't say I understand you, but I know you mean something disagreeable. Polly, I think we had better go home to breakfast."

Mary turned, and we all followed. Little was said on the way home. We divided in the hall—the ladies to breakfast, and we to our work.

We had not spoken for an hour, when Charley broke the silence.

"What a brute I am, Wilfrid!" he said. "Why shouldn't I be as good as Jesus Christ? It seems always as if a man might. But just look at me! Because I was miserable myself, I went and made my poor little sister twice as miserable as she was before. She'll never get over what I said this morning."

"It was foolish of you, Charley."

"It was brutal. I am the most selfish creature in the world—always taken up with myself. I do believe there is a devil, after all. *I am a devil*. And the universal self is *the* devil. If there were such a thing as a self always giving itself away—that self would be God."

"Something very like the God of Christianity, I think."

"If it were so, there would be a chance for us. We might then one day give the finishing blow to the devil in us. But no: *he* does all for his own glory."

"It depends on what his glory is. If what the self-seeking self would call glory, then I agree with you—that is not the God we need. But if his glory should be just the opposite—the perfect giving of himself away—then——. Of course I know nothing about it. My uncle used to say things like that."

He did not reply, and we went on with our work. Neither of the ladies came near us again that day.

Before the end of the week, the library was in tolerable order to the eye, though it could not be perfectly arranged until the commencement of a catalogue should be as the dawn of a consciousness in the half-restored mass.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A STORM.

So many books of rarity and value had revealed themselves, that it was not difficult to make Sir Giles comprehend in some degree the importance of such a possession: he had grown more and more interested as the work went on; and even Lady Brotherton, although she much desired to have at least the oldest and most valuable of the books rebound in red morocco first, was so far satisfied with what she was told concerning the worth of the library, that she determined to invite some of the neighbours to dinner, for the sake of showing it. The main access to it was to be by the armoury; and she had that side of

the gallery round the hall which led thither, covered with a thick carpet.

Meantime Charley had looked over all the papers in my chest, but, beyond what I have already stated, no fact of special interest had been brought to light.

In sending an invitation to Charley, Lady Brotherton could hardly avoid sending me one as well: I doubt whether I should otherwise have been allowed to enjoy the admiration bestowed on the result of my labours.

The dinner was formal and dreary enough: the geniality of one of the heads of a household is seldom sufficient to give character to an entertainment.

"They tell me you are a buyer of books, Mr. Alderforge," said Mr. Mollet to the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, as we sat over our wine.

"Quite a mistake," returned Mr. Alderforge. "I am a reader of books."

"That of course! But you buy them first—don't you?"

"Not always. I sometimes borrow them."

"That I never do. If a book is worth borrowing, it is worth buying."

"Perhaps—if you can afford it. But many books that book-buyers value, I count worthless—for all their wide margins and uncut leaves."

"Will you come and have a look at Sir Giles's library," I ventured to say.

"I never heard of a library at Moldwarp Hall, Sir Giles," said Mr. Mollet.

"I am given to understand there is a very valuable one," said Mr. Alderforge. "I shall be glad to accompany you, sir," he added, turning to me, "—if Sir Giles will allow us."

"You cannot have a better guide than Mr. Cumbermede," said Sir Giles. "I am indebted to him almost for the discovery—altogether for the restoration of the library."

"Assisted by Miss Brotherton and her friends, Sir Giles," I said.

"A son of Mr. Cumbermede of Lowdon Farm, I presume?" said Alderforge, bowing interrogatively.

"A nephew," I answered.

"He was a most worthy man.—By the way, Sir Giles, your young friend here must be a distant connection of your own. I found in some book or other lately, I forget where at the moment, that there were Cumbermedes at one time in Moldwarp Hall."

"Yes—about two hundred years ago, I believe. It passed to our branch of the family some time during the troubles of the seventeenth century—I hardly know how—I am not much of an historian."

I thought of my precious volume, and the name on the title-page. That book might have once been in the library of Moldwarp Hall.

If so, how had it strayed into my possession—alone, yet more to me than all that was left behind?

We betook ourselves to the library. The visitors expressed themselves astonished at its extent, and the wealth which even a glance revealed—for I took care to guide their notice to its richest veins.

"When it is once arranged," I said, "I fancy there will be few private libraries to stand a comparison with it—I am thinking of old English literature, and old editions: there is not a single volume of the present century in it, so far as I know."

I had had a few old sconces fixed here and there, but as yet there were no means of really lighting the rooms. Hence, when a great flash of lightning broke from a cloud that hung over the park right in front of the windows, it flooded them with a dazzling splendour. I went to find Charley, for the library was the best place to see the lightning from. As I entered the drawingroom, a tremendous peal of thunder burst over the house, causing so much consternation amongst the ladies, that, for the sake of company, they all followed to the library. Clara seemed more frightened than any. Mary was perfectly calm. Charley was much excited. The storm grew in violence. We saw the lightning strike a tree which stood alone a few hundred yards from the house. When the next flash came, half of one side seemed torn away. The wind rose, first in fierce gusts, then into a tempest, and the rain poured in torrents.

"None of you can go home to-night, ladies," said Sir Giles. "You must make up your minds to stop where you are. Few horses would face such a storm as that."

"It would be to tax your hospitality too grievously, Sir Giles," said Mr. Alderforge. "I daresay it will clear up by and by, or at least moderate sufficiently to let us get home."

"I don't think there's much chance of that," returned Sir Giles. "The barometer has been steadily falling for the last three days. My dear, you had better give your orders at once."

"You had better stop, Charley," I said.

"I won't if you go," he returned.

Clara was beside.

"You must not think of going," she said.

Whether she spoke to him or me, I did not know, but as Charley made no answer—

"I cannot stop without being asked," I said, "and it is not likely any one will take the trouble to ask me."

The storm increased. At the request of the ladies, the gentlemen left the library and accompanied them to the drawingroom for tea. Our hostess asked Clara to sing, but she was too frightened to comply.

"You will sing, Mary, if Lady Brotherton asks you, I know," said Mrs. Osborne.

"Do, my dear," said Lady Brotherton; and Mary at once complied.

I had never heard her sing, and did not expect much. But although she had little execution, there was, I found, a wonderful charm both in her voice and the simplicity of her mode. I did not feel this at first, nor could I tell when the song began to lay hold upon me, but when it ceased, I found that I had been listening intently. I have often since tried to recal it, but as yet it has eluded all my efforts. I still cherish the hope that it may return some night in a dream, or in some waking moment of quiescent thought, when what we call the brain works as it were of itself, and the spirit allows it play.

The close was lost in a louder peal of thunder than had yet burst. Charley and I went again to the library to look out on the night. It was dark as pitch, except when the lightning broke and revealed everything for one intense moment.

"I think sometimes," said Charley, "that death will be like one of those flashes, revealing everything in hideous fact—for just one moment and no more."

"How for one moment and no more, Charley?" I asked.

"Because the sight of the truth concerning itself must kill the soul, if there be one, with disgust at its own vileness, and the miserable contrast between its aspirations and attainments, its pretences and its efforts. At least, that would be the death fit for a life like mine—a death of disgust at itself. We claim immortality; we cringe and cower with the fear that immortality may *not* be the destiny of man; and yet we—I—do things unworthy not merely of immortality, but unworthy of the butterfly existence of a single day in such a world as this sometimes seems to be. Just think how I stabbed at my sister's faith this morning—careless of making her as miserable as myself! Because my father has put into her mind his fancies, and I hate them, I wound again the heart which they wound, and which cannot help their presence!"

"But the heart that can be sorry for an action is far above the action, just as her heart is better than the notions that haunt it."

"Sometimes I hope so. But action determines character. And it is all such a muddle! I don't care much about what they call immortality. I doubt if it is worth the having. I would a thousand times rather have one day of conscious purity of heart and mind and soul and body, than an eternity of such life as I have now.—What am I saying?" he added, with a despairing laugh. "It is a fool's comparison; for an eternity of the former would be bliss—one moment of the latter is misery."

I could but admire and pity my poor friend both at once.

Miss Pease had entered unheard.

"Mr. Cumbermede," she said, "I have been looking for you to

show you your room. It is not the one I should like to have got for you, but Mrs. Wilson says you have occupied it before, and I daresay you will find it comfortable enough."

"Thank you, Miss Pease. I am sorry you should have taken the trouble. I can go home well enough. I am not afraid of a little rain."

"A little rain!" said Charley, trying to speak lightly.

"Well, any amount of rain," I said.

"But the lightning!"—expostulated Miss Pease in a timid voice.

"I am something of a fatalist, Miss Pease," I said. "'Every bullet has its billet,' you know. Besides if I had a choice, I think I would rather die by lightning than any other way."

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Cumberland.—Oh! what a flash!"

"I was not speaking irreverently, I assure you," I replied.—"I think I had better set out at once, for there seems no chance of its clearing."

"I am sure Sir Giles would be distressed if you did."

"He will never know, and I dislike giving trouble."

"The room is ready. I will show you where it is, that you may go when you like."

"If Mrs. Wilson says it is a room I have occupied before, I know the way quite well."

"There are two ways to it," she said. "But of course one of them is enough," she added with a smile. "Mr. Osborne, your room is in another part quite."

"I know where my sister's room is," said Charley. "Is it anywhere near hers?"

"That is the room you are to have. Miss Osborne is to be with your mamma, I think. There is plenty of accommodation, only the notice was short."

I began to button my coat.

"Don't go, Wilfrid," said Charley. "You might give offence. Besides you will have the advantage of getting to work as early as you please in the morning."

It was late, and I was tired—consequently less inclined than usual to encounter a storm, for in general I enjoyed being in any commotion of the elements. Also, I felt I should like to pass another night in that room, and have besides the opportunity of once more examining at my leisure the gap in the tapestry.

"Will you meet me early in the library, Charley?" I said.

"Yes—to be sure I will—as early as you like."

"Let us go to the drawingroom then."

"Why should you, if you are tired, and want to go to bed?"

"Because Lady Brotherton will not like my being included in the invitation. She will think it absurd of me not to go home."

"There is no occasion to go near her then."

"I do not choose to sleep in the house without knowing that she knows it."

We went. I made my way to Lady Brotherton. Clara was standing near her.

"I am much obliged by your hospitality, Lady Brotherton," I said. "It is rather a rough night to encounter in evening dress."

She bowed.

"The distance is not great, however," I said, "and perhaps——"

"Out of the question!" said Sir Giles, who came up at the moment.

"Will you see then, Sir Giles, that a room is prepared for your guest?" she said.

"I trust that is unnecessary," he replied. "I gave orders."—But as he spoke he went towards the bell.

"It is all arranged, I believe, Sir Giles," I said. "Mrs. Wilson has already informed me which is my room. Good night, Sir Giles."

He shook hands with me kindly. I bowed to Lady Brotherton, and retired.

It may seem foolish to record such mere froth of conversation, but I want my reader to understand how a part at least of the family of Moldwarp Hall regarded me.

CHAPTER XL.

A DREAM.

My room looked dreary enough. There was no fire, and the loss of the patch of tapestry from the wall, gave the whole an air of dilapidation. The wind howled fearfully in the chimney and about the door on the roof, and the rain came down on the leads like the distant trampling of many horses. But I was not in an imaginative mood. Charley was again my trouble. I could not bear him to be so miserable. Why was I not as miserable as he, I asked myself. Perhaps I ought to be, for although certainly I hoped more, I could not say I believed more than he. I wished more than ever that I did believe, for then I should be able to help him—I was sure of that; but I saw no possible way of arriving at belief. Where was the proof? Where even the hope of a growing probability?

With these thoughts drifting about in my brain, like waifs which the tide will not let go, I was poring over the mutilated forms of the tapestry round the denuded door, with an expectation, almost a conviction, that I should find the fragment still hanging on the wall of the kitchen at the Moat the very piece wanted to complete the broken figures. When I had them well fixed in my memory, I went to bed, and lay pondering over the several broken links which indicated some former connection between the Moat and the Hall,

until I fell asleep, and began to dream strange wild dreams, of which the following was the last.

I was in a great palace, wandering hither and thither, and meeting no one. A weight of silence brooded in the place. From hall to hall I went, along corridor and gallery, and up and down endless stairs. I knew that in some room near me was one whose name was Athanasia,—a maiden, I thought in my dream, whom I had known and loved for years but had lately lost—I knew not how. Somewhere here she was, if only I could find her! From room to room I went seeking her. Every room I entered bore some proof that she had just been there—but there she was not. In one lay a veil, in another a handkerchief, in a third a glove; and all were scented with a strange entrancing odour, which I had never known before, but which in certain moods I can to this day imperfectly recall. I followed and followed until hope failed me utterly, and I sat down and wept. But while I wept, hope dawned afresh, and I rose and again followed the quest, until I found myself in a little chapel like that of Moldwarp Hall. It was filled with the sound of an organ, distance-faint, and the thin music was the same as the odour of the handkerchief which I carried in my bosom. I tried to follow the sound, but the chapel grew and grew as I wandered, and I came no nearer to its source. At last the altar rose before me on my left, and through the bowed end of the aisle I passed behind it into the lady-chapel. There against the outer wall stood a dusky ill-defined shape. Its head rose above the sill of the eastern window, and I saw it against the rising moon. But that and the whole figure were covered with a thick drapery; I could see nothing of the face, and distinguish little of the form.

"What art thou?" I asked trembling.

"I am Death—dost thou not know me?" answered the figure, in a sweet though worn and weary voice. "Thou hast been following me all thy life, and hast followed me hither."

Then I saw through the lower folds of the cloudy garment, which grew thin and gauze-like as I gazed, a huge iron door, with folding leaves, and a great iron bar across them.

"Art thou at thy own door?" I asked. "Surely thy house cannot open under the eastern window of the church?"

"Follow and see," answered the figure.

Turning, it drew back the bolt, threw wide the portals, and low-stooping entered. I followed, not into the moonlit night, but through a cavernous opening into darkness. If my Athanasia were down with Death, I would go with Death, that I might at least end with her. Down and down I followed the veiled figure, down flight after flight of stony stairs, through passages like those of the catacombs, and again down steep straight stairs. At length it stopped at another gate, and with beating heart I heard what I took for bony

fingers fumbling with a chain and a bolt. But ere the fastenings had yielded, once more I heard the sweet odour-like music of the distant organ. The same moment the door opened, but I could see nothing for some time for the mighty inburst of a lovely light. A fair river, brimming full, its little waves flashing in the sun and wind, washed the threshold of the door, and over its surface, hither and thither, sped the white sails of shining boats, while from somewhere, clear now, but still afar, came the sound of a great organ-psalm. Beyond the river, the sun was rising—over blue summer hills that melted into blue summer sky. On the threshold stood my guide, bending towards me, as if waiting for me to pass out also. I lifted my eyes: the veil had fallen—it was my lost Athanasia! Not one beam touched her face, for her back was to the sun, yet her face was radiant. Trembling, I would have kneeled at her feet, but she stepped out upon the flowing river, and with the sweetest of sad smiles, drew the door to, and left me alone in the dark hollow of the earth. I broke into a convulsive weeping, and awoke.

CHAPTER XLI.

A WAKING.

I SUPPOSE I awoke tossing in my misery, for my hand fell upon something cold. I started up and tried to see. The light of a clear morning of late autumn had stolen into the room while I slept, and glimmered on something that lay upon the bed. It was some time before I could believe that my troubled eyes were not the sport of one of those odd illusions that come of mingled sleep and waking. But by the golden hilt and rusted blade I was at length convinced, although the scabbard was gone, that I saw my own sword. It lay by my left side, with the hilt towards my hand. But the moment I turned a little to take it in my right hand, I forgot all about it in a far more bewildering discovery, which fixed me staring half in terror, half in amazement, so that again for a moment I disbelieved in my waking condition. On the other pillow lay the face of a lovely girl. I felt as if I had seen it before—whether only in the just vanished dream, I could not tell. But the maiden of my dream never comes back to me with any other features or with any other expression than those which I now beheld. There was an ineffable mingling of love and sorrow on the sweet countenance. The girl was dead asleep, but evidently dreaming, for tears were flowing from under her closed lids. For a time I was unable even to think; when thought returned, I was afraid to move. All at once the face of Mary Osborne dawned out of the vision before me—how different, how glorified from its waking condition! It was perfectly lovely—transfigured by the unchecked outflow of feeling. The

recognition brought me to my senses at once. I did not waste a single thought in speculating how the mistake had occurred, for there was not a moment to be lost. I must be wise to shield her, and chiefly, as much as might be, from the miserable confusion which her own discovery of the untoward fact would occasion her. At first I thought it would be best to lie perfectly still, in order that she, at length awaking and discovering where she was, but finding me fast asleep, might escape with the conviction that the whole occurrence remained her own secret. I made the attempt, but I need hardly say that never before or since have I found myself in a situation half so perplexing; and in a few moments I was seized with such a trembling that I was compelled to turn my thoughts to the only other possible plan. As I reflected, the absolute necessity of attempting it became more and more apparent. In the first place, when she woke and saw me, she might scream and be heard; in the next, she might be seen as she left the room, or, unable to find her way, might be involved in great consequent embarrassment. But, if I could gather all my belongings, and, without awaking her, escape by the stair to the roof, she would be left to suppose that she had but mistaken her chamber, and would, I hoped, remain in ignorance that she had not passed the night in it alone. I dared one more peep into her face. The light and the loveliness of her dream had passed; I should not now have had to look twice to know that it was Mary Osborne; but never more could I see in hers a common face. She was still fast asleep, and, stealthy as a beast of prey, I began to make my escape. At the first movement however, my perplexity was redoubled, for again my hand fell on the sword which I had forgotten, and question after question as to how they were together, and together there, darted through my bewildered brain. Could a third person have come and laid the sword between us? I had no time, however, to answer one of my own questions. Hardly knowing which was better, or if there was *a better*, I concluded to take the weapon with me, moved in part by the fact that I had found it where I had lost it, but influenced far more by its association with this night of marvel.

Having gathered my garments together, and twice glanced around me—once to see that I left nothing behind, and once to take farewell of the peaceful face, which had never moved, I opened the little door in the wall, and made my strange retreat up the stair. My heart was beating so violently from the fear of her waking, that when the door was drawn to behind me, I had to stand for what seemed minutes before I was able to ascend the steep stair, and step from its darkness into the clear frosty shine of the autumn sun, brilliant upon the leads wet with the torrents of the preceding night.

I found a sheltered spot by the chimney-stack, where no one could see me from below, and proceeded to dress myself—assisted in my

very imperfect toilet by the welcome discovery of a pool of rain in a depression of the lead-covered roof. But alas, before I had finished, I found that I had brought only one of my shoes away with me! This settled the question I was at the moment debating—whether, namely, it would be better to go home, or to find some way of reaching the library. I put my remaining shoe in my pocket, and set out to discover a descent. It would have been easy to get down into the little gallery, but it communicated on both sides immediately with bed-rooms, which for anything I knew might be occupied; and besides was unwilling to enter the house for fear of encountering some of the domestics. But I knew more of the place now, and had often speculated concerning the odd position and construction of an outside stair in the first court, close to the chapel, with its landing at the door of a room *en suite* with those of Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton. It was for a man an easy drop to this landing: quiet as a cat, I crept over the roof, let myself down, crossed the court swiftly, drew back the bolt which alone secured the wicket, and, with no greater mishap than the unavoidable wetting of shoeless feet, was soon safe in my own room, exchanging my evening for a morning dress. When I looked at my watch, I found it nearly seven o'clock.

I was so excited and bewildered by the adventures I had gone through, that, from very commonness, all the things about me looked alien and strange. I had no feeling of relation to the world of ordinary life. The first thing I did was to hang my sword in its own old place, and the next to take down the bit of tapestry from the opposite wall, which I proceeded to examine in the light of my recollection of that round the denuded door. Room was left for not even a single doubt as to the relation between this and that: they had been wrought in one and the same piece by fair fingers of some long vanished time.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TALK ABOUT SUICIDE.

IN the same excited mood, but repressing it with all the energy I could gather, I returned to the Hall, and made my way to the library. There Charley soon joined me.

"Why didn't you come to breakfast?" he asked.

"I've been home, and changed my clothes," I answered. "I couldn't well appear in a tail-coat. It's bad enough to have to wear such an ugly thing by candle-light."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked again, after an interval of silence, which I judge from the question must have been rather a long one.

"What is the matter with me, Charley?"

"I can't tell. You don't seem yourself, somehow."

I do not know what answer I gave him, but I knew myself what was the matter with me well enough. The form and face of the maiden of my dream, the Athanasia lost that she might be found, blending with the face and form of Mary Osborne, filled my imagination so that I could think of nothing else. Gladly would I have been rid of even Charley's company, that, while my hands were busy with the books, my heart might brood at will now upon the lovely dream, now upon the lovely vision to which I awoke from it, and which, had it not glided into the forms of the foregone dream and possessed it with itself, would have banished it altogether. At length I was aware of light steps and sweet voices in the next room, and Mary and Clara presently entered.

How came it that the face of the one had lost the half of its radiance, and the face of the other had gathered all that the former had lost. Mary's countenance was as still as ever; there was not in it a single ray of light beyond its usual expression; but I had become more capable of reading it, for the coalescence of the face of my dream with her dreaming face had given me its key; and I was now so far from indifferent, that I was afraid to look for fear of betraying the attraction I now found it exercise over me. Seldom surely has a man been so long familiar with and careless of any countenance to find it all at once an object of absorbing interest! The very fact of its want of revelation added immensely to its power over me now—for was I not in its secret? Did I not know what a lovely soul hid behind that unexpressive countenance? Did I not know that it was as the veil of the holy of holies, at times reflecting only the light of the seven golden lamps in the holy place; at others almost melted away in the rush of the radiance unspeakable from the hidden and holier side—the region whence come the revelations. To draw through it if but once the feeblest glimmer of the light I had but once beheld, seemed an ambition worthy of a life. Knowing her power of reticence, however, and of withdrawing from the outer courts into the penetralia of her sanctuary, guessing also at something of the aspect in which she regarded me, I dared not now make any such attempt. But I resolved to seize what opportunity might offer of convincing her that I was not so far out of sympathy with her as to be unworthy of holding closer converse; and I now began to feel distressed at what had given me little trouble before, namely, that she should suppose me the misleader of her brother, while I knew that, however far I might be from an absolute belief in things which she seemed never to have doubted, I was yet in some measure the means of keeping him from flinging aside the last cords which held him to the faith of his fathers. But I would not lead in any such direction, partly from the fear of hypocrisy, partly from horror at the idea of making capital of what

little faith I had. But Charley himself afforded me an opportunity which I could not, whatever my scrupulosity, well avoid.

"Have you ever looked into that little book, Charley?" I said, finding in my hands an early edition of the *Christian Morals* of Sir Thomas Browne.—I wanted to say something, that I might not appear distraught.

"No," he answered, with indifference, as he glanced at the title page. "Is it anything particular?"

"Everything he writes, however whimsical in parts, is well worth more than mere reading," I answered. "It is a strangely latinized style, but has its charm notwithstanding."

He was turning over the leaves as I spoke. Receiving no response, I looked up. He seemed to have come upon something which had attracted him.

"What have you found?" I asked.

"Here's a chapter on the easiest way of putting a stop to it all," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"He was a medical man—wasn't he? I'm ashamed to say I know nothing about him."

"Yes, certainly he was."

"Then he knew what he was about."

"As well probably as any man of his profession at the time."

"He recommends drowning," said Charley, without raising his eyes from the book.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean for suicide."

"Nonsense. He was the last man to favour that. You must make a mistake. He was a thoroughly Christian man."

"I know nothing about that. Hear this."

He read the following passages from the beginning of the thirteenth section of the second part.

"With what shift and pains we come into the world, we remember not; but 'tis commonly found no easy matter to get out of it. Many have studied to exasperate the ways of death, but fewer hours have been spent to soften that necessity."—"Ovid, the old heroes, and the Stoicks, who were so afraid of drowning, as dreading thereby the extinction of their soul, which they conceived to be a fire, stood probably in fear of an easier way of death; wherein the water, entering the possessions of air, makes a temperate suffocation, and kills as it were without a fever. Surely many, who have had the spirit to destroy themselves, have not been ingenious in the contrivance thereof."—"Cato is much to be pitied, who mangled himself with poniards; and Hannibal seems more subtle, who carried his delivery, not in the point but the pummel of his sword."

"Poison, I suppose," he said, as he ended the extract.

"Yes, that's the story, if you remember," I answered; "but I don't see that Sir Thomas is favouring suicide. Not at all. What he writes there is merely a speculation on the comparative ease of different modes of dying. Let me see it."

I took the book from his hands, and, glancing over the essay, read the closing passage.

"But to learn to die, is better than to study the ways of dying. Death will find some ways to untie or cut the most gordian knots of life, and make men's miseries as mortal as themselves: whereas evil spirits, as undying substances, are unseparable from their calamities; and, therefore, they everlastingly struggle under their angustias, and bound up with immortality can never get out of themselves."

"There! I told you so!" cried Charley. "Don't you see? He is the most cunning arguer—beats Despair in the Fairy Queen hollow!"

By this time, either attracted by the stately flow of Sir Thomas's speech, or by the tone of our disputation, the two girls had drawn nearer, and were listening.

"What do you mean, Charley?" I said, perceiving however the hold I had by my further quotation given him.

"First of all, he tells you the easiest way of dying, and then informs you that it ends all your troubles. He is too cunning to say in so many words that there is no hereafter, but what else can he wish you to understand when he says that in dying we have the advantage over the evil spirits who cannot by death get rid of their sufferings? I will read this book," he added, closing it, and putting it in his pocket.

"I wish you would," I said; "for although I confess you are logically right in your conclusions, I know Sir Thomas did not mean anything of the sort. He was only misled by his love of antithesis into a hasty and illogical remark. The whole tone of his book is against such a conclusion. Besides, I do not doubt he was thinking only of good people, for whom he believed all suffering over at their death."

"But I don't see, supposing he does believe in immortality, why you should be so anxious about his orthodoxy on the other point. Didn't Dr. Donne, as good a man as any, I presume, argue on the part of the suicide?"

"I have not read Dr. Donne's essay, but I suspect the obliquity of it has been much exaggerated."

"Why should you? I never saw any argument worth the name on the other side. We have plenty of expressions of horror—but those are not argument. Indeed, the mass of the vulgar are so afraid of dying, that, apparently in terror lest suicide should prove infectious, they treat in a brutal manner the remains of the man who has only had the courage to free himself from a burden too hard for him

to bear. It is all selfishness—nothing else. They love their paltry selves so much, that they count it a greater sin to kill oneself than to kill another man—which seems to me absolutely devilish. Therefore, the *vox populi*, whether it be the *vox Dei* or not, is not nonsense merely, but absolute wickedness. Why shouldn't a man kill himself?"

Clara was looking on rather than listening, and her interest seemed that of amusement only. Mary's eyes were wide-fixed on the face of Charley, evidently tortured to find that to the other enormities of his unbelief was to be added the justification of suicide. His habit of arguing was doubtless well enough known to her to leave room for the mitigating possibility that he might be arguing only for argument's sake, but what he said could not but be shocking to her upon any supposition.

I was not ready with an answer. Clara was the first to speak.

"It's a cowardly thing anyhow," she said.

"How do you make that out, Miss Clara?" asked Charley. "I'm aware it's the general opinion, but I don't see it myself."

"It's surely cowardly to run away in that fashion."

"For my part," returned Charley, "I feel that it requires more courage than I've got, and hence it comes, I suppose, that I admire anyone who has the pluck."

"What vulgar words you use, Mr. Charles!" said Clara.

"Besides," he went on, heedless of her remark, "a man may want to escape—not from his duties—he mayn't know what they are—but from his own weakness and shame."

"But Charley dear," said Mary, with a great light in her eyes, and the rest of her face as still as a sunless pond, "you don't think of the sin of it. I know you are only talking, but some things oughtn't to be talked of lightly."

"What makes it a sin? It's not mentioned in the ten commandments," said Charley.

"Surely it's against the will of God, Charley dear."

"He hasn't said anything about it, anyhow. And why should I have a thing forced upon me whether I will or no, and then be pulled up for throwing it away when I found it troublesome?"

"Surely I don't quite understand you, Charley."

"Well, if I must be more explicit—I was never asked whether I chose to be made or not. I never had the conditions laid before me. Here I am, and I can't help myself—so far, I mean, as that here I am."

"But life is a good thing," said Mary, evidently struggling with an almost overpowering horror.

"I don't know that. My impression is that if I had been asked——"

"But that couldn't be, you know."

"Then it wasn't fair. But why couldn't I be made for a moment or two, long enough to have the thing laid before me, and be asked whether I would accept it or not? My impression is that I would have said—No, thank you;—that is if it was fairly put."

I hastened to offer a remark, in the hope of softening the pain such flippancy must cause her.

"And my impression is, Charley," I said, "that if such had been possible——"

"Of course," he interrupted, "the God you believe in could have made me for a minute or two. He can, I suppose, unmake me now when he likes."

"Yes; but could he have made you all at once capable of understanding his plans, and your own future? Perhaps that is what he is doing now—making you, by all you are going through, capable of understanding them. Certainly the question could not have been put to you before you were able to comprehend it, and this may be the only way to make you able. Surely a being who *could* make you had a right to risk the chance, if I may be allowed such an expression, of your being satisfied in the end with what he saw to be good—so good indeed that, if we accept the New Testament story, he would have been willing to go through the same troubles himself for the same end."

"No, no; not the same troubles," he objected. "According to the story to which you refer, Jesus Christ was free from all that alone makes life unendurable—the bad inside you, that will come outside whether you will or no."

"I admit your objection. As to the evil coming out, I suspect it is better it should come out, so long as it is there. But the end is not yet; and still I insist the probability is, that if you could know it all now, you would say with submission, if not with hearty concurrence—'Thy will be done'."

"I have known people who could say that without knowing it all now, Mr. Cumbermede," said Mary.

I had often called her by her Christian name, but she had never accepted the familiarity.

"No doubt," said Charley, "but I'm not one of those."

"If you would but give in," said his sister, "you would—in the end, I mean—say, 'It is well.' I am sure of that."

"Yes—perhaps I might—after all the suffering had been forced upon me, and was over at last—when I had been thoroughly exhausted and cowed, that is."

"Which wouldn't satisfy any thinking soul, Charley—much less God," I said. "But if there be a God at all——"

Mary gave a slight inarticulate cry.

"Dear Miss Osborne," I said, "I beg you will not misunderstand me. I cannot be sure about it as you are—I wish I could—but I

am not disputing it in the least ; I am only trying to make my argument as strong as I can.—I was going to say to Charley—not to you—that if there be a God, he would not have compelled us to be, except with the absolute foreknowledge that when we knew all about it, we would certainly declare ourselves ready to go through it all again if need should be, in order to attain the known end of his high calling.”

“But isn’t it very presumptuous to assert anything about God which he has not revealed in his word?” said Mary, in a gentle, subdued voice, and looking at me with a sweet doubtfulness in her eyes.

“I am only insisting on the perfection of God—as far as I can understand perfection,” I answered.

“But may not the perfection of God be something very different from anything we *can* understand?”

“I will go farther,” I returned. “It *must* be something that we cannot understand—but different from what we can understand by being greater, not by being less.”

“Mayn’t it be such that we can’t understand it at all?” she insisted.

“Then how should we ever worship him? How should we ever rejoice in him? Surely it is because you see God to be good——”

“Or fancy you do,” interposed Charley.

“Or fancy you do,” I assented, “that you love him—not merely because you are told he is good. The Fejee islander might assert his God to be good, but would that make you love him? If you heard that a great power, away somewhere, who had nothing to do with you at all, was very good, would that make you able to love him?”

“Yes, it would,” said Mary, decidedly. “It is only a good man who would see that God was good.”

“There you argue entirely on my side. It must be because you supposed his goodness what you call goodness—not something else—that you could love him on testimony. But even then, your love could not be of that mighty absorbing kind which alone you would think fit between you and your God. It would not be loving him with all your heart and soul and strength and mind—would it? It would be loving him second-hand—not because of himself, seen and known by yourself.”

“But Charley does not even love God second-hand,” she said, with a despairing mournfulness.

“Perhaps because he is very anxious to love him first-hand, and what you tell him about God does not seem to him to be good. Surely neither man nor woman can love because of what seems not good! I confess one may love in spite of what is bad, but it must be because of other things that are good.”

She was silent.

"However goodness may change its forms," I went on, "it must still be goodness; only if we are to adore it, we must see something of what it is—of itself. And the goodness we cannot see, the eternal goodness, high above us as the heavens are above the earth, must still be a goodness that includes, absorbs, elevates, purifies all our goodness, not tramples upon it and calls it wickedness. For if not such, then we have nothing in common with God, and what we call goodness is not of God. He has not even ordered it; or, if he has, he has ordered it only to order the contrary afterwards; and there is, in reality, no real goodness—at least in him; and, if not in him, of whom we spring—where then?—and what becomes of ours, poor as it is?"

My reader will see that I had already thought much about these things; although, I suspect, I have now not only expressed them far better than I could have expressed them in conversation, but with a degree of clearness which must be owing to the further continuance of the habit of reflecting on these and cognate subjects. Deep in my mind, however, something like this lay; and in some manner like this I tried to express it.

Finding she continued silent, and that Charley did not appear inclined to renew the contest, anxious also to leave no embarrassing silence to choke the channel now open between us—I mean Mary and myself—I returned to the original question.

"It seems to me, Charley—and it follows from all we have been saying—that the sin of suicide lies just in this, that it is an utter want of faith in God. I confess I do not see any other ground on which to condemn it—provided always, that the man has no others dependant upon him, none for whom he ought to live and work."

"But does a man owe nothing to himself?" said Clara.

"Nothing that I know of," I replied. "I am under no obligation to myself. How can I divide myself, and say that the one-half of me is indebted to the other? To my mind, it is a mere fiction of speech."

"But whence then should such a fiction arise?" objected Charley, willing, perhaps, to defend Clara.

"From the dim sense of a real obligation, I suspect—the object of which is mistaken. I suspect it really springs from our relation to the unknown God, so vaguely felt that a false form is readily accepted for its embodiment by a being who, in ignorance of its nature, is yet aware of its presence. I mean that what seems an obligation to self is in reality a dimly apprehended duty—an obligation to the unknown God, and not to self, in which lies no causing, therefore no obligating power."

"But why say *the unknown God*, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Mary.

"Because I do not believe that any one who knew him could

possibly attribute to himself what belonged to Him—could, I mean, talk of an obligation to himself, when that obligation was to God.”

How far Mary Osborne followed the argument or agreed with it I cannot tell, but she gave me a look of something like gratitude, and my heart felt too big for its closed chamber.

At this moment, the housemaid who had along with the carpenter assisted me in the library, entered the room. She was rather a forward girl, and I suppose presumed on our acquaintance to communicate directly with myself instead of going to the housekeeper. Seeing her approach as if she wanted to speak to me, I went to meet her. She handed me a small ring, saying, in a low voice,

“I found this in your room, sir, and thought it better to bring it to you.”

“Thank you,” I said, putting it at once on my little finger; “I am glad you found it.”

Charley and Clara had begun talking. I believe Clara was trying to make Charley give her the book he had pocketed, imagining it really of the character he had, half in sport, professed to believe it. But Mary had caught sight of the ring, and, with a bewildered expression on her countenance, was making a step towards me. I put a finger to my lips, and gave her a look by which I succeeded in arresting her. Utterly perplexed, I believe, she turned away towards the bookshelves behind her. I went into the next room, and called Charley.

“I think we had better not go on with this talk,” I said. “You are very imprudent indeed, Charley, to be always bringing up subjects that tend to widen the gulf between you and your sister. When I have a chance, I do what I can to make her doubt whether you are so far wrong as they think you, but you must give her time. All your kind of thought is so new to her that your words cannot possibly convey to her what is in your mind. If only she were not so afraid of me! But I think she begins to trust me a little.”

“It’s no use,” he returned. “Her head is so full of rubbish!”

“But her heart is so full of goodness!”

“I wish you could make anything of her! But she looks up to my father with such a blind adoration that it isn’t of the slightest use attempting to put an atom of sense into her.”

“I should indeed despair if I might only set about it after your fashion. You always seem to shut your eyes to the mental condition of those that differ from you. Instead of trying to understand them first, which gives the sole possible chance of your ever making them understand what you mean, you care only to present your opinions; and that you do in such a fashion that they must appear to them false. You even make yourself seem to hold these for very love of their untruth; and thus make it all but impossible for them to shake off

their fetters: every truth in advance of what they have already learned, will henceforth come to them associated with your presumed backsliding and impenitence."

"Goodness! where did you learn their slang?" cried Charley. "But impenitence, if you like,—not backsliding. I never made any *profession*. After all, however, their opinions don't seem to hurt them—I mean my mother and sister."

"They must hurt them, if only by hindering their growth. In time, of course, the angels of the heart will expel the demons of the brain; but it is a pity the process should be retarded by your behaviour."

"I know I am a brute, Wilfrid. I *will* try to hold my tongue."

"Depend upon it," I went on, "whatever such hearts can believe, is, as believed by them, to be treated with respect. It is because of the truth in it, not because of the falsehood, that they hold it; and when you speak against the false in it, you appear to them to speak against the true; for the dogma seems to them an unanalyzable unit. You assail the false with the recklessness of falsehood itself, careless of the injury you may inflict on the true."

I was interrupted by the entrance of Clara.

"If you gentlemen don't want us any more, we had better go," she said.

I left Charley to answer her, and went back into the next room. Mary stood where I had left her, mechanically shifting and arranging the volumes on a shelf at the height of her eyes.

"I think this is your ring, Miss Osborne," I said, in a low and hurried tone, offering it.

Her expression at first was only of questioning surprise, when suddenly something seemed to cross her mind; she turned pale as death, and put her hand on the bookshelves as if to support her; as suddenly flushed crimson for a moment, and again turned deadly pale—all before I could speak.

"Don't ask me any questions, dear Miss Osborne," I said. "And, please, trust me this far: don't mention the loss of your ring to any one—except it be your mother. Allow me to put it on your finger."

She gave me a glance I cannot and would not describe. It lies treasured—for ever, God grant!—in the secret jewel-house of my heart. She lifted a trembling left hand, and doubtfully held—half held it towards me. To this day I know nothing of the stones of that ring—not even their colour; but I know I should know it at once if I saw it. My hand trembled more than hers as I put it on the third finger.

What followed, I do not know. I think I left her there and went into the other room. When I returned a little after, I know she was gone. From that hour, not one word has ever passed between us in



"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."

reference to the matter. The best of my conjectures remains but a conjecture; I know how the sword got there—nothing more.

I did not see her again that day, and did not seem to want to see her, but worked on amongst the books in a quiet exaltation. My being seemed tenfold awake and alive. My thoughts dwelt on the rarely revealed loveliness of my *Athanasia*; and, although I should have scorned unspeakably to take the smallest advantage of having come to share a secret with her, I could not help rejoicing in the sense of nearness to and *alone-ness* with her which the possession of that secret gave me; while one of the most precious results of the new love which had thus all at once laid hold upon me, was the feeling—almost a conviction—that the dream was not a web self-wove in the loom of my brain, but that from somewhere, beyond my soul even, an influence had mingled with its longings to in-form the vision of that night—to be as it were a creative soul to what would otherwise have been but loose, chaotic, and shapeless vagaries of the unguided imagination. The events of that night were as the sudden opening of a door through which I caught a glimpse of that region of the supernal in which, whatever might be her theories concerning her experiences therein, Mary Osborne certainly lived, if ever any one lived. The degree of God's presence with a creature is not to be measured by that creature's interpretation of the manner in which he is revealed. The great question is whether he is revealed or no; and a strong truth can carry many parasitical errors.

I felt that now I could talk freely to her of what most perplexed me—not so much, I confess, with any hope that she might cast light on my difficulties, as in the assurance that she would not only influence me to think purely and nobly, but would urge me in the search after God. In such a relation of love to religion the vulgar mind will ever imagine ground for ridicule; but those who have most regarded human nature know well enough that the two have constantly manifested themselves in the closest relation; while even the poorest love is the enemy of selfishness unto the death; for the one or the other must give up the ghost. Not only must God be in all that is human, but of it he must be the root.

MY SORROW-TREASURE.

NOR sadder am I nor more glad
Than other men whose ways I cross ;
I have my times, as they, to sigh,
A dulness sometimes in my eye,
And every day a memory.

I would not rid me of my pain
For all this world can offer me ;
So time-bound is its hold and thrall,
So long we two have shared our all,
So long we have kept company.

Kind friends indeed would probe my soul,
Would draw its secrets into day :
And " Hope ! " says one, " for still you can ; "
" Forget ! " another cries, " nor scan
Those pages long since laid away."

Ay, laid away as flowers are laid
(Scarce touched in laying by the hand),
Reaped from the all-unruffled bed,
Cold from the forehead of the dead,
And bitter-sweet as love untold.

Will you not spare me then my hoard,
My Eden with the guarded gates ?
I cannot pass, nor you, nor you—
Leave me my peep-hole to look through,
My quick-set, broken hedge of thorns.

C. FRASER-TYTLER.

THE MISERIES OF WAR :

NOTES FROM SEDAN AND BAZEILLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

Past miseries drift so quickly from our recollection, and the events of the Franco-German war have followed each other with such frightful rapidity, that its earlier scenes have become to us almost matters of history; and we are already in some danger of forgetting the many war lessons to be learnt from the sufferings of our neighbours—the utter break-down of the centralised system of Intendance, of which the French were so proud, and which we were beginning to imitate in our own service—the fatal effects of the want of sanitary precautions, in both German and French field-hospitals and ambulances alike; even the intolerable misery among the peasants, inflicted by an army whose discipline was stricter, and whose arrangements more civilised than any which ever took the field. War, however, of itself is so brutalising a thing, that, as was said by a Prussian officer of high rank, "if two armies of angels were set to fight with each other, in six weeks they would become devils."

The English have done their best both for the wounded in hospital and the peasant victims of the war. Above £600,000 has been received by the different societies in money subscriptions alone, and it is hardly possible to estimate the value of the goods contributed besides. Little gratitude has been felt or expressed abroad for our exertions, except in individual cases by those who have themselves seen the work or been benefited personally by them. The feeling that nationally we have indeed "done what we could," and the experience which we ought to gain for our own use, in the management of our War Services, are the only rewards of our labours which we shall get, or indeed can expect.

Our interest has of late been centred round Paris, "one of the eyes of the world," as she must always be, in spite of her errors and her crimes; yet nothing has happened more remarkable than the sudden capitulation of 70,000 men, and the instantaneous fall of their master from being one of the greatest potentates on earth down to the "Man of Sedan;" and the first days of September, now just a year ago (a year indeed for the world to look back upon), must always preserve their painful dramatic interest, culminating in the summary punishment of the chief offenders for bringing on the war, the end of the first act, though not, as so many trusted, of the war itself.

The following "notes" are taken from letters written on the spot, and at the time, by those actively engaged in the work described at and about Sedan and Bazeilles:—

Sedan is a pleasant town in French Flanders, situated on the Meuse, in the heart of the beautiful scenery of the Forest of Ardennes (a name which to us has a strangely different association as the scene of "As You Like It"). The town is surrounded by low hills, covered with orchards, vineyards, tobacco-fields, and corn, backed by the great woods of oak, beech, and pine, which extend on the side of Luxembourg and Belgium for forty or fifty miles continuously. There are scarcely any roads, only great ridings, through the forest, where wolves and boars are hunted every winter, and deaths from wild beasts are not uncommon.

In July last the town was an extremely well-doing community, of about 12,000 inhabitants, with several large manufactories of cloth, whose origin dates as far back as the sixteenth century. These have descended, as ancient family properties, from father to son; and a great deal of old friendly feeling exists between the masters and workmen, instead of the fierce class antagonism which has become so general at Paris and in the north of France.

When the war broke out, the good people of Sedan were quite out of the probable line of attack and defence, and took things easily, wove their cloth, prepared to gather in their grain, and dry their great tobacco leaves; and, in spite of the pacific influence of trade upon even the French mind, expected, "with light hearts," news of the "promenade à Berlin." Even when the tremendous events at Wörth and Saarbrück happened, it did not occur to them that their pleasant places could be wrecked and torn by becoming a battle-field. At length, however, the great hordes of soldiers, pursuing and pursued, apparently on the direct road to Paris, doubled back suddenly from Chalons. The Emperor did not dare to return to the capital without a victory to back him; "the language of reason was not understood there," he complained bitterly. The great army of Macmahon, supported by the defences of Paris, could scarcely have been beaten, but strategic reasons were not allowed to hold good against the interests of the dynasty. Macmahon, sorely against his will, and against his better judgment, was forced by direct orders from the Empress and Council of State, to attempt the relief of Bazaine, shut up in Metz—"a measure of the greatest imprudence," he declared, and that his "soldiers were discouraged and mutinous." An army of 100,000 men was thus marched into the small town of Sedan, utterly unprovisioned and unprepared for a siege. The food of the inhabitants had been always procured from the surrounding districts; no stores had been laid in, when thousands of mouths were thus suddenly added to the consumers, while the usual sources of supply fell into the hands of the enemy. For three days before the battle the shops had been completely cleared, not even a candle or a drop of oil was to be had.

On the 30th and 31st August there was fighting near the town, and

the French, outnumbered from the first, found themselves penned in close to the Belgian frontier, with no means of escape. On the 31st the Emperor, Macmahon, and the whole *Etat major* entered the place, followed closely by the ambulances of the English Society for Sick and Wounded. The suite of imperial carriages and servants was enormous. "All Napoleon's pomp as if he had been at St. Cloud"—britzkas, barouches, broughams, and coaches defiled, one after the other, and the progress of the whole army was stopped till they had passed along the road.

It perhaps made little difference in the end, for the disorganisation was by this time universal and complete. Food, ammunition, everything had run short, and the disheartened officials, civil and military, had given up even the attempt to restore order; e.g., a supply of provisions broke down on the railroad, within a few miles of Sedan, and the military authorities were told that if a fresh engine could be sent out, the trucks might easily be brought into the town in about twenty minutes. No measures were taken to secure them, and in a few hours the train was seized by the Germans. Yet, even at that early period, there was already something like famine among the French troops; hardly half a ration had been served for four days, and it was in this condition, half-starved, discontented, and out of heart, having taken seven days to perform the fifty miles from Rheims, that they were called upon to resist two German armies, that of the Prince of Saxony on one side, and that of the Crown Prince on the other, who, by wonderful forced marches—the last of twenty-five miles in one day—had caught up his retreating foe. "Scarcely ever, it was said, had such marching been seen as that of the Prince and his men."

A complete circle of fire gradually closed in round the town as the different corps, composed of men representing most of the German States, came up. The great woods were so fitted for defence by sharpshooters that the Prussians could hardly believe in their own good fortune as they made their way through the forests on the steep slopes, expecting a gun in ambush behind every tree, and positively reached the crest of the hills, and looked down into the "kessel," or basin, in which lay the town, without having met with a single interruption.

There had been a rumour among the Germans that Louis Napoleon himself had entered the place with the rest of the French army, but it was not believed. "Il a fait bien des fautes," said Bismarck, "mais il ne sera jamais allé se fourrer dans cette souricière." When, soon after reaching the summit, the news was known to be true, the army set up such a hurrah "that we thought it must have been heard in Sedan itself." "Now we have him!" said the soldiers, joyfully.

The extraordinary discipline prevailing among the German troops, from the King down to the smallest drummer-boy, seems to have struck the French most forcibly. A Prussian is no doubt hard and cold, said they, and makes himself wonderfully disagreeable; but

the power given to the army by this universal sense of duty was marvellous in their eyes. "It was a great body with one soul, Moltke." Grand dukes, princes, generals, high and low, obeyed implicitly, whatever might be the order. "If we are told to go and look down a cannon's mouth, about to be fired, we go and look down it," said a young prince, an officer of high rank. While, in the French army, every man was as good as his neighbour, the soldiers caring nothing for their officers, and showing them neither respect nor obedience. On the other side, the want of interest of the officers in their men was painfully remarkable to observers belonging to neutral nations. It was mentioned at Orleans, as a great advance in discipline later in the year, that the "soldiers were really learning to salute their officers." At Wörth, Macmahon, hard pressed, sent to De Failly for reinforcements. He is said to have replied that he was a marshal of France, as good as Macmahon any day, and had no orders to receive from him—no troops were sent. Nothing and nobody were in their places. At a critical moment in the same battle Macmahon's ammunition ran short. He sent in hot haste to the rear for more—two large supply waggons galloped up—they were found to contain boots and bread.

The crowd of French soldiers in and about Sedan, after their first battle, was little more than an armed mob; the fortress had so many defenders as to be indefensible. From the moment indeed that the French found themselves unable to carry the war into Germany, all their plans seemed to collapse. There was, moreover, no real head; since even after the Emperor had nominally resigned the command, he kept up a sort of tacit control over everything, and the marshals felt that their orders were liable to be countermanded.

All the maps possessed by the army were of Germany, and the ignorance of the officers concerning their own territory was complete. The Emperor, on the 81st, had posted himself on a hill near Sedan overlooking the battle. As he lay on the ground smoking, with his favourite Zouave beside him, Macmahon, with two aides-de-camp, came riding violently up. "Sire, la journée va mal, elle ne peut pas plus mal aller," said he, jumping off his horse. They then began to discuss the question of whether or not there was a bridge across the Meuse higher up. No one of the party knew anything about the matter, when a bystander called out that they had better ask the proprietor of the ground on which they stood, who was present. He was summoned up to give the required information, and afterwards told the story. At that moment there was scarcely a lieutenant in the Prussian army who had not a map of the ground, and a knowledge of the bridges in question.

On the first of September the batteries were in position, and the bombardment began at 4 a.m. It was a very sultry day, and in the early morning the mist lay so thick as to interfere for some time with

the firing. Every man and every officer in the Prussian army, from the King downwards, was at his post by three o'clock; while the indifference of the French generals to their duty was such that one of them was known to have continued tranquilly in his bed till seven, and another not to have sent for his only horse till twelve. The guns of the Germans, six hundred in number, were posted on the heights surrounding Sedan, from two to two and a half miles away, and the fire went on increasing with fearful violence, a *veritable feu d'enfer*, while the two armies were soon engaged all round the town, hemming it in from Bazeilles to Donchéry and Floing.

The great ambulance of the English Society for Sick and Wounded had fortunately reached Sedan the night before the battle, and its American and English chiefs* were put in charge of a barrack, the Caserne d'Asfeldt, 800 feet long, which was converted into a hospital, and contained 884 beds. It stood on the highest ground within the fortifications, sixty or seventy feet above the river, and had a splendid view over the town and the neighbouring country; and the Prussian battalions and guns could be seen coming into position on the hills around, the bayonets and spiked helmets gleaming in the hot sun above dense masses of dark blue. About ten o'clock the firing became incessant and furious; for six or seven hours the town was regularly shelled; shells struck the barrack several times, burst in front, behind, above, and on each side; fortunately none entered the hospital, but one of the infirmiers just outside the door was blown to pieces, and another wounded. In the terror and confusion, no one could be found to hoist the white flag, till at length Dr. Webb, a young English surgeon, climbed up, amidst the frightful rain of fire, and fixed it firmly on the roof. Many a V.C. has been given for a less deed of courage. All this time the wounded were arriving in hundreds. Those who could walk were sent on into the town, and only those most gravely injured were admitted. During the whole day, from early morning till dusk, Dr. McCormack was performing capital operations in the direct line of fire; and the continual whizzing of the projectiles, and the noise of those bursting close at hand was tremendous. Every moment it was expected indeed that a bomb would burst in their midst, for though the barrack was said to be very strong, and the roof bomb-proof, there was nothing to prevent a shell from entering by one of the large windows facing the batteries. "The sensation of relief when the fire slackened was delightful."

The operation cases did well on the whole, but the attempts at conservative surgery, and what is called resection, were hardly ever successful.

The testimony on the spot concerning the nature of the wounds caused by the different guns was very conflicting. "Wounds from the

* Dr. Marion Sims and Dr. McCormack.

chassepôt are more serious than those from the needle gun. The fractured bones were so comminuted that it seemed as if one were handling a bag of nuts," says one witness. "The needle guns had wrought dreadful havoc; the bullet is egg-shaped, and the external wound bears no proportion to the injury it makes. It is heavier, and makes a worse wound than does that of the chassepôt."

The majority of patients brought in on the first day had been injured by shells, as Sedan was the centre of the artillery fire. A wound from the mitrailleuses is rarely seen, as few of those struck ever survive, their lateral range is small, the balls do not spread, but each is $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. in weight, twenty-five to each discharge, and troops within their murderous range are completely riddled at fourteen or even fifteen hundred yards distance. Between the villages of Balan and Bazeilles, which were taken and retaken four times, a number of Bavarian soldiers were found lying literally torn in pieces by discharges of mitrailleuses. Along this road Dr. Frank (who had a separate commission from the English society) had established himself in the hottest part of the action, and his wounded (of both nations) were carried into houses so entirely under fire that he performed many of his operations lying on the floor beside his patients, to avoid the bullets coming in through the windows. In one instance, there being no help at hand, he took up an artery alone, a rare feat of surgery.

The men were laid wherever shelter of any kind was to be found. "It was a curious commentary on Christian civilisation," says one surgeon, "to see a large and beautiful church crowded with wounded and dying men, some of them suffering great agony."

The difficulties from the want of surgical instruments were felt both by the Germans and French almost as soon as the war began; there were no means of mending or sharpening those which had been spoiled or blunted by use, and they were often thrown away. "Birmingham and Sheffield had been stripped of them, and at one time not even a pair of artery forceps was to be bought. Food during the first three days of September was very scarce; both medical men and patients had to be content with bread and water, with a little wine—trying enough in the face of the work to be done."

As the week went on a great number of men were brought in who had been lying on the field for four or five days,* and untended for two days in tents. "Of those whose injuries dated back a week scarcely one was saved, and it was striking how, in proportion to the length of time before help was obtained after the wound had been received, was the patient's chance of recovery." Tobacco was found very useful in soothing the nervous system after the excitement of

* It is interesting to compare Sir Charles Bell's account of the fearful sufferings of the French wounded whom he tended after Waterloo, and sad to see how little progress has been made after all in our war arrangements.

a battle—particularly when defeat had rendered the reaction more intense it became almost invaluable.

After the battle of Sedan fourteen thousand French wounded were brought into the town and the ambulances. Some of the cases are fearful to read of. A cavalry officer had had both legs and both arms amputated, and was making a good recovery; a ball had struck his leg, passed through his horse, which it killed, to the leg on the other side, while a second went through both his arms. The amputations were performed, it was said, in spite of his entreaties to be left to die.

All the cases admitted at the Caserne d'Asfeldt were most severe :—

Wounded, registered	593
Sick and wounded, not registered	200
Extra patients during battles of 31 Aug. and Sept. 1 . . .	400

1193

One hundred and seventeen deaths were from gunshot wounds, 30 at least from pyemia, out of 77 amputations 30 fatal, 50 deaths after other operations. The ventilation of the place was very imperfect.

With regard to the success of the surgery of the two nations, "great things had been expected of the Germans, from the high position held by the profession in the scientific world; but their practice did not appear to be good;" and the wounded, hospital stores, and the like, are evidently looked upon by the military authorities as mere impediments to operations. "The French surgeons were better, but the excessive centralisation of their medical service, and the manner in which the Intendance undertake a combination of duties of all kinds, make a break down at head-quarters fatal." "The danger of the hospitals was indeed such, from fever, gangrene, and erysipelas, and the torture of transport so great, that the chances of recovery for the poor fellows who crawled under the cover of a hedgerow were greater than for those lying in the foul infectious atmosphere of over-crowded surgical wards." There was little such disease in the huts, field ambulances, or temporary edifices, which admitted the freest possible ventilation, and a rope-walk in fine weather was found to be the most healthy shelter of all. The testimony to the value of fresh air is very remarkable. It is an old experience. When the French army in Spain were retreating on one occasion, they prepared to leave their wounded behind in hospital; the men, however, preferred to run their chance and accompany their comrades, and in spite of the suffering attendant on the rapid travelling, the constant change of air had such virtue that a larger proportion recovered than in hospital. But neither French nor German authorities have as yet realised this fact in sanitary science. There are few subjects on which the two nationalities were agreed; but here, at least, was one point in common: "Fermes les fenêtres," cried the French doctors whenever they

entered wards cared for by the English Staff. "Kein Engishes zug hier," said the Germans sternly when they saw the open windows; as if a draught were an English manufacture, like flannel or cutlery. Accordingly (as we should say) the proportion of deaths in hospitals has been very large. This, however, is no new feature in the French medical military annals. In the autumn of 1813 one-half of the patients perished in some of their hospitals, a third or a fourth in the best. "In the Crimea the failure of the French medical service was complete. In a death-roll of 95,615, only 20,000 men died in the field or of wounds, more than 75,000 of disease. In the brief Italian campaign, the deaths in hospital far outnumbered those in the field, and the wounded were sometimes left four days uncared for after the battle was over. There was an insufficient supply of surgeons—not even one doctor to 1,000 men—and an utter neglect of hygiene. Drainage, disinfection, good nurses, and abundant food were required to reduce the fearful mortality of the hospitals; but in all these the French administration were utterly deficient;" and at Sedan the Intendance was hopelessly disorganised.

The absence of sound sanitary arrangements was generally still greater among the Germans; except in rare instances, such as the Crown Princess's admirable hospital at Homburg, almost all necessary precautions were entirely neglected; typhus and low fevers prevailed in their hospitals to a grievous extent from the dirt, the sickening smells, and utter want of care even thus early in the campaign.

There has been great unwillingness on the part of the German authorities to allow the full extent of their losses from sickness during the war to be known,—“the health of the army” was always announced to be “excellent.” A semi-official statement has however at last been made in Berlin, by which it appears that the Central Bureau under the highest military authorities has authenticated 633,000 cases of sick and wounded; of these 78,000 belonged to the French, the remaining 555,000 to the German army. “These frightful figures,” says the *Volkstaat*, “are far below the truth. If the wounded are reckoned at 100,000 in round numbers, we shall be within the mark if we estimate the unwounded sick at half a million. How many of these have died, how many will drag on incurably sickly bodies, we have as yet no means of judging—the figure must be a terrible one.”

The great field hospital for the Bavarians was the Château de Bazeilles. Three thousand of them were collected there on the 2nd of September, distributed in the buildings and under the trees and sheds. The ground was literally saturated with wound secretions, while a great number of men and horses had been buried in extremely shallow graves about the gardens and immediate neighbourhood. A second country house close by was nearly as overcrowded, and as pestilential.

The Meuse was in a fearful state from the number of corpses of

men and horses drowned there, or thrown in to be got rid of. It was indeed only wonderful that more disease was not engendered, for the stench in the town and the neighbourhood was horrible and dangerous. The English surgeons suggested the lighting of great peat fires, but the authorities were paralysed, and nothing was done.

"For days before and during the battle of Sedan the French soldiers had been fearfully underfed, while enduring the greatest physical strain in a prolonged fight, ending in a disastrous and most depressing defeat," which told much upon the chance of cure. Where amputation of the lower limbs took place, scarcely one patient recovered; "of thirty-four cases of operation of the knee-joint all were fatal."

Diarrhea and dysentery were very troublesome, causing directly and indirectly many deaths. In the Caserne d'Asfeldt this was increased by using the water of a well into which the dead bodies of three Zouaves had been thrown. Numbers may be said to have been poisoned by the discharge from their own wounds. "Some day our present treatment of gunshot wounds will be looked upon as no less barbarous than the boiling oil of John de Vigo," says one candid surgeon. Grievous loss of life was occasioned by the transport of the wounded; often in common country waggons without even straw for the patients to lie on, "the system of the Prussians being to order removal as soon as possible, in many instances before any idea could be formed of the case." Frightful hardships were sometimes undergone from the want of horses to forward these long lines of miserable sufferers on their way. In one case four hundred peasant waggons, filled with wounded, were left out all night, without shelter, wet through, after travelling two days from the field of battle near Metz.

As at Sedan the number of wounded increased hour by hour, the Protestant pasteur offered his church as shelter for twenty-five men. He then sought up and down the town for bedding materials, but scarcely anything could be either bought or borrowed. The state of the streets was almost indescribable; a perfect hail of shot, shell, and bullets was falling, from which the soldiers were sheltering themselves under the walls of the houses, swearing, half starved, furious, and miserable—the variety of hideous noises, the hurtling bomb of the cannon balls, the hissing of the shells, the peculiar and terrible sound of the mitrailleuses,—the dreadful smells, the bones and entrails of dead horses lying about in every direction, the ribs showing raw and bloody, their flesh having been, the instant they fell, cut off by the soldiers—who could get no other food; if they could manage to cook it they considered themselves lucky, if not, they ate it raw—the whole scene utterly wretched and hopeless.

The wounded began to arrive at the church; but the few mattresses were soon exhausted, and they were laid on the floor, on the benches,

almost on each other, with a little straw under them, and perhaps a hymn book under their heads ; some sat on the pulpit stairs. Instead of the twenty-five patients prepared for, one hundred and seventy were sent in during the course of the day and night, and were laid down in the schoolroom, the little yard, the sheds ; the altar was seized as an operating table by the military surgeons, of whom at first only one could be spared for the work, and the three sisters of the pasteur dressed the wounds as well as they could, and helped to pull off the shoes and wash the feet of the men, which was some refreshment, but pretty nearly the only relief which they could give. No food was to be had for them except a few cases of chocolate and Liebig's extract until the next day, when the Intendance sent in the soldiers' meagre rations ; these were cooked in great caldrons in the open yard by the ladies and distributed by them. Two shells burst one after the other over the church and the presbytère, and the surgeon insisted on the wounded being carried into the crypt, where the children of an orphanage had, however, already been taken, and it was represented to him that the men would be stifled. "Then," said he, "we shall all be buried alive under the ruins, *tout ça va crêver.*" The prospect was not reassuring, but there was nothing to be done. A white flag had just been hung up as protection when a third shell struck the church ; "Oh !" cried the women tumultuously crowding up from the houses near, "pull it down, it draws the fire, it is a mark." It was, however, their best chance of escape, the pasteur held firm, and the church was not again disturbed.

At first the French wounded were extremely depressed, but their spirits soon revived. The Germans, on the contrary, as the time went on, pined for home ; and the idea of being incapacitated for future labour, with the extremely small pensions allowed by the Prussian system, seemed to prey on their minds. Their superior education was very striking said the pasteur ; the sick men were trying to learn French, studying maps of the country, &c. One day an infirmier besought him to come to a wounded German who he felt sure was mad, or "communicating with spirits, for he was making cabbalistic signs." He found a young fellow repeating his Euclid by heart, and making the figures in the air as he went on.

The extreme ignorance of their enemy shown by the French people and army alike was such that the men were almost paralysed at finding the Germans, whom they had been taught to despise, were better soldiers than themselves. It is necessary to turn back to the dismal tragi-comedy of the French newspapers after the puerile attack upon Saarbrück to realise the state of feeling at the beginning of the war. "The backs of the Prussians was all that they allowed us to see of them." "They positively ran at the first discharge of the mitrailleuses," was repeated in every variety of jubilant key. It was so self-evident a truth that a Frenchman must beat a German, that when

Paris heard of a battle it was taken for granted that it was a victory. After the engagement at Würth, a gentleman arriving from its neighbourhood found the Rue de la Paix dressed with flags, and a crowd marching about with songs of triumph for "a great victory." "But," observed he, "it was a great defeat; I was there." No one would listen to him, and he was advised to hold his tongue, it was not safe to hint at such an opinion, he would be taken up as a Prussian spy. The system of illusions and delusions was carried on from the highest to the lowest; things were "made pleasant" to the Emperor, but they were equally "doctored" before being made known to the Paris mob. "How can you put news in your paper which you know to be perfectly false?" was said to a French editor. "Il leur faut absolument des victoires, il n'y en a pas, il faut que je leur en fasse," was the answer, and accordingly they were manufactured to order in every variety. Nothing was too wonderful to be believed. "The Crown Prince had been taken with half his army!" "Two corps d'armées, 40,000 Prussians, had fallen into the quarries of Jaumont, shot down and buried under stones hurled in by an indignant peasantry," the veracious narrator declaring that "the groans still filled his ears;" a splendid coloured print was published of the event, which continued to be sold till the end of the war. One paper told how "a lieutenant-colonel wounded had just returned to Paris, and related that such had been the slaughter of Prussians that he was able to protect his guns behind a parapet of German slain; we repeat that the source from which this account was received renders it perfectly authentic." Other writers accused the English papers of having "invented not only French defeats, but battles altogether which had never taken place and places which did not exist." The wife of a late English ambassador, writing from Vichy three days after the news of the capitulation of Sedan had been heard of at New York, observed that "as the French arms had been successful everywhere, she should return by Paris and spend some weeks there."

Under the necessity of a victory at all hazards, Macmahon and his army had marched, as it were, into a trap; crowded into a town where it was impossible to stand a siege, without supplies, food, or ammunition. The general was wounded early in the day, and De Wimpfen, who "took the command of an army already beaten," as he complained bitterly, proposed to the Emperor to cut his way into Belgium. The slaughter, however, must have been tremendous, and after the fearful losses of the previous weeks, Louis Napoleon, sick and dispirited, seems to have felt that any end was better than the continuance of such dreadful scenes, and fancied (we may give him at least the credit of believing) that his abdication would end the war.

His interview with the ruler of kings, Bismarck, took place in front of a labourer's cottage in a village near Sedan. The Emperor

in the undress uniform of a general and a *képi*, the Chancellor in his white cuirassier coat, fur cap, and long boots, sat on a stone bench before the door on a slope close to the edge of the dusty *chaussée*, which stretched far and straight into the distance, bordered with the inevitable poplars. One who was present described how the Emperor went on pulling the vine leaves from the trellis one by one, and scattering them on the ground as the interest of the conversation increased, whence they were picked up by the bystander after the interview was over.

The hard part of the bargaining having been done by Bismarck, the meeting with the King of Prussia to receive the Emperor's abdication took place at Belleville, a country-house in the neighbourhood. There is a certain dignity given by circumstances to performers in really important events, if they do not strive after any such effect, and the behaviour of both emperor and king (equally, perhaps, far from being great men) is described as having been calm and "digne" on the occasion. Louis Napoleon refused to pretend to be able to compromise the future of France, though he and his army were compelled to surrender unconditionally, and next day he was forwarded to his place of captivity.

But it is after the chief performers have moved off the scene that some of the worst horrors of war have to be faced. The prisoners remained to be disposed of, the frightful hosts of wounded still left on the battle-fields to be tended, the hideous remains of those who had passed away to be put out of sight. "Three clear days after the fighting was over I found eight or ten men lying with both arms fixed in position, as if they were raising their guns to the shoulder to fire, though the majority of the corpses lay on their backs with every muscle relaxed." "Here lay a group of dead horses, there a line of dead men with heaps of broken weapons, the meadow on the hillside was full of mangled horses and dead cuirassiers. For days these remained unburied, as the peasants were either afraid to interfere or too little accustomed to act without orders to volunteer service of any kind."

The difficulty of guarding such an unexpected number of half-starved prisoners as had fallen into the hands of the Germans was immense. Seven hundred of them were confined on a peninsula surrounded by the Meuse, the neck of land being commanded by a Prussian gun. Their sufferings from want of food were sad, and the Pasteur of Sedan, having collected what little was to be begged or bought (what could it be among so many?) took it down to them. "You had better drive well into the midst, or you will be pushed into the river," said the German sentry. The carriage was literally stormed, and he was in danger of his life before the distribution was over. Mr. Trench, who also attempted to supply the poor wretches, is loud in his blame of the German authorities; but it must not be

forgotten how suddenly and unexpectedly they were thus called on to feed a second army.

The French had been for four days on the shortest of rations from the bad management of their own commissariat, one day almost without food of any kind; they were thus thrown entirely upon the provisions of their enemies, who were of course totally unprepared for such an unexpected addition to their mouths. The Germans seem to have done their best, and their own men were stinted till fresh provisions came up. At the beginning of the war there is no doubt that their captives were treated with humanity, and the French peasants dreaded the approach of their own soldiers as much or more than that of the more disciplined Germans; but, as the struggle went on, the bitterness on both sides increased to a frightful extent, and the war exactions around Paris and in the north of France have been terribly severe. "I hardly recognise my good, quiet Germans," said one of their own officers at Versailles towards the end of the time.

After this frightful week the great wave of events rolled on far away from Sedan. The Emperor had been taken to Wilhelmshöhe, the eighty-six thousand unwounded French prisoners "interned" in Germany, the sick had been disposed of in distant hospitals, or had disposed of themselves in quiet graveyards, the great German army had marched on Paris, and poor Sedan was left to itself and its miseries.

Everything had been swept away; provisions, crops, fuel were gone; the houses were shattered, whole villages ruined; the "hopeless misery of the burnt Bazailles, once a flourishing suburb of Sedan, with a population of about three thousand persons, now the most utter ruin that can be conceived, surrounded with the wrecks of beautiful little villas," is described as the most dismal of all.

The cloth manufactories having been built within a walled town, and much cramped for space, were in the habit of distributing their looms among the villages near, which were thus dependent for work upon Sedan itself. Such were the heavy contributions demanded by the Germans that there was no money for wages, and no buyers for the cloth if it had been woven. Provisions were not to be bought, the autumn sowing could not take place, neither food nor work were to be had, and whole villages were on the brink of starvation. Great soup-kitchens, supported by money sent out from England, were organised by the indefatigable sisters of the pasteur, who arranged working parties of women to make up warm clothing, which was afterwards given away. Many of the sufferers had been well off,—accustomed to give, not receive charity. Often a portion of the food and clothing received has been given back, with a kind word for others: "Our neighbours are as poor as we are, may not this be sent to them?"

The assistance given by the different societies has done excellent

service in keeping body and soul together among these starving sufferers till peace could allow work to be resumed. Charity, however, is a demoralising thing if it continue long enough to discourage men from exerting themselves (as we are now finding to our cost with the poor of London), and there has been some difficulty in preventing the usual results of cheating and quarrelling among the recipients of the relief from England. But the grain supplied for spring sowing, and the idle looms which have been set to work have, it is hoped, helped the peasants and artisans to help themselves. The men were thoroughly disheartened by the system of requisitions. Obligated as they were to use their own little horses and carts—the pride of an industrious peasant—to draw goods for the army of their enemies, they put no heart into their work, and got into habits of idleness. The German soldiers and horses passing to the front had to be lodged and fed by those who had anything left to seize, so that they scarcely dared to put their houses or gardens in order. Although, however, there has been much talk of cruel exactions, true no doubt in individual instances, “in general there was but little taken in the neighbourhood of Sedan by the German army except according to the bond of the fearful system of requisitions; there has been hardly any of the plundering of bad old wars, and none of the still sadder outrages on women,” says one eye-witness. “The German soldiers had in general genial, good faces, with square, heavy chins, and keen, shrewd eyes, and were almost all kind to children. I saw one day a big, stolid fellow seize a baby out of its terrified mother’s arms, cover it with kisses, return it to her, and silently go his way.”

The villages, for two miles or more round Sedan, suffered much in the battles of September. At Givonne the branches of the trees had been carried away by cannon shot — the groups of houses, “nestling in their sleepy hollows, which looked so happy last year, now lie grey and cheerless, the stone walls broken by shot and shell. the sides of the cottages peppered with bullets, hardly any smoke to be seen from the chimneys,” while the forests were cut down and the timber sold to a great extent by the German authorities. At Mezières, about twelve miles off, worse horrors took place. It gives some slight idea of the frightful proportions to which the war miseries attained, that its bombardment passed almost unnoticed amidst the greater excitement of watching the movements of the army of the Loire and the siege of Paris. Two lines or so in a telegram, “Mezières is besieged,” “Mezières has capitulated,” was nearly all the notice which it received. Yet the description of its sufferings makes one’s heart ache. “The fury of the fire seemed to have driven the people wild, the noise, the crumbling of the houses under the shells,” said one of the members of the relief committee. Men and women, silent and dazed, were passing up and down the wretched streets, which looked like nothing but a quarry of

stones; out of five hundred houses only a hundred and twenty were standing. A crowd had collected round one heap of ruins on the bitter winter's day; the house had fallen in upon the cellar, where thirteen persons had taken refuge from the fire. They were all dead, from the old grandmother to a baby. In another, an unhappy woman had sheltered herself to give birth to a son; the walls had, in like manner, crumbled, and she was found charred and burning, with the little one carefully wrapped in her petticoat."

The help sent from England assisted numbers of these houseless, starving people. The soup-kitchens have supplied hundreds of families during the winter, and the work given out from the *Daily News* and other funds to the women, constituted pretty nearly all that each household has had to live on. Many women came ten miles to fetch it, and refused all money help. "We have always worked," they say; "all we want is work, not charity!"

The stories of some of these poor creatures, given to "*les dames de la soupe*," are piteous. "A young woman, from Thelonne, came on Friday for the first time. I never saw a face with such an expression. It was as if she had cried so much that there were no tears left. She was alone, she said, out of seven. 'Where are the others gone?' 'They have all died in the war. On the "Day of Bazeilles" my father-in-law was shot; my mother-in-law died of the shock soon after. I had read in the papers that it was better not to forsake one's house in time of war, and we staid on, my husband and three children.* They came and set fire to the house. I don't know what happened then. All of a sudden I woke up in the cellar, and heard the cries of the soldiers, and saw an officer who was trying to protect us against them. I turned round, and found my baby, eight months old, dead by my side; and, when I looked on the other side, the second child was dead too. Then they took my husband away to shoot him. They carried him about, from place to place; but he got away at last, and hid himself. I escaped to my parents, at Thelonne, with my little boy, six years old, in my arms. My husband came in a few days after; but he fell sick, and died of his troubles, and the little one too,' and the tears fell slowly down her pale, thin cheeks. She is only twenty-seven years old. There was a dead silence in the room while she was telling her fearful story; the other women looked at each other in terror."

It is by details of such individual miseries as these that we realise the horrors endured by "war victims," and are made to feel greater sympathy than by any amount of general descriptions or bare lists of numbers and statistics of deaths.

* The Bavarians, who burnt the town, believed that the peasants had fired on them from their houses; the officers did their best to restrain their men, but the havoc was frightful, although the commander, Van der Tann, has of late denied the worst part of the outrages.

There is this peculiar painfulness attending the recent struggle, that whereas, in the case of other wars, it was intended and at least hoped that permanent peace would follow their conclusion, Bismarck deliberately expects that the result of the conditions he imposes will be future war; and, instead of arranging them with any view to friendship with France, they were settled solely with the aim of crippling her in the fight which he foresees and even intends to ensue. While France openly declares her intention to take "vengeance for Sedan" as soon as she has the power, and that she will return to the charge the moment she can once more set her own house in order. Can the neutral nations really do nothing to improve so hollow a truce? Are centuries of treaties and alliances really utterly valueless, and the reams of judgments in international law nothing but waste paper? and is there to be no future rule in Europe but that of the strongest? It is an acknowledgment of the most fatal kind of the weakness of law amongst us.

There is surely better and nobler work to be done by England even than that of making sharp her own weapons of defence, and giving food and lint to the sufferers, with which she appears inclined to content herself at present. M. Renan (no partial witness to our power and position) declares, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that a coalition of states, "in which England, *gardien de l'équilibre*, will always be the centre, is the best chance for permanent peace." "That Europe must act collectively, has been an idea already recognised, particularly since 1814." A real congress of the United States of all Europe, where their common interests would be considered, and where they would be bound by laws of a federal connection among themselves, he considers the best, perhaps the only chance of escape out of the frightful state of mutual distrust—every man's hand against his neighbour—into which we have long been drifting. Are the hundreds of thousands of lives sacrificed on both sides in the past year, the still greater number who have lost their happiness, their homes, and their health for ever, to bear no better fruit than this? It is indeed a wretched proof of how little Christianity, in this nineteenth century of its existence, has influenced our manners, our feelings, and our laws, at any rate internationally, that we should at this period in the world's history be utterly without any organisation of police among nations, like that for the control of the passions of individuals, such as is hardly now found wanting except among tribes at the lowest level of barbarism. There is a lull at this moment in the storm; it will indeed be grievous if advantage is not taken of it by the neutral states to attempt at least to bring about a better understanding between the combatants, ere the struggle once more rages, to which there would otherwise seem to be no end but the utter exhaustion of one of two great nations of such importance to Europe and indeed the human race.

"THE THUNDERBOLT OF PAINTING."

AMONG the "stones of Venice," there is a pile, still retaining the picturesque form into which they were arranged some four hundred years ago, that deserves perhaps more notice from the stranger than it has generally received. The fact is, that the modest dwelling in question labours under the disadvantage, well-nigh fatal in these latter days of hurry and shortness of time, of being "out of the way." Whole provinces in these our times languish if smitten by no more terrible curse than that of lying out of the world's great highways; and once-famous cities sink to decay if the railway-engineer and the iron horse have not condescended to recognize their importance. In such an age it cannot be wondered at that the building in question should remain unnoticed, situated as it is in one of the most obscure and outlying parts of the wonderful sea-city, although it was the dwelling-place and the death-place of the most extraordinary and most powerful intellect of all those who contributed to make the school of Venetian art perhaps, on the whole, the greatest which the world has yet seen. For here abode, while he was in the flesh, he who has been named "Il fulmine della Pittura."

This extraordinary man was Jacopo Robusti, more generally known by his universally accepted nick-name, Il Tintoretto.

Of course those who submit themselves to the *peine forte et dure* of being driven in herds round Europe by the whip-crack of a contractor of grand tours, arranged after the fashion of the ancient "Royal Game of Goose," "Here, stop one turn to admire Mont Blanc," and "Here, stop three turns to see Venice, and become acquainted with the Venetian school of art;"—of course these unfortunates cannot be expected to employ any of their counted minutes either in wandering into unfrequented parts of the labyrinth-like city, or in acquiring any of the knowledge which would lead them to feel that the very obscure spot in question was in truth a shrine worthy of a pilgrimage.

Indeed, to tell the truth, more leisurely seekers, even if their Venetian studies had led them to take an interest in the particulars of the life of that extraordinary man, of whose powers no idea can be formed by any one who has not studied his works in the city in which they were created, would not find it an easy task to discover the whereabouts of the house in which he worked, triumphed, sorrowed, and died. It is true there is, or, to speak more correctly, has been, an inscription placed on the front of the house, recording the fact that Tintoretto lived and died within those walls. But it is so effaced

as to have become illegible. Venice has, I think, indulged less than most others of the cities of Italy in thus recording the local habitations of its illustrious citizens. Perhaps the Venetian municipality would excuse itself on the ground that to do that completely for Venice, which some other cities have done even to the gathering up of the humblest fragments, would require them to cover the whole of their city with inscriptions. But the legend which marks the great painter's house having been placed on it, might be maintained in legibility.

The house itself, however, is very difficult to find. It is situated, as has been said, in a very out-of-the-way part of the city, and all places are sufficiently difficult to find in Venice, as everybody knows who has ever strayed among its canals and lanes beyond the Grand Canal and the immediate neighbourhood of the great Piazza. Then again the most recent notices, which he will be able to find on the subject if he betake himself to the assistance of the ever kind and obliging librarian and servants of St. Mark's Library, will send him on a wild-goose chase. These most recent notices are of the date of 1834, and since that all the "civic numbers"—not numbers of street by street, it is to be understood, but numbers running over the whole city—have been entirely changed. And here the explorer would find himself altogether at a nonplus if it did not occur to him, as it did to the present writer, to have recourse to the authorities by whom these numbers are arranged. By the gentlemen presiding over that section of the municipality charged with this department, though their official duties in no wise included the furnishing of any such information, he was received with the utmost courtesy, but at first with no great encouragement as to ultimate success. Some turning over of old registers, however, and much patient good-nature, succeeded at last, and the actual number of the house in question was ascertained. After this all further difficulty had to be dealt with and overcome by the gondolier. And at last the house was found.

If the explorer will follow the Grand Canal, beginning from the church of the Salute, passing under the Rialto, till he reach the huge, well-known, and unmistakable Palazzo Pesaro (one of the most magnificent buildings of the seventeenth century *barocco* period, the work of Longhena, who also built the Salute, and whose works are anathematized by a most conclusively motived judgment by Ruskin), and will then turn into the canal, called the Rio di San Felice, which opens into the Grand Canal on his right hand, immediately opposite to the Pesaro Palace, he will find at no great distance another canal turning to the left out of the Rio di San Felice, and called the Rio di Santa Fosca. Following this he will, after he has passed under the first bridge in his course, find the *Fondamenta dé Servi*—i.e., the Buildings of the Servites—on his right hand; and will pass, not under but *by*, another bridge on the same side, on the steps of which the celebrated Servite Friar, Paolo Sarpi, was struck down by the

assassin, who, at the instigation of the Court of Rome, endeavoured to take his life as he was returning on foot from the Council Chamber of the Republic to his own convent, and had nearly reached the door of it. A few yards further on he will see the beautiful ruin of the Gothic entrance to the convent, now destroyed. And immediately beyond this, turning to the right, into the Rio de Greci, and thence, still turning to the right, into the Rio dello Sensa, he will soon find himself at the landing-steps of the Campo de Mori. Landing here, he will have the Campo—or Piazza, as it would be called in other Italian cities—in front of him, and a quay before the houses, bordering the canal he has just been passing along, on his right hand. The first object on which his eye will probably rest, as he ascends the four or five steps from the canal, will be a strange carved and coloured figure niched into the corner of the nearest house after the fashion of a caryatid, one of those seventeenth-century burlesque figures, which that age delighted in. It is the figure of "Ser Rioba," the Venetian Pasquin, renowned in many a civic story under the old republic, but whose function was probably a sinecure under a rule which understood raillery so little as that of the Austrians. Within a few yards to the right of this figure, as one faces the houses with one's back to the canal, is the house which Tintoretto inhabited for at least the last twenty years of his life.

Although the interior arrangements of the house have been almost entirely changed, the façade remains very nearly such as it was when the great artist inhabited it. It is a small and modest dwelling—not so good a one as that which Andria del Sorto built for himself in the Via San Sebastiano at Florence, for example; but it is a good specimen of the Venetian Gothic architecture which succeeded to the Byzantine style in the domestic buildings of the Queen of the Adriatic, and must, in all probability, have been erected at least a hundred years before it became the dwelling of Tintoretto. There is the large central window—of two arches in this instance, both on the first and on the second floor, and on either side of this, on both floors, another single window of similar form—the well-known acute Gothic arch, with its ornamental mouldings rising to a pinnacle point in the centre, which is so characteristic and so beautiful a feature of the second style of Venetian architecture. There are some slight vestiges of other ornamentation remaining—one or two bits of half-defaced sculpture in basso-relievo, let into the wall, a fragment or two of the ornamental string-courses so common in Venetian buildings and so conducive to their beauty—but that is all! "Time's effacing fingers" have stripped from the still solid walls all else that once ornamented them, leaving only enough to show that, small and modest as the dwelling must always have been, beauty had been thought much of by the owner of it.

In the interior there is nothing of any interest whatever. On the ceilings of the commonplace rooms there are, as in all Italian houses,

some very ordinary paintings of Cupids, and so forth, the work of some whitewasher within the last fifty years certainly, which were pointed out to me as having been executed by the great man's own hand! It is fair to say that this information was volunteered to me by a female servant, the only person of the family now inhabiting the house who was then at home. This family is no longer that of the descendants of the great artist. But it is only quite recently that the property has passed out of their hands.

Here lived and died and laboured—certainly for the last twenty years of his life—i.e., from 1574 to 1594—the man who may be called, with a careful choice of the epithet, the most marvellous genius of all those recorded in the annals of painting. Nobody can feel and know to what a degree this is the truth, who has not studied Tintoretto in his native Venice. A similar remark is frequently made with regard to many other painters. But there is no one of whom it is so true as of this extraordinary man. And when a sufficient number of hours have been passed before those of his incredibly numerous works which yet remain, to bring this conviction well home to the mind of the student in Venice, it is impossible for him not to feel a curiosity respecting the man himself, who created these things, his life and fortunes, and the manner of him and of them. But the search, on which he will thus be impelled to enter, is a difficult one.

Who has not used and abused Vasari—profited by his garrulity and been provoked by his inaccuracy? But it is when one gets beyond chattering Giorgio's tether, among the crowd of great names of the Venetian school, that one misses him, and is fully aware of his value, despite his faults. Even his errors, handled by modern criticism and diligence, have turned to profit; and his most inaccurate stories form at least the backbone of a narrative which subsequent labourers have rendered valuable. And when the student of Venetian art-history has to take Ridolfi in hand, instead of gossiping Giorgio, he will find the difference, and miss his old, often abused friend.

Nevertheless, by patiently searching among the various sources of information—obscure, ephemeral *pieces d'occasion* and notices in forgotten periodicals, some of them—to be found in the Venetian libraries, some particulars of the man Jacopo Robusti as he lived and worked may be gathered and put together. Of accounts of *his works*, as distinguished from accounts of *him*, and of criticism on them, there is no lack.

Jacopo Robusti was born in 1512. His father was a dyer. The name by which not only posterity but his own age agreed mainly to know him, Il Tintoretto, has nothing to do with the practice of his own art. It means simply "The Little Dyer."

It may be as well to add that Titian was born in 1477, and died in 1576; Paolo Veronese born 1588, died 1598 (? 1588); Pordenone born 1482, died 1540.

Of course the memory of the reader will immediately recall to his mind many another contemporary name, and the remembrance of them will at once prove that this sixteenth century, and specially the first nine decades of it, was the high tide and culminating time of Venetian art; and the fact will at once suggest itself that, politically, socially, and morally, Venice had already passed the culminating point, and was on the decline; and it will not be forgotten that a similar chronological phenomenon may be observed with regard to other schools. The coincidence is very far from being an accidental one, and points to a whole chapter of considerations in the history of social progress, which this, however, is not the place to examine.

We have the usual stories tending to show the irrepressible bent of Tintoretto's mind, while yet a lad in his father's workshop; but we need not devote any space to the detailing of them. It is sufficient to tell that he was wholly friendless, as far as any furtherance in his ambition to become a painter went, and that he was determined to become one with a determination of that sort—unbending as cold iron, and ardent as molten iron—which rarely fails to accomplish its intent.

At last he succeeded in obtaining permission to frequent the workshop of Titian (thirty-five years his senior) as a pupil. It was great promotion. Titian was then *facile princeps*, caressed by princes, making a rapid fortune, living a gorgeous life, mixing with aristocratic patrons, and sharing their manner of existence. Many pupils attended his studio, and the ambitious dyer's boy strove his utmost to gain the master's eye, and show by proof of his capacity his right to be one of such a company. One day—it was only ten days after his admission to the school, according to a tradition constant in Venice—Titian had been out during the whole morning, the pupils had been variously at work at their appointed tasks, and Tintoretto, having none such, had employed his morning on a series of cartoons, on which he was delighted to see the master's eye rest, as he passed through the workshop to his private room. Titian turned over the drawings, looked at them carefully, said nothing, and passed into his own room.

That same evening came to the expectant lad a message brought by the master's favourite pupil, one Girolamo Dante—generally known as di Girolamo Tiziano, and now otherwise unknown—to the effect that he must quit the studio! The master wished never to see him there again! Titian had seen in these cartoons, by which the young Tintoretto had sought to gain his approbation, that which he deemed might soon put his own supremacy in question. The tone in which the anecdote, implying so detestable a meanness in such a man as Titian, is told by authors writing about one hundred years afterwards, is one of those constantly-recurring instances which tend to persuade one that truly the world has improved, and reminds one of the old Euripidean sentiment, to the effect that injustice should not be committed, *save* for the sake of empire.

Tintoretto left the great man's studio as commanded—with what feelings at the heart and what shakings of the dust from his feet may be imagined—and *never had any master again.*

But Titian had gone very far astray in his reckoning when he had hoped that he should so crush the talent which threatened to rival his own. Tintoretto was more than ever determined to succeed, despite all obstacles, and to owe success to labour and perseverance alone. He laboured literally night and day. He procured casts from the antique, and drew from them in every position and by every sort of light. He studied in various manners, which are mentioned by his historians as if nothing of the sort had been done before. He used to hang up his models to the ceiling, that he might study the position of the limbs in every possible attitude, and draw them by every kind of arrangement of artificial light, that he might master all the effects of light and shade. He studied from dead bodies and from anatomical preparations. Specially he obtained casts of Michael Angelo's figures in the Medicean Chapel at Florence. Nor did the treatment that he had received from Titian in any degree blind him to the unrivalled excellence of that great artist's colouring: for we are told that he inscribed in large letters on the wall of his studio, “The design of Michael Angelo, the colouring of Titian,” as the rule that was to guide his ambition. Modern critics, especially the recent editors of the last excellent Florentine edition of Vasari, have, very unreasonably, as it seems to the present writer, ridiculed the terms of the above expressed aspiration as absurd, as an ignorant attempt to combine two things incompatible and uncombinable. Of course the phrase is not to be understood with any such hypercritical affectation of accuracy. And surely no fault can be found with an ambition which simply sought to attain the highest excellence in design with the highest excellence in colouring.

To those who have examined the works of Tintoretto as they may be still seen in Venice, it is unnecessary to remark that the gods conceded half his prayer. The other half dispersed in air. Tintoretto did attain to a vigour and mastery of design fully equal to that of Michael Angelo, with a degree of correctness and accuracy far superior to the great Florentine; but he never equalled the colouring of Titian.

It was a very up-hill path that Tintoretto had to tread at the beginning of his career. Not only was Titian in full possession of the unbounded admiration and suffrages of the Venetians, but there were a whole host of Titianesque great names competing for the private favour of the citizens and the public favour of the Republic. Palma Vecchio, Pordenone, and Bonifaccio, were great favourites with the public. And to make matters worse, between him and Titian and the Titianesque school there was dissension, schism, rivalry, and enmity. But Tintoretto was determined he would succeed. To begin with, all scruples of professional or artistic dignity he threw

to the winds. He would work for anybody and for any terms, if only they would let him work. A new palace was being built. He went to the masons, who were often left to furnish by contracts between themselves and the painters the fresco ornamentation of the exterior walls. Ridolfi, writing in 1648, speaks of its having been the custom to paint the houses in Venice in fresco, "some of which paintings still remain." But a very few fragments can yet be found. And the destruction of all these numerous works shows how much more destructive the sea-air of the Queen of the Adriatic has been to such productions than the drier atmosphere of the inland cities of the Peninsula. Tintoretto offered to undertake the work on very low terms. He was told that the owners of the new palace did not intend to go to any cost for external paintings. He at once offered to paint the whole house for nothing save the cost of the colours! And on these terms he was permitted to do so! Never mind! At least all Venice would see his work! He painted portraits of himself and his brother, and exhibited them in the *Merceria*, the most public and busiest street of the city. He proposed to the Prior of the Convent of La Madonna dell'Orto to paint the two enormous pictures, one of the Adoration of the Golden Calf, the other of the Portents preceding the Last Judgment, for the walls of the principal chapel, where they are now seen. The Prior laughed at him, telling him that the entire revenues of the convent for several years would not suffice to pay for the work. Tintoretto on the spot offered to paint the pictures for the cost of the paint alone! It was impossible to refuse such an offer; and the two wonderful pictures were painted! For anybody who would employ him, he would paint for little, if more was not to be had; for nothing, if nothing was to be got.

And the works painted on those terms were by this time talked about all over Venice; and it may be easily imagined that the excellence, which his rivals were unable to deny, was not rendered more tolerable to them by the conditions on which this irrepressible young man was wont to produce them. He was abusing the dignity of art! He was destroying the market! He was ruining the profession! Nevertheless, they thronged to look at his work; and Titian himself found himself unable to withhold his praise and approbation.

For, in truth, such works had never been seen before. Here is what Vasari says of him—not in any biography of the great Venetian, which the Tuscan biographer has unfortunately not written, but incidentally in the life of Battista Franco. "He was," says Giorgio, "an amiable man enough in all his actions; but in matters of art he was extravagant, capricious, quick and free in execution, and the most terrible brain that the art of painting ever had! He treats his subjects quite in a different way from other painters. He has outdone extravagance itself with the new and fantastic inventions, and strange whims of his intellect. He seems to work at hap-hazard and

without plan, as if to show that he considered painting a mere jest. He does now," adds Giorgio, writing at the time of his highest celebrity, "most of the pictures that are painted in Venice."

A terrible brain indeed! This—the *terrible* potency of creative imagination, the unrestrainable welling forth of the seething fancies that were poured out from it—is what distinguishes Tintoretto from any other that ever handled brush. And to this must be added an almost equally wonderful and probably matchless facility and mastery in throwing on the canvas those thronging fancies in perfectly faultless drawing. This, let the matter be as difficult as it might—and Tintoretto is always seeking difficulties in order to show his power of conquering them—he accomplished with a certainty, a rapid freedom, and large dash of hand, that could only have been acquired by years of patient and unremitting toil.

But this same facility was Tintoretto's great snare. The fault-finding Mengs, whose criticism, in this case at least, abundantly testifies to his own incompetency and smallness of intelligence, says that the Venetian school generally makes great vaunt of quickness, and for that reason esteems Tintoretto, *whose only merit is quickness!* He would have been nearer the truth if he had said that it was his *only fault*; for the accusation of hurried execution is one against which Tintoretto's fanatical admirers in vain attempt to defend him. The truth is he not only painted far too rapidly to give his pictures a hope of durability, but he is answerable for leading a host of smaller imitators into the same mistaken path.

It must be rightly understood, however, what is the nature of the evil resulting from Tintoretto's phenomenal rapidity. His wealth of imagination and power of hand were such, that it may well be doubted whether for his contemporaries his pictures were any the worse for the speed with which they were executed. *We* are the sufferers. His method of execution was fatal to the durability of his works. He found that certain dark-coloured preparations and foundations for his pictures would dry with much greater rapidity than the light-coloured preparations which had previously been used by his contemporaries and predecessors. The temptation was too great a one for him to resist; and thus he was led into becoming what Italian critics and art historians do not hesitate to admit that he was, the father and beginner of the unhappy school of the "*tenebroso*"—all that rapidly-deteriorating crowd of *siecentisti*, whose black pictures would probably be but little better worth if they were not black.

Yet enough of Tintoretto's work remains to show what his colouring could be (and could remain) when he chose to give his creations a fair chance. There is the "*Miracle of St. Mark*," now in the gallery of the Belle Arti at Venice. This picture was painted for the confraternity of St. Mark, one of those wealthy societies established for purposes of devotion and beneficence, of which there were so many at Venice, and which in the decoration of their halls and places

of meeting were among the most efficient and important patrons of art in the city.

Efficient patrons of art, however, as the confraternities were in one sense, the confraternity of St. Mark was, at all events on that occasion, not a very discerning patron: for a difference of opinion arose among the members as to whether they should keep the picture. Now this picture, one of the great glories of the Venice gallery, is by all but universal consent the finest work now extant of the painter, and one of the perhaps half dozen finest pictures in the world. And it is remarkable that Tintoretto's conduct respecting it, on the occasion above referred to, seems to have indicated some consciousness of the superlative excellence of this among his other works. There was none of the eagerness to dispose of his work that characterised him on so many other occasions—no abating of price—no offer of it on any terms they chose to give him. On the first word of objection and doubt, he packs up his picture, and carries it off to his own house. That prompt action brought the confraternity quickly to their senses. They were willing to take the picture. Ay, very possibly; but it was not so certain that they could now have it. In short, the artist made them beg hard before he would restore the insulted *chef d'œuvre* to the repentant brethren. However, they eat their humble pie. The picture was placed in their hall, and Tintoretto afterwards painted three other pictures for them.

It may be as well to observe respecting this great work, that the qualifying words, "*all but universal*," in the last paragraph, are due to the dissentient voice of a critic whose opinion cannot be neglected or pooh-poohed. Mr. Ruskin thinks that the "*Miracle of St. Mark*" is by no means Tintoretto's finest picture. *Valeat quantum*. The present writer has not the smallest intention of opposing his own very worthless opinion on such a subject to that of such a man as Mr. Ruskin. He contents himself with stating the fact that many generations of art critics and lovers of art have thought differently. Possibly the excellent habit of mind which Mr. Ruskin has acquired by the life-long practice of forming opinions on fundamental principles, wholly independent of the popular notions and popular voice on such subjects, and the very frequent cases in which he has had occasion to find such notions and such voice worthless, may have superinduced an undue tendency to oppose the opinion of the vulgar *quand même*.

Tintoretto may now be pretty well said to have had the ball at his feet. But the grand object of the ambition of every Venetian artist in that day of the meridian splendour of Venetian art was to be employed in the service of the Republic, and to have a share in the great work, then going on, of adorning the matchless halls of the ducal palace. But the star of Titian was in the ascendant, and specially so with the patricians of Venice.

New paintings were required for the Sala del Consiglio. The

works of Gentile da Fabriano, Vivarini, and Guaviento, which adorned its walls, no longer contented the eyes of a generation which had learned to appreciate better things. Gentile Bellini, Giovanni Bellini, Titian himself, and others of the Titianesque school, were entrusted with this unrivalled field for the display of their powers. Titian was also empowered to appoint the painters to whom the vaults of the Library of St. Mark were to be entrusted. He gave them to Schiavoni, P. Veronese, Zelotti, Salviati, and Franco, to the exclusion of Tintoretto. But when there was room for such artists as some of the above, such exclusion was too marked by feelings of jealousy, and Tintoretto obtained permission from the Procuratori to paint some isolated figures of philosophers on some unappropriated wall-spaces. Thereupon he produced a Diogenes so marvellous, that spaces were found for him in the Sala del Consiglio for the treatment of two subjects that were allotted to him—"Frederick Barbarossa crowned by Pope Adrian," and the subsequent excommunication of the same emperor. The latter especially was a very grand subject, and must have called out all his wonderful powers. He was also employed to paint an immense "Last Judgment" in the Sala del Scrutinio.

But all these works perished in the fatal fire which did such irreparable damage in 1577—the sixty-fifth of the painter's life.

Any attempt to notice all, or even the principal, works of Tintoretto which yet remain in Venice would need a volume rather than an article; but it is impossible to refrain from mentioning the circumstances under which the great work of adorning the halls of the confraternity of St. Rocco was entrusted to him.

In 1488 the great and wealthy confraternity of St. Rocco built their new rooms—those magnificent halls, which are still admired for their architecture, and yet more for the truly wonderful series of paintings by Tintoretto which still cover their walls. But it was not till 1560 that the society determined on proceeding to the work of adorning their new building with paintings. It was determined to invite the leading artists of the day to compete for the work by the exhibition of cartoons for certain of the wall spaces to be covered. Paolo Veronese, Salviati, Schiavoni, and others, were among the competitors. A day was appointed for the exhibition of their designs in the great hall of the confraternity. The rivals showed their cartoons. Tintoretto had apparently brought none with him. But when the judges turned to him, he suddenly pulled away a sheet, which had hung against the wall unnoticed, and pointed not to a cartoon, but to a finished picture already placed in its framing in the destined place! Those assembled could not believe their eyes. His rivals were the most astonished, and could not forbear their praises of his work. It was the picture, still to be seen there, of "The Reception of St. Rocco in heaven by the Heavenly Father." The thing seemed impossible—the work of magic! In the few days allowed for the preparation of a cartoon sketch he had produced a

finished picture! Some of the members of the confraternity, however, when their first astonishment had a little subsided, thinking more of their own dignity than of purely artistic considerations, began to show themselves offended at the unauthorised liberty the artist had taken in placing his work in their hall, without having received any commission to do so. Tintoretto cut them short by telling them that it was his offering to the saint, and by citing their statutes to the effect that no such present could be refused! The upshot was the whole of the paintings (twenty-eight enormous pictures!) were entrusted to him, and that he was to be paid for the work by an annual stipend of an hundred ducats for life. He soon (too soon) completed the Herculean task, and lived to draw his pension for thirty-four years. "The Crucifixion," a colossal picture, much larger than any of the others, occupying the entire wall of one noble hall, is perhaps second only to the "Miracle of St. Mark" in the catalogue of his works. But alas! the whole of this wonderful series—"The Crucifixion" least of all of them—show but too clearly the result of his extraordinary, his incredible rapidity. It is not that the design of the pictures could have been better or the drawing more correct if he had meditated them for years, and laboured at them as long. The mastery of his hand seems to have been unerring, and the prolific teeming of his imagination absolutely inexhaustible. The amount of invention, of creation, exhibited in each of his larger works can hardly be imagined save by those who have seen them, and given themselves time to *see* them in reality. But it was the mechanical shifts to which he was driven by the material necessities of such headlong speed that have been fatal to the durability of his pictures. And the present condition of the whole of the miraculous St. Rocco series declares but too plainly that the Venetian critics, who accuse him of being the founder of the school of the "tenebrosi," cannot be said to do him wrong.

Then in 1571—just six years, alas! before the terrible fire at the ducal palace—the Venetians won their great victory over the Turks, and determined to celebrate it and commemorate it in the artistic manner so especially Venetian. Tintoretto and Salviati were commissioned to execute a great painting in the Sala del Scrutinio. This time it is Tintoretto who is primarily applied to. But the proposed partnership was very distasteful to him. He went to the Procuratori and made a proposition. If the Republic would trust the entire work to him alone, he would paint the picture in one year (full as his hands were with other work), would ask no penny of pay from the coffers of the State, and would engage to take his picture down again, and carry it away, if any other painter could be found to execute the work in two years for *any* payment! Of course such terms could not be accepted; and the mortification and rage of the old man Titian (then in his ninety-fourth year!) were very great, says Ridolfi; for he hated Tintoretto.

The latter, now in his fifty-ninth year, was still working with incredible rapidity, inexhaustible fertility, and unwearied industry on a crowd of works, great and small, public and private. His appetite for work seems to have been insatiable. Had it been proposed to paint every yard of sail-cloth on the galleys of the Republic, he would doubtless have undertaken the job single-handed. Yet it cannot be supposed that avarice was the motive that impelled him. Nor is any authority to be found to justify the statement in the "*Biographia Universelle*" that he was driven by the avarice of his wife.* It is impossible to suppose that a man, whose dealings were such as we have seen them to be, could have been eager for money. No, he was greatly ambitious of linking his name for ever with the fame, the splendour, the glory of his native city. And especially he was driven by the necessity, analogous to that which makes the boiler burst if there be no outlet for continually generated steam, to find expression for the incompressible well-head of his imagination. This, above all, is the quality which distinguishes him from all other painters of every age and clime.

We can permit ourselves to speak of but one other work, the last of his colossal canvases, and the most colossal of them all—the work of his old age—the "*Paradiso*," which occupies the entire wall of the *Sala del Gran Consiglio*, painted after the fire, which destroyed his and other previous works in the same hall. This is the largest picture known! It is thirty feet high by seventy-four feet long! Perhaps it may be doubted whether such a subject so treated was a fitting subject for painting. At all events, it must be admitted that no unity of impression can be produced on the mind of the beholder. But here again, as always, a detailed examination of the work reveals, to the always fresh astonishment of the examiner, the truly inexhaustible wealth of his imaginative power. Still the old man, as in the fresh spring-tide of his youth, pours forth new creations of combination, of movement, of beauty, and of expression, with a profusion that knows no limit save that of his almost unlimited canvas!

"*IL FULMINE DELLA PITTURA*," indeed! A thunderbolt among painters!

In one of those lovely corridors of the ducal palace there are two marble busts, side by side: those of Titian and of Tintoretto. One is inscribed "*Il Principe*" and the other "*Il Fulmine*" of Painting. And truly the designations are in either case appropriate! To what degree the busts may be accepted as veritable presentments of the men we are not aware. But there is no doubt that as given in the marble, "*The Thunderbolt*" is by far a nobler head than "*The Prince*."

T. A. TROLLOPE.

* Unless the biographer is unreasonable enough to find it in a jocosse statement to the effect that his wife used to tie up his money in the corner of his handkerchief when he went out; but he always spent it one way or another, and always told her when asked for an account at his return, that he had spent it all in pious works. All evidently a joke, if not a very brilliant one.

THE STREET-SWEEPER OF ST. ROQUE.

I.

I REALLY had not decided where to go. London was growing insufferably hot, although its emptiness was in some ways pleasant—you will understand by this that I don't care for parties, and am nervous about street-crossings, and London crossings in May and June are seriously trying to the nerves.

The streets were no longer crowded; but still London in August is like an emptied beehive—a bald, uncomfortable desert.

Indecision is apt to call dissatisfaction to keep it company,—I observe that long words have a way of running in couples. It was a decided relief to get a letter from my cousin, Jemima Brown. I am very fond of Jemima; she is sixty, short, stout, and sentimental, but her sentiment does not content itself with weeping over modern novels, and the sorrows of heroines who are no better than they should be, and who, if such impalpable beings could ever have stood upright in the flesh, would certainly have been much worse than their authors represent them to be. Jemima can cry just as heartily over the griefs of an old charwoman—whose idle, drunken husband robs her weekly of her hardly-earned wages—and my cousin will pinch herself, too, to help the poor old victim.

Jemima, to my surprise, wrote to me from Bayeux. I can't tell to this day how the stout, soft-hearted, irresolute dame ever got so far from home by herself; but there she was, and being there, she wanted me to keep her company.

In some ways I am like a mariner's compass; I may hesitate in a vibrating, quivering sort of way till I have determined what to do; but when once my mind is made up, like Talus, the squire of Sir Arthegal in the "*Faerie Queene*," I go straight to my point, and stick to it as the needle does to the pole.

The next day found me at Southampton, and the next at Havre; and then, with all the recollections of my journey to Normandy two years ago freshly roused, I asked myself why I should not spend one day at St. Roque, and see the Hotel de Lyons once more, and have a talk with Louison about "our Jean."

Since my return to England, I have more than once felt ashamed of my ignorance and want of observation, and when learned ladies are discussing the world-famous Church of William the Conqueror, I think of the dear old story of "Eyes and no Eyes," and hold my peace.

I had been into the church of St. Etienne certainly; I had been

there, and what remembrances had I brought away? A broad riband of light stretching from the clerestory windows to the pavement, and a very ragged devout Norman woman, whom I had noticed previously among a band of street-sweepers. "It is never too late to mend," said I, and as the Orne steamer had not started the morning I reached Havre, I went on direct to St. Roque.

When I drove up to the Hotel de Lyons, it seemed difficult to believe I had been so long away from it, all looked so homelike. There was the Chef in his snowy costume, white all but his boots, pumping into the shining brass-pan.

There in the foreground was Monsieur Clopin, rubbing his hands and smiling, and in the distance I could make out against the darkness of the sheds beneath the gallery the bright orange of the feathered carrots, and the scarole dripping still on the stones below. I felt inclined to rub my eyes. "Have they all been asleep ever since I went away," I thought "and have they only wakened up at the sound of my cab?"

Ah, but there was one want! I greeted Monsieur Clopin as he helped me to get out, and then by a sudden instinct I looked towards the staircase. Yes, there stood Louison, nodding and grinning like a broad substantial sunbeam. But I felt a want. There was no sweet little voice trilling out "*La Boulangère*." Involuntarily my eyes went travelling round the courtyard, and then up to the gallery which ran along its walls, and I sighed.

"Ah, ma'mselle has not then forgotten him—*notre Jean*?"

I did not know that Louison had come up close to me.

"You must show me my room," I said, and then I turned to Monsieur Clopin, and inquired for his wife and children. He thanked me with the effusion that no man can reach who is not French.

"Madame is quite well," he added. "She and all the little family are at Cabourg for a week or so."

Somehow, it was a relief not to see Madame and Idalie, though I was sorry to miss the rest. However, I could not stay at St. Roque till they came back; so I left my little gifts for them with Louison, and presented her with that most valued treasure to French servants, a pair of English scissors.

The house seemed very sad. Everything reminded me so painfully of the bright little spirit gone on before. I looked at my watch. Only two o'clock, and I knew the *table d'hôte* was not till five o'clock.

"I shall get a brioche at Madame Chuquet's," I said to myself, "and then I'll go on to St. Etienne, and make a few notes."

Looking back on what I have written, I see that I have likened myself to the iron squire of Britomart's knight, and my readers will naturally infer that, having come to St. Roque with the idea of expiation, I shall stride on vigorously through the Rue Notre Dame, looking neither to the right nor to the left till I reach the

cathedral. But, alas! if "it is never too late to mend," there is another truth equally certain—"We none of us know what we can do till we try."

A little way on I came to the tempting window above which shone in large golden capitals the words, "VICTORINE CHUQUET, V^{VE} PATISSIER." Nature stirred within me at the sight. I had only got a mouthful of roll and one cup of coffee at Havre before the boat started. I went in and asked for a brioche.

Madame Chuquet was alone, as bland and gracious as ever. Her fair, handsome, Norman face was rounder and fuller, but she was little changed. In the midst of an eloquent description of the beauty of the children of her daughter, Madame Leroux, she stopped and gave a sudden—

"Ciel! there is that good-for-nothing again! Ah, ça! go along with thee! We don't keep bread here for such as thou."

At the half-open door stood a woman with large hungry eyes bent on the tempting counter within. On this some twenty different kind of cakes, each more enticing-looking than the other, were ranged in tempting array—not piled in the tasteless confusion of an English pastrycook's.

The poor creature's eyes roved over these delicacies, but seemed to be searching for something else. Her face was very thin and sunburnt; the stocking-cap she wore, without any strings, showed deep hollows behind the cheek-bones, and a wasted, attenuated throat; a miserable washed-out cotton-neckerchief covered her shoulders; and below this came what had once been a black stuff gown—many-coloured itself from constant exposure, and with many-hued patches besides; her feet were bare, but she wore heavy black sabots. And yet I noticed, in the midst of this abject misery, that the woman's face was clean, and that the kerchief was arranged neatly and modestly.

Suddenly the roving eyes met mine, and I recognised the face; in a minute more I remembered all about it. This was my street-sweeper—my poor devotee of St. Etienne of two years ago.

I paid hastily for my brioche, and went out of the shop; it would have been a mockery to offer those cream-tarts and nougats to the starving creature on the steps.

She crept humbly away when she saw me coming out. I beckoned her to follow me. There was a baker's shop a little further on, and I went in and bought one of those wonderful loaves, in the shape of a great ring, which seem made to carry on your arm. I gave it to my street-sweeper, and then I said, "Suivez moi," in my best French manner, and walked on in front.

"Now," I said to myself, "by the time I reach St. Etienne she will have told me her story. These French people dearly love to chatter about themselves, and I shall have quite a little romance for Jemima when I get to Bayeux."

After a little I looked behind me. I expected to see the loaf half gone at least, but she had only eaten a very moderate portion, and she was crying.

"Poor creature! how very distressing! and she hasn't got a pocket-handkerchief of course. *Jemima* would give her hers directly, but then *Jemima* is so eccentric."

I found myself getting uncomfortably hot in the face. I am neither conventional nor priggish, but a single woman is expected to be decorous in her behaviour, because she has no one constantly at hand to keep her in order: which I take to be the chief use of a husband. How very ridiculous it must look—to be marching down the *Rue Notre Dame* in this majestic fashion, a beggar woman blubbing behind me with a loaf in her arms!

St. Etienne and all my sage determination about it went out of my memory. I turned into the first by-street I came to. It was a narrow silent turning, and it led into a street as silent, though broader, parallel with the *Rue Notre Dame*.

"If I mean to ask any questions, here is the place," thought I; but my false shame had found me out even across the water, and I scarcely knew how to begin. I glanced back. The woman had left off crying, but she had left off eating, too; and it seemed to me she looked sadder than ever.

A sudden thought came to aid me. I turned round, and waited for her to come up.

"Where do you keep your broom—the broom you sweep with?"

"I will show madame."

The voice and the accent startled me, both were so refined for the abject creature who spoke. She led the way now, and I followed. Spite of her rags and her sabots, she moved well, and with a certain amount of grace.

We came at last to an old Norman church. I fancied I had seen all the churches of *St. Roque*, but this was new to me. It looked weather-stained and dilapidated, and the huge doors were worm-eaten and falling to decay. One of these stood half open. To my surprise my guide entered through the gap, and looked over her shoulder for me to follow. I went in. Above me was the groined roof, with its bold stone ribs; the capitals of the piers that supported the four arches of the tower were massively sculptured; and beyond, melting dimly into darkness, was the church. A church no longer. Hay and straw, fodder of all kinds, were piled high, reaching above the pillars of the nave; and in and about the tower where I stood were carts and trucks, fire-arms and faggots, in a sort of grotesque confusion. I felt stupefied with surprise, for, spite of the worm-eaten doors, the exterior had given no tokens of this desecration. But my companion roused me.

"Voici, madame!" she said, and pointed behind the door.

It might have been the ante-chamber to a witches' Sabbath gathering. There stood stiffly in the angle formed by the half-open door at least fifty besoms.

"When do you use them?" I said, by way of answer.

"Every evening, madame, unless it rains—it rains now," she said.

I was not surprised to see heavy drops falling, the heat had been so intense. I felt sure a storm was coming; but it was a relief to hear those heavy drops, instead of the thunder I had dreaded. I don't like English thunder, but I am used to that. I know nothing about French thunder, and I would rather not encounter it, until I am safe with Jemima Brown.

"Will not madame be seated?"

There was my sweeper, with true French courtesy, dusting a chair with her poor, many-coloured gown; and then I saw that several of these chairs were stacked together near the brooms, possibly for the convenience of the sweepers.

"You had better sit down, too."

She thanked me, but she shook her head, and kept standing at a respectful distance. I felt, spite of her rags and misery, quite ashamed of having given her that loaf—she was so gentle and well-mannered.

Well, here I was alone with the object of my curiosity, and, judging by the sound of the rain, I must remain a prisoner till it subsided; and yet I did not know how to frame a question to lead her on to telling her story. I looked up at her; her eyes were fixed on me with a searching, inquiring gaze.

"I wonder if she wants to know *my* story," said I; and I felt, I suppose, as the knife-grinder did when he made that memorable answer. "Dear me," said I, peevishly, "I hope this isn't a female grinder." It was a foolish thought, but then I am not a sensible person.

Whatever her story might be, so much revealed itself in the woman's face—she was humbly ashamed of her estate; in this I read, as I thought, that she had brought herself to it, and had repented. There was no trace of proud humility; and also, spite of the outward degradation, the inner light of the spirit shone yet in the large earnest eyes and thoughtful mouth.

"What is your name?"

I really did not mean to ask; but I fancy my tongue had got tired of the long silence, and just put me on one side. The woman was evidently startled out of a reverie—her lips quivered.

"I am called Thérésine, madame."

"But what other name have you?"

Poor creature! Looking at that tanned, weather-stained skin, I had got to fancy her quite hardened out of sentiment; but a deep flush rose up to her brown forehead.

She shook her head.

"I have no name, madame. I have lost mine. It is dead now."

The tone was so sad, so uncomplaining, that I found my eyes full of tears before I knew it.

I could not sit there with this poor creature standing in front of me as if I were a judge and she a criminal. Let her have done what she would, she was better than I was. She had found me a shelter, shown courtesy, and then confessed herself a sinner to a fellow-mortal. I got up and went close to her.

"Thérésine, I am sure you are unhappy; what is your grief? Perhaps I can help you, if you will let me." My tongue really was quite beyond my control. I was growing just as eccentric as *Jemima Brown*, and I expected to see the Frenchwoman fling herself at my knees, and embrace them in an effusion of feeling.

"Good gracious! what shall I do? I hate scenes, and I can't get away because of the rain."

Not a bit of a scene followed. My street-sweeper turned away from me, and looked stedfastly into the dimness behind her.

It seemed to me that she looked taller than I had fancied. I am apt to be afraid of women taller than myself, let the cause be what it may. I heartily wished I had left Thérésine and her story alone.

I went to the door and looked out. One might have thought there was a leak in the great heavy clouds, in hue like a leaden cistern; for the rain came down in streams rather than in drops.

"Madame"—Thérésine had followed me—"you are an English lady. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

I must tell this story as it happened, though some of it puts me to shame; but I really thought she was going to ask for money after this preface.

"Well, madame, in six years of shame and sorrow one other voice spoke kind words to me, and that was the voice of an Englishman. I was proud then, I would not answer, and he went away. When you spoke just now, I thought, 'I have not long to live, why not bear yet a little longer, and then hide all that is left of me away for ever?' But, madame, that thought was pride too. And what have I to do with pride?—unless, indeed, it is—and I think it is—the lowest of sins."

As the woman spoke I recognised the secret influence that had mastered me, and drawn me to her. Whatever she was, she had no ordinary mind, and that mind had been cultivated.

I did not quite know what to say, so I just took her hand and went back to the chairs. "Sit down," I said, "you look very tired."

Poor Thérésine obeyed; but it seemed as if all her dignity and self-control left her as soon as I touched her hand. She sank down on the chair I gave her, and buried her face in her hands, sobbing.

She sate thus a long while; at last she looked up, her face wet with tears.

"Pardon, madame, but you can never know what it is to be treated

like a woman, when you have only been treated like a dog. Once, madame, I was happy and good, at least I might have been if I had been content and obedient; but I was not either. I do not know how it is in your country, but with us the law for marriage is strict. You may not marry without consent of parents. If you do, you are a shame and a disgrace. Well, madame, even before I left the convent where I was learning, I loved. My mother was angry, she forbade me to continue my love. Madame, I was only sixteen, and I was obstinate. I could not bear to wait till the law would give me freedom. My lover urged me ardently. He had got an appointment in Paris, and I went away with him—without consent from any one."

She stopped here so decidedly that I was afraid she was not going on.

"But did not your mother consent when she knew you were married?" I asked.

A sad smile came over Thérésine's face, and she drew her chair further from me.

"Pardon, madame, I thought you had understood what I am. I have never had a husband. If I had, do you think the good God would have let me sink so low as this? He does not punish the pure and the impure alike. He punishes us according to our needs; and, madame, my need was to be humbled."

I sat still; but Thérésine was roused now, and eager to speak.

"Madame, I am not going to talk of the most shameful part of my life. It is not for you to hear. That was soon over. I had fallen because I loved; but when love forsook me, and I was left alone, I knew what I had done, and I fled away from worse evils I saw all round me. I begged my way back to St. Roque, but when I got here I dared not show my face. I used to hide near my mother's door. I have watched her in and out day after day. I was always wishing she would see me, but I could not get courage to speak to her. One Sunday, it was winter, and it was dark when she came in from Benediction, I was watching on the opposite side of the street, I saw her foot slip as she went up the steps to her door, and she fell. Then I could not help it, I ran and helped her up. She knew me before I spoke; she pushed me from her roughly, and turned her head away. 'Go, I don't want you. You are disgraced,' she said. I cried, 'I am your own child Zizine,' but she would not look at me. The door opened and she ran in, and shut it in my face. Madame, I never saw my mother any more. Before next Sunday came she was dead."

Thérésine stopped here.

"But how did you live?" I asked presently. "Did you get employment?"

"But no, madame," she shook her head, "the people of St. Roque say that their town is the cleanest and the purest in France. Perhaps it

is, but it is also a town where they judge hardly. I had no character to offer. I had scarcely any clothes. I had got a situation, and then the worst happened—a man came into the shop where I stood, and he knew my face and told all about me.” Thérésine shrank into herself, as if she had been struck. “Madame, that was worst of all. My pride conquered—I could not bear it; I fled away and hid myself. Never again did I try to hold my head up among my fellows. I got field-work for a little, but I was too weak for it; and then a poor girl like myself told me the sweepers had a few sous each day for keeping clean the streets. I applied, and they took me on. One work is as good as another, and I shall sweep till I can no longer hold my broom.”

The glow that had come into her face faded. She looked as haggard and wretched as she had looked at Madame Chuquet’s window.

“But won’t the clergy do something for you? Is there no refuge where you could be taken in?”

Thérésine looked frightened. She held out her clasped hands towards me.

“Ah, madame, par pitié!” Then she recovered herself. “Yes, there is an Asyle near La Maladrerie; but though I am a sinner, I have not led the life of the women at the Asyle. If I could get work more fit for a woman than this is, I would lay down my life to do it.”

“But surely, if you were to speak to a priest, to one of the clergy of St. Etienne now, they wouldn’t turn away, they would help you to employment. I have seen you in church.”

“Yes, madame, I go to confession and to La Messe; but the priests do not know me from a hundred such as I. If I could once get courage, I would speak to some of them; but it is too late——”

“No, it is not too late.”

I felt quite in a rage with the good town of St. Roque. It seemed to me as if I would restore my poor sweeper to respectability in spite of it and all its pharisees.

I did not like to give Thérésine money, but I made up my mind to go home and talk to Louison and Monsieur Clopin, and see what could be done.

The rain had ceased some time ago as suddenly as it came on. I asked Thérésine if she could be at the old church next morning, and then I said good-bye.

II.

I TRIED to get speech of Louison and Monsieur Clopin, but I did not succeed. Louison had gone for a walk in the Cours Caffarelli, and Monsieur Clopin was never visible after he had carved for his guests. I fancy he went to his Cercle, for he affected politics and literature.

Next morning I came down to breakfast determined to do something for my poor sweeper. I met Louison in the gallery and told my story. Louison put her massive black head on one side and looked at me.

"Hein—yes, it is sad—it is horribly sad! but what will you? Madame, there are at least fifty of these sweepers—all good-for-nothings—and madame will find that each one has a story to match this of Thérésine. I know nothing about it."

She shrugged her shoulders, and went bustling to the end of the gallery, from which her help, Françoise, was holding a conversation with Desiré, the waiter, who stood in the court below.

"Chut!" very sharply from Louison, and Françoise disappeared.

I felt sorry and surprised. I could not have believed it. To think of Louison, so tender-hearted and pitiful to little Jean, so hard to this poor soul, Thérésine.

And Monsieur Clopin, whom I met in the entrance, was nearly as bad, although he veiled his indifference politely; but when I feebly and timidly suggested that he might get some employment from his numerous customers in the way of washing or needlework for my protégée, the man spoke out—he held up both hands.

"Madame, it is impossible, I assure you; it would injure my establishment if such a person were seen about it."

I went into the *salle* like a dog with its tail between its legs. I felt as if I had committed some heinous breach of propriety; and whatever was to become of my poor Thérésine! My coffee and my tartines had lost their savour; I was thoroughly upset. What should I say to my sweeper when I met her at the ruined church? I felt punished for my Quixotic behaviour.

An arrival! Out bustled Monsieur Clopin, and on his heels went Desiré and Louison. I felt cross with the whole pack, and with myself, too, for being so helpless.

Surely I know that voice and that cheery fat laugh; and a short stout woman, in brown holland and a broad-leaved brown hat, stands in the entrance of the *salle*.

"Jemima!" and instead of going forward, I stand stupefied with my mouth open.

How Jemima laughed, and then wiped her eyes and her face generally, and then laughed again; and as soon as I recovered myself sufficiently to join in the mirth, Louison and Desiré joined in the broadest of grins. Monsieur Clopin's moustache curved with delight.

"Oter café—oter pang et bur," said Jemima, pointing to my breakfast; and, considering her accent, I am inclined to think the gesture was needful. "Well, my dear, when I got your note, I remembered I wanted to see St. Roque myself; and so I thought it would be a great joke to take you by surprise. And really I am so tired of holding my tongue—they don't understand one word of

English at Bayeux, and they are saucy enough to pretend they can't make out my French."

I coughed, and said this was a pity; but I was heartily glad to see Jemima, although, of course, I knew I should have to take care of her.

"You look worried," she said, when we had had some more talk; so I told her my troubles about Thérésine.

Jemima listened with deep interest; but when I came to my appeal to Louison, she opened her round eyes in wonder at my ignorance.

"Don't you know," she said, "that a respectable well-to-do servant is more hard than any one in a case of this sort. Why don't you go to the Hôtel Dieu?" she added briskly.

"Hôtel Dieu!—what is that?" I said in a sort of maze; to think of Jemima, who had never been in France before, talking to me of a place I knew nothing about.

"Oh, I've been reading up St. Roque," she said, with a shame-faced laugh; "I've got some curious old books on Normandy. Come along. Send for a voiture, and we'll go there at once."

We went there, and I really felt thoroughly ashamed of myself that I should have stayed twice in St. Roque, and should have contented myself with just a casual glance at the Abbaye-aux-Dames, wholly ignorant of the community of good and holy women who live under its shelter,

We saw the Superior, and I told my story. She promised at once to give Thérésine needlework and to take an interest in her welfare.

"If she is what you believe her to be, madame—a true penitent," the good lady said, "we will soon make a home for her here."

I went on alone to the old church. I thought Thérésine would shrink from a fresh face, so I would not ask Jemima to go too. My street-sweeper was waiting for me. I think Thérésine had so given up hope and trust in this world that she could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw me. I told her my news. Her lips quivered—she could not speak; but when I went on to tell her of some little plans Jemima and I had made so that she might present herself respectably at the convent, great tears came rolling over the poor sunken face.

"The good God will bless you, madame. If He hears the prayers of such as I, He must bless you."

I got away,—I hate to be seen crying,—and then I went back to the shop where I had left Jemima getting an outfit for Thérésine. I had learned a lesson of humility that day—I, who have laid down the law to dear, short, stout, true-hearted Jemima all my life.

If we live till next year we mean to go back to St. Roque, and see how Thérésine fares at the Hôtel Dieu.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

COMETS AND COMETS' TAILS.

Among the many startling suggestions recently thrown out by men of science, not one, perhaps, has seemed more amazing to the general public than the idea put forward by Sir W. Thomson in the able address with which he inaugurated the late meeting of the British Association—that life on the earth may have had its origin from seeds borne to our planet by meteors, the remnants of former worlds. Coupling this startling theory with the partly-admitted view that the tails of comets and comets themselves consist of meteoric flights, he presented the “hairy stars” which men so long viewed with terror in a somewhat novel light. Regarded not so many years ago as probably the vehicles of the Almighty’s wrath, comets are made by this new hypothesis to appear as the parents of universal life. How would Whiston, and those who thought with him that a comet in old times effected the destruction of all living things (save a chosen few) with water, and that a comet at perhaps no very distant future would destroy the whole earth with fire, have contemplated a theory according to which the seed-bearing fragments of a comet’s tail peopled the earth with all the living things which at present exist upon its surface? The “fear of change” with which in old times comets perplexed the nations must be replaced, it would seem, by another sort of fear. We need not dread the approaching dissolution of the world through cometic agency, though the thought of a vast catastrophe may be suggested by the consideration that we see in the comet but the fragments of another world. But, if this new theory should be accepted, we have reason to regard with apprehension the too close approach of one of these visitants; because, if one comet supplied the seeds of the living things now existing on the world, another may supply myriads of seeds of undesirable living things; and mayhap the sequent struggle for life may not result in the survival of the fittest.

It is hardly necessary for me to say, perhaps, that I am not troubled by such misgivings. I can scarcely bring myself to believe, indeed, that the eminent professor was serious in urging his hypothesis of seed-bearing meteors. Englishmen speak sometimes of the slowness with which a Scotsman apprehends a jest; but the Scotsman may return the compliment—so far, at least, as the southern estimate of Scottish humour is concerned. For a true Scot makes his jests with a gravity and *aplomb* unequalled among Sassenach

humorists. It is far from improbable that the seriousness with which the seed-bearing meteorites have been discussed proved infinitely amusing to the gathering of the clans in Edinburgh. Thomson and Tait, Andrews and Geikie, Stewart and Lockyer, in fine, all the Scottish men of science who were present at the gathering, may be ready to retort Sydney Smith's gibe, maintaining henceforth that nothing short of a surgical operation will enable an Englishman to appreciate Scottish humour.

For it will be noticed that the explanation of the origin of life upon our globe leaves the real question of the origin of life where it was. The theory, in this respect, resembles that undoubtedly humorous account which the Hindoo sages gave of the manner in which our earth is supported ; and precisely as the Hindoo student of science might ask how the tortoise who supports the earth is himself supported, so may we ask how the worlds which, by bursting, supplied space with seed-bearing meteors, were themselves peopled with living things. This circumstance of itself throws an air of doubt over the new hypothesis, as a seriously-intended account of the origin of life on our earth. It may seem superfluous to add that in a collision by which a world was shivered into fragments the seeds of life would have what may be described as a warm time, since the collision could hardly fail to vaporise the destroyed world. The fiery heat generated by the collision, followed by a voyage during myriads of millions of ages through the inconceivable cold of space, and, lastly, by the fierce heat which accompanies the fall of meteoric masses upon our earth, would seem so unfavourable to the germs of life, that Pouchet himself might accept with confidence the belief that all such germs had been completely destroyed before reaching this planet.

But while the theory of seed-bearing meteors can hardly be regarded as a complete solution of the perplexing problem of the origin of life, the facts to which the eminent Scottish professor referred while discussing it are of singular interest and importance. The whole history of recent scientific research into the subject of the relation between meteors and comets is full of instruction. To the readers of this magazine that history will be in great part familiar, because, in the number for November, 1869, a paper by the present writer appeared, in which a popular account was given of the researches of Schiaparelli, Adams, Leverrier, and those other men of science who have placed meteoric astronomy in its present position. I propose here, therefore, to take for granted many of the conclusions dealt with in my former paper. This will enable me to discuss with greater freedom, as regards space, the views respecting comets, and more especially respecting cometic appendages, which seem to be suggested by observed phenomena, taken in connection with the association recently recognised between comets and meteors. The subject is as yet too new for the enunciation of definite theories, and

far less can we safely dogmatise respecting it. But much has been established which will well bear careful investigation, and I believe that the conclusions which may be fairly deduced from observations already made are much more important than is commonly supposed.

The phenomena[†] presented by comets have long perplexed astronomers. Setting aside the fact that the head of a comet strictly obeys the law of gravitation, there is scarcely one known fact respecting comets which astronomers have succeeded in interpreting to their satisfaction. The facts recently ascertained, striking and important though they undoubtedly are, yet not only fail to explain the phenomena of comets, but are absolutely more perplexing than any which had before come to light. The present position of cometic astronomy is, in fact, this :—Many facts are known, and many others may be inferred ; but these facts have yet to be combined in such a way as to afford a consistent theory respecting comets.

It is now known that the comets which are so brilliant as to attract general notice are but a few among those which actually approach the earth. The telescope detects each year (with scarcely an exception) more than one comet. It is probable, indeed, that if systematic search were diligently made, many comets would be detected yearly.* Already, however, nearly seven hundred comets have been discovered, of which by far the greater number have been the reward of modern telescopic research.

Of observed comets, only the more brilliant are adorned with tails of considerable length. But nearly all comets show, during their approach towards the sun, a certain lengthening of their figure, corresponding to the change which, in the case of larger comets, precedes the formation of a tail. So that a tail may be regarded as a normal, or at least a natural, appendage of comets—though special conditions may be requisite for the evolution of the appendage. This will appear the more probable when the fact is noted that, in all cases where a tail is formed, this tail appears as an extension of the part of the head known as the *coma* or hair—the fainter light surrounding the *nucleus* of the comet—and no comet has ever appeared without showing a coma during one period or another of its existence. Commonly, the coma continues visible as long as the comet itself can be discerned, though there have been instances in which the comet seems to have been shorn of its hair ; and, in one noteworthy instance, a comet of considerable splendour lost in a few days both its tail and hair.

Now when we consider the remarkable appearance which the tails of comets have presented, the great variety of their aspect, and the wonderful changes which have been noted in the appearance of one and the same comet, we begin to recognise the enormous difficulty of

* A prize has been offered to the astronomer or telescopicist who shall first succeed in discovering eight comets within the year.

the problem which astronomers have to solve. It will be instructive to discuss some of these peculiarities at length, because they seem to oppose themselves in a very striking manner to theories which have been somewhat confidently urged of late.

In the earliest ages of the history of our subject, the fact was noted that the tails of comets commonly lie in the direction opposite to the place of the sun. Appian, indeed, was the first European astronomer who observed this peculiarity, but M. Biot has succeeded in proving that the discovery had been made long before by Chinese astronomers.

If the tail of a comet strictly obeyed this rule, if it were always directed in a perfectly straight line from the sun's place, the peculiarity might admit perhaps of a tolerably simple explanation. This, however, is not in general the case; in fact, I do not know of a single instance in which a comet's tail has extended exactly in the direction of a line from the sun throughout the tail's whole length. The tail of an approaching comet generally seems to bend towards the track along which the comet has recently passed, and the effect, when the tail is long, is to give the appendage a slight curvature. To cite only one instance out of many, it will be sufficient to refer to the splendid comet which appeared in 1858, and was known as Donati's. Soon after the first appearance of the tail a slight curvature could be recognised in the appendage; and this curvature became gradually more and more conspicuous, until, to use Sir John Herschel's words, the tail "assumed at length that superb aigrette-like form, like a tall plume wafted by the breeze, which has never probably formed so conspicuous a feature in any previous comet."

Here is a peculiarity which at once serves to dispose of the theory according to which the tail of a comet is to be compared to a beam of light such as a lantern throws amid darkness. The theory seems so naturally suggested by the general fact that a comet's tail tends from the sun, as to lead many to forget that the so-called beam of light thrown by a lantern is in reality due to the illumination of material particles; and that in the case of a comet we can neither explain why particles *behind* the comet (with regard to the sun) should be more brilliantly illuminated than others, nor how the particles come to be there at all. Despite these and other difficulties, the "negative shadow" theory, as it has been called, has been again and again urged, though only to be again and again refuted.

Let it be noted, however, before other peculiarities are considered, that the curvature of comets' tails is no argument against the ingenious theory by which Professor Tyndall has endeavoured to explain their direction from the sun. According to this theory, the passage of light through and beyond the head of the comet is the real cause to which the appearance of the tail is to be ascribed. But a physical process is supposed to occur as the light traverses the region behind

the comet; and the rate at which this process takes place need not necessarily correspond to the enormous velocity with which light travels. So that, instead of the whole tail being exactly in a straight line with the head and the sun, as it must be (appreciably) if the phenomenon were a mere luminous track, the end of the tail (the part formed earliest) would lie in the direction of a solar ray through the place occupied *some time earlier* by the head. This, in fact, corresponds somewhat closely with observed appearances; and so far Professor Tyndall's theory receives undoubted support from recognised facts.

Indeed, we seem almost driven to the conclusion that some such action as Tyndall has conceived takes place in the formation of a comet's tail—that either light, or electricity, or some swiftly travelling cause, is at work—by the marvellous rapidity with which in some instances the tail of a comet has seemingly changed its position. The comet of 1680, commonly known as Newton's comet, affords a remarkable instance of this. I take the following narrative from Sir John Herschel's "Familiar Lectures," article "Comets," noting that the student of the subject, and especially the student of those theories which have of late been advanced respecting comets, would do well to study that paper carefully, as well as the chapter on "Halley's Comet" in Herschel's volume on his Cape observations:—
 "The comet passed its perihelion (that is, the point of its course nearest to the sun) on December 8, and when nearest to the sun was only one-sixth of the sun's diameter from his surface"—travelling at the rate of 1,200,000 miles an hour. "*Now observe one thing*," says Herschel; "the distance from the sun's centre was about one-160th part of our distance from it. All the heat we enjoy on this earth comes from the sun. Imagine the heat we should have to endure if the sun were to approach us, or we the sun, to one-160th part of its present distance. It would not be merely as if 160 suns were shining on us all at once, but 160 times 160, according to a rule which is well known to all who are conversant with such matters. Now that is 25,600. Only imagine a glare 25,600 times fiercer than that of an equatorial sunshine at noonday, with the sun vertical. And again, only conceive a light 25,600 times more glaring than the glare of such a noonday! In such a heat there is no substance we know of which would not run like water,—boil,—and be converted into smoke or vapour. No wonder the comet gave evidence of violent excitement, coming from the cold region outside the planetary system, torpid and icebound. Already, when arrived even in our temperate region, it began to show signs of internal activity; the head had begun to develop and the tail to elongate till the comet was for a time lost sight of. No human eye beheld the wondrous spectacle it must have offered on the 8th December. Only four days afterwards, however, it was seen; and its tail, whose direction was reversed, and which, observe, could not

possibly be *the same tail* it had before—for it is not to be conceived as a stick brandished round, or a flaming sword, but fresh matter continually streaming forth)—its tail, I say, had already lengthened to an extent of about ninety millions of miles, so that it *must* have been *shot out* with immense force in a direction *from* the sun, a force *far greater than that with which the sun acted on and controlled the head of the comet itself*, which, as the reader will have observed, took from November 10 to December 8, or twenty-eight days, to fall to the sun from the same distance, and that with all the velocity it had on November 10 to start with."

My readers will doubtless remember that in his address to the British Association Sir W. Thomson referred to the above passage, with the express object of commending the simplicity with which a theory lately suggested by Professor Tait seems to explain all the facts referred to by Sir John Herschel. According to this theory the tail of a comet consists of a multitude of meteors, travelling in a sort of flat flight, like sea-birds; and the seemingly rapid extension of a comet's tail is not due to the rapid projection of matter in the direction from the sun, but merely to a shifting of our position with respect to the level of the meteoric flight. Precisely as a flight of birds, scarcely visible when its level is slanted, may become visible along its entire length when the level is turned edgewise towards the observer, so a change of the earth's position, bringing her near the level of a meteoric flight, might cause the whole length of the flight to become visible, and thus an appendage of the nature of a tail might seem to grow with inconceivable rapidity, although in reality it had existed with the same degree of extension before it became visible to us.

This theory—to which, says Professor Thomson, the name of "the sea-bird analogy" has been given—has not yet found a place in treatises on astronomy; and with all deference to its author, I would submit that astronomers are not to be blamed for rejecting it. Its simplicity is great, no doubt; but its adequacy to account for cometic phenomena may be more than questioned. It seems barely equal to account for the visibility of a comet's tail, account being had of the enormous number of meteors which would be required that the reflected light might be recognisable even when the flight was seen edgewise. But it offers no explanation whatever of the direction in which comets' tails are commonly seen—still less of the generally observed curvature of the tail. And if we take the special account from which Sir W. Thomson has drawn reasons for favourably commenting on Tait's theory, we shall certainly find much in Sir John Herschel's narrative to throw doubt on the "sea-bird" theory. For the tail of the comet (regarded as a real entity) swept round like a brandished stick—so that either continually new flights of meteors were seen successively edgewise, the order of succession being such

as to correspond to the changing position of the tail, or *else* the same flight—remaining throughout so placed as to be seen edgewise—swept round as described. Now the latter view may be dismissed at once. It is the essential point of Herschel's reasoning, and is clearly demonstrable according to the laws of motion, that no meteors which were behind the comet before its approach to the sun could be 90,000,000 miles in front of the comet only four days after that approach—in other words, no meteors forming the tail in the first position could have reached a position undoubtedly occupied by *some* meteors (on the supposition we are considering) four days afterwards. As for the former view, according to which the tail after the comet's passage by the sun was formed of other flights of meteors than had formed the tail before this passage, it must be rejected on account simply of its being utterly incredible. If the comet had been thus girt about by meteor systems, the sun himself would have been darkened as the comet swept past. And even if we admitted these multiple flights in this and other instances (for Newton's comet was not the only one which has exhibited the peculiarity), it still remains utterly unintelligible why the flights behind the comet should be visible while the comet was approaching, and those in front of the comet while the comet was passing away.

The actual facts respecting the seeming motions of a comet's tail are, indeed, not always adequately realised by students of astronomy. We so often hear a comet's tail described as a vast stream of light extending behind the comet—like the wake behind a swiftly-sailing ship—that we are apt to forget that in reality it is only while a comet is approaching the sun that the tail even approximates to this rearward position. So soon as the comet has commenced its journey away from the sun, the tail is carried in advance—more and more in advance as the comet gets farther and farther away—until at length the tail lies nearly on the track which the comet is about to follow. At this time the comet's head is moving almost as if it were about to rush into the body of the tail.

But it is noteworthy that the tail of a comet at no time agrees in position with any part of the path of the comet. So that if we accept as strictly true the theory that certain meteor systems—as notably those which produce the August and November showers—follow *exactly* in the path of certain comets, we are bound to accept the conclusion that whatever the connection between the comet and meteor system may be, the meteor system is certainly not the comet's tail.

We are thus led to inquire into the circumstances which attend the formation of a comet's tail. We have seen how the tail behaves, and how its motions appear to suggest the idea of a force of some sort exerted repulsively by the sun. Let us inquire whether the telescopic scrutiny of the comet's head appears to confirm this idea.

No comet was ever studied so carefully with high telescopic powers as the splendid comet of 1858 already referred to. The remarks of Sir John Herschel on the subject of the drawings executed by Professor Bond,* of America, may still be quoted without a word of change; the series of engravings in which the comet is represented in every stage of its progress still "leaves far behind—in point of exquisite finish and beauty of delineation—everything hitherto done in that department of astronomy."

Like all large comets, Donati's, when studied with powerful telescopic means, showed a capping or envelope of light around the bright central nucleus. This envelope was separated by a dark interval from the nucleus; but a connection could be traced between the two in the form of jets of light which seemed to issue from different parts of the nucleus, "giving rise," says Sir John Herschel, "by their more or less oblique presentation to the eye, to exceedingly varied appearances—sometimes like the spokes of a wheel or the radial sticks of a fan, sometimes blotted by patches of irregular light, and sometimes interrupted by equally irregular blots of darkness." A month and a half after the first appearance of the tail, the nucleus was seen to be surrounded by no less than three distinct envelopes, each of the two outer being related to the next inner envelope in the same way that the innermost was related to the nucleus; that is, there was a dark intervening space crossed by radial streaks of light. Professor Bond considered that these "had been thrown off in intermittent succession, as if the forces of ejection had been temporarily exhausted, and again and again resumed a phase of activity; the peculiar action by which the matter of the envelopes was ultimately driven into the tail, taking place, not on the surface of the nucleus, but at successively higher levels." But Sir John Herschel, from whom the above account of Bond's ideas has been taken, considered rather that the matter forming the envelopes was, as it were, *sifted* "by solar action—the *levitating* portion of it being hurried off, the *gravitating* remaining behind in the form of a transparent, gaseous, non-reflective medium."

Only a few days after the formation of these three envelopes, a striking change took place in the telescopic aspect of the comet, or rather in the aspect which it presented when seen, even with the naked eye, in a clear atmosphere. A new tail made its appearance beside the main or primary tail. The new tail was perfectly straight, and very narrow, and, unlike the primary tail, was directed almost exactly from the sun. Soon after another tail, similar in its general appearance, but somewhat fainter, was discerned. This tail was

* The telescope employed by Professor Bond, of America, was a fine refractor, 15 inches in aperture, similar in all respects to the celebrated Poulkowa refractor, and to the fine telescope which is commonly called the Great Equatorial of the Greenwich Observatory.

seen on one or two subsequent nights; but only when the atmospheric conditions were very favourable. "These appearances were presented," says Sir John Herschel, "from the 28th September (1858) to the 11th October. They are peculiarly instructive, as they clearly indicate *an analysis of the cometic matter by the sun's repulsive action*—the matter of the secondary tails being evidently darted off with incomparably greater velocity (indicating an incomparably greater intensity of repulsive energy) than that which went to form the primary one." Sir John Herschel does not notice the seeming connection between the appearance of these new tails and the formation of the additional envelopes. The three envelopes were first seen on the 24th September, and they remained visible until the 10th of October. The new tails were first noticed on the 28th September, as though some little time had been occupied in their formation from the matter of the outer envelopes, and they continued visible till the 11th of October, or one day longer than the envelopes, as though some interval were required for their dissipation. This circumstance seems highly significant, more especially when it is considered in connection with the condition of the head during the continuance of the triple envelope. For during this interval, "and especially," says Herschel, "from the 7th to the 10th of October,—that is to say, when the full effect of the sun's perihelion action had been endured,—the nucleus offered every appearance of most violent and, so to speak, angry excitement, evidenced by the complicated structure and convolutions of the jets issuing from it." "From this time," he adds, "until the comet's final disappearance, the violence of action gradually calmed down, while the comet itself went southwards, and at length vanished from our horizon."

I would notice in passing that the circumstances here related seem to throw some light on a phenomenon which has hitherto proved most perplexing—the appearance of comets having multiple tails. The accounts which have been given of such comets seem utterly inexplicable, unless we adopt a theory resembling that which Sir John Herschel has touched on in the passages I have quoted. The comet of 1807 had two tails, neither of which agreed exactly with a line tending directly from the sun. The comet of 1828 had in like manner two tails; but the position of one of these was wholly abnormal, since this tail was directed *towards*, instead of from the sun. This might perplex us, were it not for the observed fact that the repulsive energy by which (in whatever way) the sun seems to sweep from his neighbourhood the matter of comets' tails, seems to struggle in the first place with a tendency in the matter of the comet's head to form one or more jets *towards* the sun. We may suppose that the tail directed towards the sun was simply a jet of this sort, able (owing to some exceptional feature in its constitution) to resist the sun's repulsive action. Side tails have been noticed in several

instances,—a fact which seems readily explicable by Herschel's theory. Less intelligible at first sight is the account of the great comet of 1848 as seen at Chili; for this comet is said to have had "a lateral tail issuing from the original one at a distance of ten degrees from the head, and extending to a much greater length than the other." It seems reasonable to suppose that in this instance two sorts of matter had been entangled together, as it were, when first swept away from the head, a separation only taking place after they had already been carried together to a considerable distance; thenceforth, it would seem, each kind of matter obeyed its own special law of retreat from the nucleus. We should, therefore, still have a process of sifting, complicated, so to speak, by the condition in which the repulsed matter left the head of the comet in the first instance.

But perhaps the comet which of all others seems to afford the most striking evidence of the justice of Herschel's theory is the remarkable comet of 1744. According to Chéseaux this comet had no less than six tails spread in the manner of a fan. Now, in a case of this sort we must not forget to take special notice of the fact that a comet is not a flat object painted, so to speak, upon the surface of the celestial vault, but an object occupying a certain region of space. We are forbidden, therefore, to regard the six seeming tails of the comet of 1744 as being in reality six distinct tails, unless we are prepared with some explanation of their symmetrical adjustment. So far as I am aware this circumstance has not hitherto been noticed adequately, or at all, in our treatises on astronomy. When we see a straight-tailed comet, like that of 1811, showing two well-marked and nearly parallel striations, which seem to extend from either side of the head, and enclose between them a space of comparative darkness, we are not led to regard these bounding streaks as two distinct tails. We accept, on the contrary, the explanation suggested by the aspect of the comet, and regard the tail as shaped like a hollow cone. This accords well, be it noted in passing, with Herschel's theory; for the envelope round the nucleus, if swept away by the sun's repulsive energy, would form a conical shell of matter behind the head, much as a vertical jet of water, caused to spread during its upward motion, descends in a hollow conical* shell of spray beneath the level of the jet. But while we thus interpret the appearance of a straight-tailed comet, we are apt to apply a different and, in reality, inadmissible mode of interpretation to comets whose structure seems more complex. Now, if we extend to the six-tailed comet of 1744 the same principle of interpretation that we apply to the straight-tailed comet of 1811, we shall be led to regard the former as not in reality six-

* I have purposely avoided here the proper technical words for describing the shape of the spray-fall. The actual shape of any portion of the shell beneath a certain level is fairly described as conical—that is, this portion of the shell corresponds in shape to a portion of a cone's surface.

tailed, but *three-tailed*. Three conical shells of luminous matter, one inside the other, and separated from each other by dark spaces, would present an appearance resembling that of the multiple tail of the comet of 1744. Nor would the curvature actually seen in the tails of that comet render this interpretation less satisfactory, since this peculiarity corresponds precisely with what is observed in less complex cometic appendages. Now, in order to account for the existence of three tails, one inside the other, we need only conceive that the comet of 1744 had three envelopes, like those seen round the nucleus of Donati's comet, and that precisely as the matter of a single envelope swept away by solar repulsion produces a single tail, so the matter of these three envelopes similarly swept away produced three tails, the inner enveloped by the two outer. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to assume that the three tails thus formed successive shells; for each envelope of the head may have had its own distinct tail thrown off in its own distinct direction. Indeed, the aspect of the three tails of Donati's comet would seem to render this view the more probable, for the two fainter tails came from one side of the head, as though they severally formed but the halves of complete shell-formed tails, the other halves being, perhaps, hidden from our view by the primary tail.

It must not be forgotten that the theory which I have here employed as the basis of these several ideas was one which Sir John Herschel regarded as demonstrated by the evidence he obtained while observing Halley's comet in 1836. When Sir John Herschel spoke of a theory as demonstrated, one might fairly conclude that overwhelming evidence had been obtained in its favour—for few surpassed him in scientific caution. Now the terms in which he spoke on this subject are undoubtedly most positive—far more so, I believe, than in any other passage which can be quoted from his works. I refer here specially to the words used at p. 406 of Herschel's great work, "*The Results of Astronomical Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope.*" But his account of the comet, and of later comets, in his charming series of "*Familiar Essays,*" leaves no doubt on the reader's mind that the great astronomer, after more than twenty years' further study of the subject, still retained his conviction. "The whole series of the phenomena presented by this comet has given us," he says, "more insight into the *interior economy of a comet*, and the forces developed in it by the sun's action, than anything before or since." And further, on he remarks that clearly the tail of a comet is neither more nor less than the accumulation of a sort of luminous vapour, *darted off in the first instance towards the sun*, as if it were something raised up, and as it were exploded by the sun's heat, out of the kernel, and then immediately and forcibly turned back and repelled *from the sun*.

Nor does this account of the formation of a comet's tail seem

otherwise than perfectly reconcilable with the observed association between meteors and comets. Indeed, it is well worthy of notice that in the great work already referred to, Sir John Herschel does, in the most distinct way, anticipate this remarkable discovery, besides supplying a partial interpretation of the association. "Supposing the approach of a comet to the sun," he says, "to be such as to enable the repulsive force to overcome the attractive in those portions of its tail remote from the nucleus, they would, of course, be driven off irrecoverably. The separation of a portion of the tail, here contemplated, could hardly be accomplished without carrying off some portion of the gravitating matter."

It happens singularly enough* that one of the two comets which have alone as yet been fairly associated with meteoric systems was observed by Sir John Herschel,—“with septuagenarian eyes,” he mentions,—and that his remarks respecting its appearance bear in an interesting manner on the subject of the connection between comets and meteors. I refer to the great comet of 1862, which has been shown by Schiaparelli to travel in the same path, or very nearly so, as the August meteors. With Sir John Herschel's account of this comet I shall conclude this paper, already drawn out to a greater length than I had proposed. It will be noticed that the observed appearances serve to connect several of the facts already referred to. After noting the circumstances under which this comet came into view, Herschel remarks that “it passed us closely and swiftly, swelling into importance, and dying away with unusual rapidity. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus and head were on this account peculiarly interesting and instructive, it being only on very rare occasions that a comet can be closely inspected at the very crisis of its fate, so that we can witness the actual effect of the sun's rays on it. In this instance, the pouring forth of the cometic matter from the singularly bright and highly condensed nucleus, took place in a single compact stream, which, after attaining a short distance, equal to rather less than a diameter of the nucleus itself, was so suddenly broken up and dispersed as to give, on the first inspection, the impression of a double nucleus. The direction of this jet varied considerably from day to day, but always declined more or less from the exact direction from the sun.” It seems far from improbable that what was here witnessed represented the actual generation of new August meteors, and that at some more or less distant epoch portions of the matter thus swept away from the comet of 1862 may take their part in producing a display of falling stars.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

* One of the many strange coincidences in the history of meteoric and cometic astronomy of late years. For others equally remarkable I would refer the reader to the paper above mentioned in the *Saint Pauls Magazine* for November, 1869.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

No. I.

IN my salad days I have at times heard the chimes by midnight—tasted here and there of such “pleasure,” harmless, harmful, or indifferent, as was going. It is the way with young men, either openly or secretly; and, in spite of the apophthegm which pompously tells us that “hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue,” I am not sure that secretly sown are not worse than openly sown wild oats—at any rate, for the sower. The secret sower is apt to grow a sneak, to get all the harm which his “pleasures,” when they are harmful, cause any indulger in them, *plus* a cowardly-crafty habit of thought and feeling. And then when “nice young men for small tea-parties,” who have gone to other kinds of parties on the sly, *do* fling off the mask, how frequently they rush express to the Devil! startling previously bolder travellers on that gloomy road who are coming back with the return-tickets they took to the half-way station. The “sons of pious parents,” who have become out-and-out scamps, when emancipated from the material control of their parents, are proverbial. Perhaps the said parents have themselves largely to blame for their children’s self-emancipation from their moral control. Good, or rather goody, people are so fond of including all kinds of amusements, some quite as harmless as listening to a sermon, and not more lively, in a common ban. All things, however diverse, that profess to be “fun” are condemnable fish to this wide-sweeping net. A lad’s logical sense naturally at first rebels against such nonsense, but afterwards his moral sense is blunted by it.

The lad, thrown loose upon town, assisting at an entertainment to which, so far as immorality is concerned, he feels that he might safely have taken his sisters, (and feels disappointed whilst he thinks so, owing to the vague prurience which his pious parents’ vague denunciations of London life have implanted in his mind,) says loftily to himself, “What do the poor dear old people know about the matter?” But afterwards, when he is in places not so innocent, he sops his conscience with the thought, “Everything like a bit of fun in London was wrong according to the old folks at home. I’ve been in lots of places they thought dreadful, but couldn’t see any harm in them. Perhaps there is not the least harm in *these*; it is only because I am not used to them yet that I fancy there is. I’m not a child in frocks and trousers (or a knickerbocker-suit, or whatever else may be the equivalent costume of the period). I’ll go about and use my eyes, there can’t be any harm in that.” And then the lad does go about

using his eyes, and generally so using them as to fall a victim to the lust thereof.

Some parents who do not profess to be saints are quite as silly as those who do, in their warnings to their children. "Oh yes," according to the old story, said the middle-aged mother to her argumentative young daughter, "no doubt, *I* went to balls, and races, and theatres, and so on, but then I have seen the folly of them."

"Well then, mamma," answered her ingeniously ingenuous child, "let *me* go, and see the folly of 'em, too."

That old story gives a good type of the feelings with which young people regard follies which their elders only renounce and denounce because they are burnt bairns that dread the fire. Second-hand experience is scarcely ever accepted as a teacher—almost never, I should say, when the experienced people speak of their naughty experiences with a poorly-concealed assumption of superiority, on the ground that they have had them—still roll them under their tongues as only sub-acid, apparently half-sweet, morsels. "If the old folks burnt their fingers in taking their pleasure, that is no reason why we should do the same," says the rising generation—a trifle wiser in its own conceit, and, therefore, according to my notions, a trifle sillier than its predecessors.

I have been asked to describe in a paper or two a few of the ways in which "pleasure" is nowadays popularly taken in London. I will do so as fairly as I can, nothing extenuating, and setting down nought in malice. I have given up "cakes and ale," it is true, but my virtue is of the cheap kind that ceases to care about "ginger hot i' the mouth," because it finds evenings at home more cosy than gadding about by gas-light; therefore, I shall not preach. My business is simply to jot down notes of things seen and heard in various places of entertainment, dropped in upon at random.

In a broad thoroughfare, whose brawling traffic is only lulled with a brief parenthesis of asphalt, there blazes, dimming the light of the street lamps, the shop lamps, and even the hydrocephalous public-house lamps—

"Velut inter ignes
Luna minores"—

a many-twinkling glow of gas. The pigeon-holed lobby above which it blazes gives access to an amphitheatre redolent of ammonia and trampled sawdust. "Scenes in the arena by all the star artistes of Europe" are taking place. The spectators, young, and middle-aged, and old, circled round the arena look as pleased and applaud as loudly as I did at the first circus I ever visited in the far-off years when the Sailor King was on the throne, and I was a little boy in a beehive-buttoned tunic. It is curious to note how little the noble art of circus-horsemanship seems to have advanced since those distant days. Now as then it consists chiefly in a spangled lady or gentleman getting a leg up on to a horse, and mounting to his or her knees, or feet, or

one foot, as the horse quickens its canter round the circus to shrill or gruff cries of *allez* (why are circus horses supposed to understand French only?). Now as then the ladies and gentlemen leap through hoops and papered hoops, and over scarfs and ribbons, ingeniously moved out of the way when the ladies and gentlemen decline the leap. Now as then, when the horse rushes round, bending over at an angle of 45° , and battering the arena-fence with ever and anon a sounding hoof-thump, its rider tumbles off, and, bowing or curtsying when risen from the sawdust, tries hard to make the house believe that he or she meant it, and is merely waiting for an encore of a bill-recognised item in the evening's performance. Our lives may be taken from us, in the poet's phrase—we may become portions and parcels of the dreadful past; but past and present seem identical as I watch the performances of the amphitheatre. The men-riders swagger into the arena with the old "I'm the crack equestrian of the world" look, the old all-embracing sweep of the arms, the old splay-footed bows, as if their legs, when off a horse's back, didn't exactly know what to do with themselves. The *équestriennes* totter into the arena with the old queer trip, flop almost down upon the sawdust in the old dumpy curtsies, and then fidget in the old style like uncomfortable ostriches, plump-bodied and long-legged, until the master of the ring or Mr. Merriman puts his hand beneath their rosetted insteps, and heaves them, looking very much relieved, up to their horses' backs.

The master of the ring is changed in costume—nowadays he wears a kind of Windsor uniform with the lace off. But he revolves in the same style in the centre of the ring, like a sun, so to speak, marking time; and behind him shuffles round, as of old, his little crowd of satellites—Mr. Merriman with his toes turned in, riders waiting for their mounts, and lanky belted and top-booted grooms. He cracks his long whip in the old style at Mr. Merriman, who writhes and rubs his shoulder as of old, and then again proceeds to make a fool of his chastiser. Except that he is more cleanly in his speech than he used to be, I can discover no change in Mr. Merriman. He has still to be taught how to mount a horse—still excuses himself for not mounting, after having gone through all the preliminaries with painful accuracy, by telling his riding-master that *he* only lifted up his leg. And when at last got on to the horse's back, he still swings about like a pair of drawers hung out to dry on a windy day, clings to the neck of his steed in abject terror, and then, hopping round face to tail, pathetically abjures the band to stop playing. An extinguisher, as of old, is clapped over him; a policeman (who, of course, falls sprawling as he tumbles into the arena) is called as of old to take the clown into custody. But when the extinguisher is taken off, Mr. Merriman has vanished. The next moment he is seen sitting up in the front row of the gallery, mouthing like a mischievous monkey that has sought refuge at the top of a tree. An old gentleman volunteers to collar him, but Mr. Merriman flings him over, and whilst his lifeless

corpse is being carried out of the ring, there in the front row of the pit sits Mr. Merriman, looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth.

The fun of all this it would be rather difficult to define, but there must be fun of some kind in the old practical jokes, the antiquated jests, puns, conundrums, and catches; they make the house shout with laughter, as they have made houses shout night after night these fifty years.

The ring is next turned into a stage for the performance of *Cinderella*. There is a toilette-table for her two sisters—two little maidens really very proud of their gay ball-dresses. They sidle and simper and flirt their fans before the glass. They flout Cinderella, who sits cloaked beside a little bench bearing a little tub, which makes her look more like a miniature oyster-woman than a slavey. Our Cinderella is not the meek creature of the story; her personal feelings obscure her artistic sense. She knows that she is the most important personage in the piece, and will soon be seen to be the most gaily dressed. Therefore she frowns and slaps back when her sisters presume to push her about in her chrysalis state. The gilt coach in which her fairy godmother sends Cinderella to the prince's ball is drawn by four live ponies driven by a Lord Mayor's coachman in miniature; grasshopper-like little flunkeys in gay liveries and powdered wigs hang on behind. The ring is then converted into a ball-room, the carpet unrolling itself in such haste, that every now and then one of the men tugging at it is knocked down and temporarily covered as if by a breaking wave. The prince skips up to his throne, from which he bows profoundly to each member of the long train of company that enters. Amongst these gaily-dressed little great-folks there is a very homely little couple not mentioned in the fairy story—a tiny urchin got up as John Bull, with a chubby mite of a girl in a high-crowned net cap, intended, I suppose, to represent Mrs. Bull. There enters another tiny personage not mentioned in the fairy story—a small military man in gilt cocked hat, gilt-epaulettes, red shoulder-scarf, and waxed moustache and imperial, which, I suppose, are intended to indicate the ex-Emperor of the French. When small John Bull sees small Louis Napoleon, he strides towards him, shakes him heartily by the hand, and leads him to a seat, whereat the house heartily applauds. For myself, it is more interesting to note the pride which little Mrs. Bull takes in the ex-Emperor. I fancy that he is her brother. She, so to speak, purrs over him, and fingers his gay epaulettes with a childlike naturalness which is refreshing in that atmosphere.

When the fairy-coach at last has driven off with the prince and Cinderella and her two sisters inside, the smart, bewigged, coateed, and knee-breeched flunkeys hanging on, and all the gay ball-company following (comical little John Bull and his wife stumbling as they bring up the rear at their little "double"), an apparatus of board and ropes is rigged, and a net spread under it. Then a pretty-looking Frenchwoman, with a shock of hair and a lavish display of

breast, and arms, and legs, makes her appearance, and having bowed her acknowledgments of the rapturous plaudits which greet her, proceeds to climb, and leap, and swing, and poise, and turn over upon the rigged apparatus with the agility of a monkey. She is a graceful woman, but that is the only truthful compliment I can pay her performances. They must be hard work: when she sways, half hidden, up in the hot, foul-aired roof, she can be seen mopping face and neck and hands with her handkerchief. Finally she leaps, or rather is shot up by a spring-board, twenty-five feet at a bound, and in her last descent flings three consecutive somersaults—an unrivalled feat, according to her exhibitor, who lightly lifts her by the waist out of the net through which she has waded up to him, looking like a meshed mermaid.

On the other side of the road a grim policeman keeps guard in the shade outside another lamp-lit portal. This gives entry to an Assembly Room, which looks at first sight like a swimming-bath run dry, and then parquetted in diamonds. Galleries run round three sides of the dancing-floor; refreshment-rooms branch off from it. On the third side an orchestra bulges over it. The glass gasaliers shed a light which may be dim, but certainly is not religious. A few couples are whirling on the dancing-floor: tallow-complexioned hobbledoys, with girls who, if not already fast, are fast becoming so. Their faces cling, as if glued, to their partners' chests, or are laid, leering-eyed, upon their shoulders. In the galleries lounge and loiter women whose character is unmistakable; greenhorn, gaping young men from the country; and Bardolph-nosed, middle-aged satyrs about town. "Daughters of the owl shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there" (Isaiah xiii. 21), would not be an inappropriate motto for this rendezvous.

Farther west to larger dancing-rooms, in a street at the top of brawling Leer-and-Lobster Market. The lamps of the casino make a patch of brightness in the narrow street. A little crowd is gathered in front of the doors; a long line of cabs twinkles away into the dark distance. Harlots are lounging at the refreshment-bar, most dashingly dressed, drinking, at the expense of their spoony male companions, champagne, at I don't know how much a bottle; but, if they chance to be angered, spitting out fiery filth like mud-volcanoes. Harlots trail their trains along the floor of the dancing-room as haughtily as duchesses. A splendid room—lofty and long and wide—with mirrors, painted panels, and gilt, bride-cake-like white mouldings, on which huge glittering glass gasaliers pour down a golden blaze. The doers of evil here certainly do not love darkness rather than light. The music, too, is first-rate; but, oh! as a rule, what ludicrously bad dancing! One big, half-drunk fellow goes blundering about with his tiny partner like a bluebottle embracing a midge. For the most part, however, the male dancers are anything but big. They have a limp, mouldy, threadpapery look, as they languidly skate over the floor; or now and then give a feebly goat-

like frisk, after giving a nerveless pinch or tickle to a giggling girl. Their lascivious eyes are the only things about them that seem to possess any "go."

"What a set of seedy, used-up snobs!" exclaims a brawny young country-fellow, who has come to the rooms "to see life." What deadly-lively life it is! The M.C., with a rosette in his button-hole, struts about the room, arranging couples for the next dance; the band strikes up; a certain amount of clumsy sliding, hopping, and teetotumising takes place; and then the performers rejoin the spectators on the red couches that run round the room, where both sit looking as glum as mourners at a funeral, or as grimly jocose as undertakers' men.

And next for the square where Reynolds entertained Goldsmith and Burke and Johnson; where Hogarth painted as well as Sir Joshua, where John Hunter formed his museum, and hard by which Sir Isaac Newton watched the stars. That sounds grand, but we are bound for a many-tiered theatre of varieties, whose portal is guarded by giants in uniform. Inside "gentlemen are earnestly requested not to smoke, smoking-saloons being provided on every floor of the house;" but "gentlemen" are smoking pretty freely notwithstanding. On the stage pink-fleshed and pink-fleshinged "Beauties of the Harem" are bounding about, and in the promenade uglinesses of the *pavé* are openly plying their trade. Montaigne says that the most beautiful women are the chastest, and certainly it is startling to remark how little beauty there is in these poor leering loiterers and lollers and rustlers against the prurient male loungers, old, middle-aged, and hobbledehoy. There are scores of "strange women" here, from fifteen to past forty—the youngest apparently the most shameless—and scarcely even a commonly pretty face amongst them all.

After mingling in that Comus throng, the Cave of Harmony seems quite a pure, homelike place. The steam of kidneys and potatoes, or welsh-rabbit, flanked with flagons of stout or "bitter," ascends in wavering wreaths. A tabby-and-white and a white-and-black cat rub their backs against the legs of those who are refreshing themselves, and beg for bits of kidney with wheedling pats of their velvety paws. A little boy, of preternatural gravity, Von Joel's successor, walks up and down the bright, cheerful room with his tumblerful of fourpenny cigars. Loose-hung Americans, with their hands in their trouser-pockets, and their hats on the backs of their heads—looking like unicorns' horns put on the wrong way—also patrol it. Sunburnt, bearded Australians, just landed, recognise one another with a laugh, and mutually explain that they have paid their first visit to the Cave of Harmony because it was the last place they visited before they left England. Brilliantly rattle the pianos, sweetly are sung the glees, drolly perform the poodles. The mirth of the Cave of Harmony may not always be very wise, but, at any rate, there is no harm in it.

And so, as Pepys would say, home to bed.

THE LAND OF THE CONQUEROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

It was all settled. The discussions which inevitably ensue whenever that important question, Where shall we go for our holiday? is broached had come to an end, and our destination was Normandy. In spite of the study of several volumes, each purporting to give the traveller by road or rail all necessary and important information, we started utterly ignorant of everything except that we *must* cross the Channel, and that the route by way of Southampton and Havre was our best one. Our party, which consisted of three, whom we shall designate as X., Y., and Z., sailed in the steamer *Alice* from Southampton in the midst of wind and rain. Of course we said to each other that we were pretty sure of a good passage, and of course we spent a night of misery and woe, of which our faces told the tale as, about eleven o'clock, we stumbled up the wooden steps and planted our unsteady feet on Norman soil.

"Every one knows Havre," said the books we had consulted, only "every one" did not include us; and, as there may be others in the same condition, I shall begin at the beginning, which means finding a resting-place for the two modest-sized portmanteaus, upon which a small lame man in a blue blouse had laid violent hands. One thing we do know, that we ought to go to Frascati's, but that hotel *en règle* is far distant, and the man at our side clamours that the Hôtel du Louvre is close by, "even there;" so our insides craving food, and our outsides water, we give way, and an hour or so afterwards go jauntily forth full of energy and spirit to see and do everything. Our hotel is on the quay, from which we turn into the Rue de Paris, a really handsome street with gay shops, many of them filled with curiosities from far-distant lands. When we are tired of looking at the shops, we turn into the public gardens, and rest under the trees. Presently, in the distance, we catch sight of a high hill, and are filled with a desire to mount it; and Z., who is our spokesman, having ascertained the best direction to take, we start for Ingouville, a pretty suburb to the town, with charming villas built so as to command the view, which is splendid, taking in the whole of Havre, the Seine, and its opposite shore. On our return we enjoy a "sniff of the briny," which comes so fresh and strong, as we sit on the pebbled beach, that welcome thoughts of dinner steal over us, and we agree to return to the town.

Havre seems a busy, thriving place, and in the thoroughfares all is bustle and activity; but in side-streets the aspect is changed—houses to let, shops closed, cafés empty. X., who has not been abroad

before, asks if one never sees more horses, and we waken up to the fact that, excepting a few miserable fly horses, there are none to be seen. Later in the evening we find it impossible to get a carriage for a drive; but we make good use of our legs, and wander through the pleasant public gardens, and along the river-side, gazing with astonishment at the huge bales of cotton which line the whole length of the quay, and form altogether a pleasant opinion of Havre, more especially after coming out of the market, which is capitally supplied. The fruit and vegetables are excellent, and arranged most temptingly; both are much cheaper than in England, although the women tell us that, owing to the season being backward, the prices at present are unusually high.

Our intention had been to take the steamer from Havre to Rouen, but finding that the boat, which goes every alternate day, did not start on the morrow, we determined to go by rail. The second-class fare to Rouen is 6s. 8d. The journey is a pleasant one, among low hills which soon dwindle down into gentle undulations, and then to broad flats, looking, as we first catch sight of them, one blaze of scarlet. We can hardly believe these are corn-fields, so greatly do the poppies preponderate. The gay medley of colours, in which stand long carts painted light blue, with lazy-looking white horses, men in blouses, and women in caps and short petticoats, is a sight to gladden a painter's eye; but we sigh for the farmer who depends upon the crops he will harvest here. At Rouen we go to the Hôtel de Paris, and as we drive along the Rue St. Patrice we look at the doors of the houses, and then inquiringly at one another. These mysterious chalk marks as to regiments, battalions, &c., must refer to the Germans still quartered at Rouen? And so they do, for the Prussians hold the Rouen side of the river, and the French the other. We ask different people with whom we come in contact as to the feeling existing between the two; and find it one of bitter hatred and revenge. We look with interest at the groups of helmeted figures constantly passing us, and think of the food they have furnished our journals with for months past. Somehow we had pictured them as veteran warriors, but these are all smooth-faced young fellows, broad, but clumsily made, their rather awkward gait not improved by ill-fitting clothes, reminding us forcibly of the militia of our own country in the days when volunteering was in its infancy.

A good-tempered, fine young fellow turns his head in passing towards a group of women standing in front of a doorway. One of them, a pretty dark-eyed girl, scowls at his admiration, while her companions express by their faces the words of contempt and dislike which lie close to their lips. The coachman, who drives us to St. Catherine's Hill, shakes his head, after we have stopped him at the Place d'Armes to see the drill, and tells us that in ten years France will be revenged; and then he points to a quarter of the town, and says exultingly, "Last night we killed two of them over there." It is not my intention to say much of Rouen, because it is more

generally known than any other city of Normandy; and all who go there gaze with amazement at the wealth of architectural beauty which meets them at every turn. But many leave without penetrating into some of the obscure streets, of which the flourishing bourgeois inhabitants of the new parts of the town seem rather ashamed. We asked at the photographer's for a picture of one of these, and were told that the Rue Eau de Robec was one of the low parts of the town, notwithstanding which reproof we turned again in its direction, and tried to engrave it well upon our memories. It lies close to the Church of St. Ouen, and is more than a mile in length; the houses are old and blackened, the street narrow, rough, and crooked. On one side runs the water of the River Robec, here brown from the tanner's yard, there blue from the dyer's vats; for these two trades principally monopolise the old wooden-fronted houses, which a bridge in front of each joins to the road. Besides heaps of skins and piles of dark blue wool, you come on valuable china, furniture, quaint glasses, books, and the varied stores of second-hand dealers, of whom the Rue de Robec seems to be the chief haunt. The street is as impossible to describe as is the feeling it inspires; but few will go there without finding themselves lingering as they do not about the Rue des Carmes, the Rue de l'Impératrice, or any of the modern improvements under which the famous old city of Rouen is fast disappearing.

We left Rouen for Caen by rail at 3.30 in the afternoon. Our passports being well examined at the railway-station, we obtained our tickets. But think of our dismay at hearing that they cannot undertake to convey luggage, as the railway-bridge near Elbœuf has been blown up, and we shall have to cross the Seine in a passage-boat! The line is in working order on the other side, however; therefore, if we can manage to be our own porters, the delay will be trifling. We consult together, the result of which is that the guard, finding it may be worth his while, promises to put our two portmanteaus into his van, and speaks hopefully of our being certain to find help at the waterside. We see that our fellow-passengers are mostly soldiers, but have only time to take our seats and start.

About a mile or so beyond Elbœuf we are all turned out, and make our way as quickly as we can to the ferry-boat. Here we have ample opportunity of observing the poor dejected-looking fellows, who, in ragged and dirty uniforms, are returning home, many of them after a captivity of eleven months. The same air of misery rests on all. Never could one come across men more hopelessly broken down. With the exception of a young Zouave, who was in a state of semi-delirium, not a word was spoken by them; the country-people, who composed the rest of the passengers, after the first stare, neither spoke to nor betrayed any interest in these unfortunate men—about fifty—whose pinched faces showed that little else than a piece of the hard black bread strapped to their backs had been their food for many a day. Y. spoke to one next whom he stood, but he only got listless answers to his questions.

The blown-up bridge was a sad ruin, the piers in the centre were quite destroyed, the roadway sunk in the river. The soldiers said it had taken the Prussians eight days to blow it up, and there had been hard fighting between them and the National Guards, who held the opposite village of Orival, at which place we landed to get again into the train, and after a considerable delay we proceeded on our way.

Our patience was certainly well tried during this journey. We constantly stopped at stations, where our coming or going seemed to the few officials, who lounged about with their hands thrust into the enormous pockets of their blue trousers, a matter of perfect indifference. The soldiers had ample time to get out and fill their tin pannikins with water, which I suspect was the only beverage they were likely to get until they reached their homes; for many had no money, and were unable to pay the ferryman the sou he demanded for taking them across. Sometimes at little bye-stations we dropped three or four, and we could see them after passing the wicket stand looking how to go, and then wearily turning into one of the pretty roads or lanes which everywhere met our view, often bordered by a winding stream, leading to picturesque mills, pleasant châteaux, substantially-built farmhouses, and black-beamed cottages. We wondered if any door would stand open to welcome the poor travel-stained wayfarers, for whom their countrymen seemed to have no word of kindness or sympathy; and the experience of that day held good through our journey.

At most places we met returning prisoners, but never once did we see a look of pity bestowed upon them. At the stations, while waiting for the trains, we saw men lying about like tired dogs, and as little heeded by those who passed them by. At one place three of them, seemingly more dead than alive, could not believe their senses when a franc each was given to them; they said with tears in their eyes that a Frenchman would have given them a sou, if anything, and that they had been walking for three days, and had had nothing but bread and water.

It was quite dark when we passed Lisieux, and past eleven o'clock before we reached Caen, over whose streets we rattled to the Hôtel de la Place Royale, which we chose on account of its being the first at which the omnibus stopped. To this decision we were influenced not a little by the cheery voice of the landlady, who came out to demand if there were any *voyageurs* for her.

The morning after our arrival was Sunday, and we went to hear mass in the magnificent Church of St. Pierre. We found it crowded with neatly-dressed men, and women in pretty little close-fitting caps, the fronts of which were plaited, puckered, and turned up something after the fashion of a baby's white satin hat. We were particularly struck by the appearance of one of the officials, who was dressed in a costume which must have belonged to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and which reminded us of figures we had seen in Doyle's

"Chronicle of England"—a long purple gown, ornamented with scarlet capes, cuffs, and trimmings; a scarlet cap, hexagonally shaped; in one hand a sword-like truncheon, and in the other a velvet bag embroidered and tasselled with gold. At the close of the service we waited to see a number of children come out who had that day received their first communion. Each carried a curious kind of wax candle, very tall, thick, and often fantastically carved and moulded.

After the service we set off for a walk along the Bayeux Road, and soon found ourselves among fields and lanes. The country around is flat; but some of the views of the town, with its clustering spires, are exceedingly fine.

Returning to our hotel, the slovenly manner in which the word "Imperial" was everywhere struck out somewhat surprised us, the one dash of the paint-brush permitting the defaced word to be read as easily as before.

We dined at the *table d'hôte*, and found our companions, who were principally commercial travellers, noisily discussing the merits of the various dinners served to them during their rounds. As the room opened into the street, we could see people hurrying into the Place Royale, and taking up their stations to witness a procession which we saw well from our room windows. The children, who had taken their first communion in the morning, were going to renew their baptismal vows, and it was a pretty sight; the girls and women in white dresses and veils, the choir boys in scarlet or blue, and the priests in their black gowns, all chanting a monotonous sweet-toned hymn; some of the boys carried banners, and the sacristan a crucifix, before which, as it passed, all bowed or uncovered their heads.

As soon as the crowd had dispersed, we went for a ramble through several streets past the theatre, a very respectably-sized building, into a broad walk well shaded by trees, skirting the splendid race-ground, and strewn with fresh-cut hay, among which the children and townsfolk were revelling. There was a goodly sprinkling of soldiers from the neighbouring barracks, but they kept by themselves, and the lame and sickly sat together, finding amusement in watching the boyish pranks of their more fortunate comrades. They seemed all young fellows quite new to their soldier's life. The glimpse we had had of Caen on the Sunday showed us that we should find plenty to interest us during our stay, and at six o'clock the next morning we were in the market-place. The stalls of fruit and flowers stand under the shadow of the spire of St. Pierre; the women, in the caps I have described, or in one resembling a man's woven cotton nightcap, were busy setting out their wares. The vegetables were tolerably good, and consisted of beans, white cabbages, a plentiful supply of artichokes, and quantities of endive and purplish-red onions. The fruit was backward and dear, with the fault we found common to all in Normandy, unripeness—plums,

pears, peaches, apricots, were all hard, and on one side *green*. Turning into St. Pierre, we examined the interior more *carefully*, and particularly admired some of the side chapels. The more we saw of Caen the more we were pleased with it. The whole place *has* an air of cheerfulness, and at every turn you find yourself *before* some quaint house or grand old church, the grandest of all *being* the Church of the Conqueror—St. Etienne's—a perfect specimen of massive simplicity; in it were placed the remains of William the Conqueror, who built it for that purpose. The sacristan persuaded us to mount to the top and see the view, and under his guidance *we* groped up the narrow little staircase, and on reaching the roof *were* amply repaid for our trouble. This man rather surprised us *by his* anxiety respecting the Tichborne case, until he told us he had lived in the service of old Sir Roger Tichborne in Paris, had seen young Roger take his first communion, knew, and told us, by whom it *had* been administered, spoke of the guests present at a dinner party given on the same day, and said he was sure the present claimant could not deceive *him*, as young Roger, being a boy at the time, had been left much with him. We told him we should make his knowledge known to the parties interested; but he seemed to think England far off, and he could not speak English, and besides, he could not leave the church, of which he was certainly an intelligent and enthusiastic cicerone.

Leaving the Church of the Conqueror, called also the "Abbaye aux Hommes," we went to see the corresponding foundation by his Queen, Matilda, called the "Sainte Trinité" and "Abbaye aux Dames." It is an imposing structure, though falling far short in beauty and design of the one built by her husband. We could not go over the castle, as since the war visitors are not allowed to examine any fortress; but we found ample occupation in strolling through the streets, looking ~~at~~ the shops, visiting the churches of St. Sauveur, St. Jean, St. Etienne le Vieux, now a warehouse of some kind, and in the evening going to the country parts, which lie close round the town on either side. Bradshaw says Caen has a large number of English residents, but we neither saw nor heard of any, although, of all the places I saw, as a residence I should give Caen the preference. We would willingly have stayed longer, but we had arranged to start on Tuesday morning for Vire. Our hotel bill from Saturday night until after breakfast on Tuesday was £2, 5s.

We could have gone to Vire by the diligence, which starts at five in the morning, but, in addition to the hour being rather inconvenient, we hoped that by taking a private carriage we should see more of the country, which we were told was extremely beautiful. So we made a bargain to be driven to Vire for fifty-five francs, and a little after ten o'clock we had turned our backs on Caen. Our road lay through a country prettily wooded; past quiet wayside villages, before

whose cottage doors stood spinning-wheels, and groups of women twirling their bobbins and making black lace; and sometimes we came across a chattering party assembled alongside the little streamlet beating away at their clothes, and spreading them out on the grass to dry. They had quite the air of a picnic party when seated in a circle enjoying together their meal of soup and bread. About three we stopped, in accordance with our driver's advice, to dine at an old-fashioned village called Jurque. The landlady of the inn, clad in a short brown petticoat, blue bodice, and white tasselled cap, bustled out to show us into the tiny parlour and to inquire upon what we would dine—"Would we have a fricassee?" of which she was certain we should approve. "Oh yes, it would be ready immediately; in half an hour it should be before us." Finding her only other resource was a cold loin of veal, we decided in favour of the fricassee, and three minutes after there was a grand cackling, and we came suddenly upon her with the slaughtered fowl in her hand. She said they all ran away from her when they heard one must be killed, but they would come back now. Then, returning from walking about the garden, we found her in the kitchen, into which the street-door opened, bending over the pot which hung upon the crackling fire she had kindled. We looked curiously at this room, which was the general resting-place of herself and her customers. In one corner stood the bed of carved walnut-wood, the coverlet of gay chintz, over which was thrown a lace-edged square of muslin. The walls were adorned with bright pots and pans, a well-furnished dresser, a quaint copper fountain, a high black settle piled with faggots; hanging from the wooden beams which crossed the ceiling was a goodly store of bacon, herbs, and roots of various kinds. A long table, with a bench on either side, stood in front of the window for the convenience of customers—all seemingly friends and well known, who, having chosen their cider, sirop, or black coffee, sat down to gossip with the landlord, whose principal occupation was listening to and conversing with those around him. He was a splendid-looking old man, over six feet in height, called Lambert Lefèvre; and as the parlour we dined in opened from the kitchen, we had the benefit of his conversation with a party of young women and men, who sat at the long table recounting their adventures and the purchases they had made at some neighbouring market whence they were returning. We were rather struck by the way in which the women came in, took their seats, ordered their carafon of cider, and, after clinking glasses, sat drinking and chatting together. There was none of the boldness of manner which one fancies would belong to women in England under similar circumstances; yet they were perfectly at their ease, and took part in each topic that was broached.

We fared very well at this little roadside hostelry. Our fricassee proved savoury, if not tender; the salad was fresh and crisp, the loin

of veal good, as French veal usually is, the wine drinkable, and a liqueur, which was highly recommended, met with general approval. Then came apricots, picked from a tree which covered one side of the house, and we finished up with delicious black coffee and cream, for all of which we paid ten francs. After Jurque came the prettiest part of our drive. Orchards of pear or apple trees set with corn, barley, or potatoes, and sometimes with all three, fields covered with sarrasin (buck-wheat) and rape-seed, fine chestnut-trees, patches of heather fringing big rocky projections, blue-bells, double furze, all reminding us of like bits in our own land. Although the country is hilly, the road from Jurque to Vire (a drive of three hours in one straight line) is well kept, and as smooth as one could desire.

It was sunset before we reached our destination, the entrance to the town being through what appeared an interminable avenue of trees, past several old-fashioned houses set in the midst of gardens that seemed ablaze with gay flowers. By-and-by we found ourselves in the Rue de Calvados, where stands the Hôtel St. Pierre, to which we had been recommended to go.

We were rather taken aback to find the only entrance was through the kitchen, a large stone room with a stove which filled one side, and in the centre a party of men in blouses partaking of some savoury-smelling mess. The salon led out of this kitchen, and here we went to enjoy a cup of strong tea, a pound of which we had brought from home with us. The girl who waited upon us proudly displayed a metal teapot, placed before each of us a *basin*, and then stood delightedly watching us drinking a beverage over which she shook her head. We found that the market-place was not far off, and before breakfast the next morning were in it, thoroughly enjoying our first view of a good variety of caps. The prevailing shape was most becoming—a very high crown of embroidered net, starched and made to stand erect by an under cap of some stiff blue material (the net blued to match it in colour), and a deep border which shaded the face. Several women wore a head-dress more resembling the roof of a house than anything else, others had a tower or roll of thick muslin; all were dark-eyed, and the small quantity of hair exposed to view was dark also.

Vire is decidedly the prettiest place we saw. It is built on an abrupt hill which commands a lovely view, and has a primitive, old-world, well-to-do air, which we observed nowhere else. The shops seemed well stocked and flourishing. The names above some amused us: "Brison le Large," "R. Bive dit Mirtle," "Porcher et sa Sœur," and so on. The principal gate, with its old clock tower of the thirteenth century, is a very picturesque building, though rather obscured by being crowded up with modern houses. Above the archway is the image of the Blessed Virgin adorned with flowers and candles, over which is the inscription, "Marie protège la ville." This shrine in miniature is seen over numerous houses, and in the Rue de Calvados is the Hôtel de la Vierge, the projecting porch of which is formed

by the glass case which contains life-size figures of the Virgin and the Infant Saviour. Underneath is written, "*Hommage Eternel à Marie Reine de l'univers.*" We could but stand in admiration before the lovely roses which grew in abundance, half covering most of the houses, their beauty not valued by their possessors, one of whom was vastly tickled when Y. told him we had rose shows in England, and gave prizes for those best grown. The carnation seems to be the favourite flower of Normandy. Everywhere we were constantly attracted by pots of magnificent growth and rare colours. The very poorest abodes had generally this ornament to their windows.

We enjoyed no walk more than the one through the valley of the Vire, notwithstanding that its beauty is considerably marred by the paper and cloth manufactures carried on here. We were accompanied by a guide, who most good-naturedly volunteered his services on hearing, while we were purchasing some books at his shop, that we were English. He told us he did so as a tribute to the nation which had contributed so liberally to the wants of France—a nation which formerly he had disliked, but any native of which henceforth might depend on help and welcome from him. He was a native of Alsace, and had recently been there to see his family. When Y. talked to him about the war, he became frantic, and declared that German prisoners—officers—had told him that had it not been for treachery they could never have gained a victory. Why, was it not proved by their never having taken a town? How did Frenchmen take a town? They dug trenches, brought up their guns, made a breach, rushed in, sword in hand, and spilt blood in all directions. That was victory—that was defeat;—not sitting down before a city, and waiting until it was starved out, like cowards—barbarians! France, crippled and maimed as she was, was still, what she ever must be, the head of civilisation, the nation who would expand into glorious Republicanism, before which the monarchies of the earth would bow their heads and disappear. He viewed Imperialism with the hatred we everywhere saw displayed towards it. Not a town did we pass through without noticing crowds nodding assent to the pictures at which they gazed of Sedan, Paris—the cup of infamy being drained. "Betrayed, not defeated," was the universal cry. But ten years would see all changed, and at the revenge which France would then take the world would tremble and grow pale. "It is true," said one man bitterly, "we Frenchmen bear defeat as badly as the Germans do victory."

In the lower part of the town of Vire we came upon a street reminding us of our favourite Rue de Robec. It also is the abode of dyers, and before the houses flowed a stream of dark blue water, in which the women were washing their clothes. The houses were not so picturesque as those at Rouen, but were built of wood, and very high, and the quaintly-shaped caps of the fair gossipers who leaned out of the windows gave a charm to the picture.

We stayed at Vire from Tuesday evening until Thursday morning, and our hotel bill only amounted to £1, 5s. 5d. Such moderate charges for comfortable quarters and good living added greatly to our regret at leaving. We were told there were no English residents, and this year no travellers. This we could readily believe, as we had not met up to this time any English person. We started at half-past seven o'clock for Granville, to which the train (fare 4s. each) took us in a little under three hours. Our landlady at Vire had recommended us to go to the "*Hôtel des Trois Couronnes*," and thither we bent our steps. We were all sadly disappointed in Granville; the descriptions we had read of its picturesque situation, wonderfully-fortified walls, and coquettishly-dressed women, faded away one by one. It is impossible to convey the air of dulness which prevailed everywhere. No business seemed doing, there was hardly a man to be seen, and house after house was shut. We spent the day on the rocks, which are beautiful, and a perfect treasure-house of marine curiosities; the anemones here are more varied than at any place I have ever been, and each pool we came upon was an exquisitely-stocked aquarium. After the six-o'clock dinner—a very good one—we took a stroll through the old part of the town; up steps, along ramparts, and over drawbridges, until we came to a flat piece of grass, on which stood an old church. We met a number of women on our way, and their costume, which at first sight we thought to be the dress of some sisterhood, struck us more forcibly than before. It is the mourning attire of the place, and by far the greater number of the inhabitants now wear it. It consists of a long and ample cloak of some black material, lined with white, shaped to fit the neck and shoulders without fold; to this is attached a stiffened hood of the same stuff, which hides the face, or is thrown back, at the wearer's pleasure. The appearance of these black-enveloped figures in the fading light imparts anything but a cheerful aspect to the place. We agreed upon making as short a stay as possible at Granville, whose air of general depression we felt was insensibly creeping over us. So at ten o'clock next morning we had paid our hotel bill, £1, 9s. 8d., and were confidently waiting to take our places on the *banquette* of the diligence for Avranches, which we had secured at the office the previous evening. And here let me say a word respecting diligences. The only way to get the seat you want is to be at the starting-place early, and, in spite of any endeavours to prevent you, to clamber up, establish yourself, and refuse to move for anything or anybody. Taking places the day before is a farce, feeing the conductor a swindle. All our remonstrances proved ineffectual. Y. alone mounted the *banquette*; X. and Z. had to travel inside—their only solace being that the journey was only costing us 2f. 50c. each.

The drive lay through corn-planted orchards, which everywhere

presented the same scantiness of grain and absence of apples. The apple crop is a total failure, although, owing to there having been no sale of fruit last year, and consequently an unusual quantity of cider having been made, the dearth will not be felt so much. At all the hotels cider seemed to be the principal beverage, but that which we tasted was flat and poor, and bore no comparison with the common run of Devonshire cider.

As we neared Avranches, Mont St. Michel was pointed out to us, standing erect and lonely in the midst of the surrounding water. The scenery now became wooded. We went through shady avenues of trees, over an old bridge, and soon began ascending a hill, at the summit of which the little town is perched. We had been recommended to go to the Hôtel d'Angleterre; but as the diligence stopped at the Hôtel de France, and would also start from it the next morning, we made up our minds to remain there instead—a resolution we bitterly regretted, for they gave us a miserable dinner and a bad breakfast, and did not possess a servant to carry our luggage from one part of the house to the other.

Avranches is beautifully situated. Still we could not understand why it is so popular a residence for English people. Provisions now are anything but cheap, owing, perhaps, to the effects of war; the shops are not good, even for a country place; and houses command a fair rent. Furnished apartments are easily obtained—the drawback to them here, as it is all over France, being, that you cannot get attendance, but must bring your own servant, or hire a woman to wait on you.

We took a walk on the great tract of sand leading towards Mont St. Michel, such a bare, desert-looking expanse being quite novel to us. Sometimes the ground was hard and firm, then a bit would be so spongy that we hurried over it, lest we should sink. Little slips of water lay here and there, though as far as we went—several miles—they were only such as you could either avoid or jump over, and in the distance stood out the weird-like pile, forcibly reminding us of our childish belief in the fairy-book descriptions of the ogre's or giant's castle.

Except the public gardens, with their extensive and lovely views, there is little for the passing traveller to see at Avranches. A large church is apparently being built or rebuilt next the smaller one, where the service is now performed. In the Place Hust is a railed-off stone, where Henry II., upon taking a solemn oath that he neither desired nor took part in the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, was absolved from excommunication by the Pope's legates. This then formed a portion of the splendid cathedral which once stood here.

We started next morning at eight o'clock for Pontorson, from which place we were to take a carriage for Mont St. Michel. The fare by diligence is two francs and a half; the road, as usual, excel-

lent. We met numerous women wearing the cap of Avranches, a tolerably high one, with broad lappets, turning outwards and pinned over on the top. Sometimes a spring-cart passed us, with a cheerful-looking priest, who was evidently giving a lift to a pedestrian.

We all got down at Pontorson about ten o'clock—our fellow-passengers to proceed to Dol, we to visit Mont St. Michel. A comfortable carriage was obtained on payment of two francs each, and at half-past ten we were on our way. Fortunately the day was neither windy nor sunny, for the fine sand or clay resembling fuller's earth, which composes the tract around St. Michel, is valuable as manure, and a trade is carried on in carting and carrying it from the place where it is dug, or to and from depôts stored up for stormy weather. For miles there was one continuous line of these long carts packed with earth slowly creeping along—a road ankle deep in the same dust, which made every visible object of one colour—the fields of grass and beet, the hedges of tamarisk, the horses, men, and soon ourselves, all one dirty grey. Suddenly a breeze fresh enough to sweep away every particle came across us, and before our eyes was Mont St. Michel, surrounded by water which dashed and foamed, and caused us to view with satisfaction a large broad-bottomed boat to which the clamorous old fellow, who announced himself as having been guide to the hotel for the past twenty-four years, conducted us. We felt inclined to laugh when he told us that we must go by water, but that we should return in the carriage, as the sands would, by the time of our departure, be dry. Our transit—which took, perhaps, ten minutes—he enlivened by stories of the wrecks of boats and vessels which had happened about the spot we were crossing, the crews owing their lives entirely to the bravery of our informant, who appeared to us to be as arrant an impostor as ever lay in wait for unwary travellers. He was a fine powerful old fellow, with bare legs and feet tanned to the colour of an Indian's, and about as active in his movements. We found, after paying him the two francs which he demanded, that there had been no occasion for his services, as he could show us no part of the convent or church, and only kept us loitering over things without interest.

Of all indescribable places Mont St. Michel, I think, must take precedence. Of its history I say nothing, as this sketch pretends to give only an outline of places visited for pleasure, with some idea of the expense and trouble of such a tour.

Much of the mysterious appearance of Mont St. Michel is due to its isolated position—a solitary rock of granite rising out of the sea. Approaching it by water, we saw that its first circlet of irregular walls and gates was washed by the waves; then came the houses, built one above the other against the face of the rock; higher up stand the monastic buildings, their summits crowned by the church which forms the apex of the pyramid. As soon as we had scrambled up

the rugged landing-place, we passed through a series of three gates, one within the other, all ornamented with carvings in stone-work. Close by stood the small hotel, where we ordered dinner to be ready for us upon our return, and proceeded by the steep street which our guide called the Grande Rue. Most of the houses were occupied, and opposite each stood a little garden, most industriously cultivated. The rents of the houses vary from £2 to £4 yearly. Until within nine years the Castle of St. Michel was used as a prison, with a depôt of soldiers as a guard. Since the withdrawal of the convicts the soldiers have left also, and this is why so many houses were empty. The people who were born there, we were told, always wished to live and die there also. From the winding path—one could hardly call it a street—we mounted flights of grass-grown steps, each of which landed us on a terrace, guarded by ramparts or towers, until we stood in front of a gateway, at which we were told to ring. The door slowly opened, and entering we found ourselves in a spacious hall. One of the brothers of the Order, a portion of whom now inhabit the building, acts as guide, and under his care we went by dark passages into arched and lofty refectories, through tiny doors and tumble-down steps into magnificent halls, one of which, the “Salle des Chevaliers,” is supported by three rows of pillars, and measures ninety-eight feet by sixty-eight. Louis XI. founded an Order of Knights of St. Michel, and in this apartment their chapters were held. We went out into the cloisters, a most exquisite specimen of Gothic architecture, and down again through gloomy vaults into dungeons, where tradition says the miserable occupants were eaten by rats, although our guide contradicted it, saying they died of madness. Well they might!

We hurried back to the crypt, which, by a circle of massive pillars, supports the apse of the church, recently repaired and restored in the best possible taste; begged for another sight of the cloisters; and finally took a long view from the church's summit, four hundred feet above the sea and sand, from which you gain a good sight of the coast of Brittany, the rocks of Cancale, Avranches, and a smaller rock dedicated, as was that of St. Michel in Pagan days, to the worship of the god Bel. All this and a hundred other indescribable curiosities and beauties meet you at every turn. For St. Michel's Mount there is but one thing to be said, “Go and see it,” it is worth the journey; and at the little inn where we dined you will get a comfortable bed for a franc and a half a night, an excellent dinner, including wine or brandy and coffee, for three francs, and other meals in proportion. The great treadmill by which the prisoners drew up their provisions is still conspicuous; we were thankful that it was idle, and that only the gentle voices of devoted men who, after a period of retreat go out into the world as missionaries, echoed among these ancient walls and venerable cloisters. As we drove across the passage of sand, which

by this time was dry and safe, to the mainland, we turned back to look again and again at the old monastic fortress, acknowledging that never had our imaginations been so completely outdone, nor our love of the picturesque and wonderful more thoroughly satisfied. By three o'clock we had regained Pontorson, where we took out seats in the diligence which passes through it (fare two and a half francs) to Dol, and here our Norman tour virtually ends, as just outside Pontorson we crossed a bridge over the River Coësson, which forms the boundary between Normandy and Brittany.

We could have taken the train and easily reached St. Malo by eight o'clock, but the next day being Sunday we preferred staying at Dol, a quaint old town, with houses rather resembling those at Chester. The costumes here are most varied; at the cathedral, which is one of the finest in Brittany, we counted eight different caps. Our landlady of the *Hôtel Grande Maison* presented a very striking appearance when dressed in her Sunday best—a short, full, stiff petticoat, with a black silk apron half covering her dress, and ornamented with deep pockets; a violet cashmere turnover trimmed with black lace—well pinned down behind, and crossed in front to show an under kerchief of white net; and a stiff lace cap, which, perched high up with its topping broad lappets, was a very triumph of coquettish art.

At Dol we had our first wet day, but notwithstanding we explored the town, and in the evening walked to the *Pierre du Champ Dolent*, a rude block of granite said to be thirty feet above ground, standing in a field of corn and surmounted by a wooden cross.

We left Dol—where our hotel bill was £1, 8s. 4d.—for St. Malo by the seven-o'clock train on Monday morning (fare 1s. 10d.).

One of our fellow-passengers, an Englishman, greatly amused us. He was the first we had met, and though neither he nor his wife and children could speak a word of French, he had bought a farm some ten miles out of Dol. His perplexities were indeed laughable. First came his indignation against the French workmen, who were using as much of the ton of plaster of Paris, which he had shipped from England, to mend two or three holes, as an English workman would have taken to build a house; then he had bought a standing field of corn, which he afterwards found had been “sown promiscuously with rape-seed;” and “how was it to be thrashed and separated? My dear madam,” he said piteously to X., who seemed to be the most sympathetic listener, “they’ll drive me mad with their jabbering and their pig-headed obstinacy; for, bless your heart, they understand fast enough.” At St. Malo we went to the *Hôtel Franklin*. St. Malo is a perfect specimen of a fortified town, shut in by walls, which form an agreeable promenade. The views seaward are splendid, dotted over with little islands and jagged rocks, through which it seems impossible for a mariner to steer safely. A great deal of sea-bathing goes on here, although the enjoyment

must be much encumbered by the fantastic costumes *les convenances* condemn one to adopt. The great drawbacks to St. Malo are the varied stench which assail your nose at every turn. After being gradually seasoned, by a Norman experience, one is prepared for much, but not for the smells of St. Malo, which rival, if they do not beat, Cologne. Most of the English residents live at one of the two suburbs, St. Servan or Dinard, the latter place prettily situated across the water, at the entrance to the river Rance, one of the most picturesque rivers in France. We had an opportunity of seeing its beauties on our way to Dinan, whither, from St. Malo, we made an excursion (the boat taking two hours, and the fare being one shilling and eightpence) which amply repaid us; for, besides the winding water, shaded by trees and overhanging rocks, Dinan is a charmingly-situated town, quaintly built, and, seen as we saw it, on a market-day, full of country bustle. We only came across two men with long hair, low hats, and tight-fitting jackets, all the others wore the universally-adopted blouse; the caps of the women were very varied, and we tried in vain to purchase two or three of them. Finally, we got one at St. Malo, but not without an immense deal of trouble, going from house to house, and driving into back-streets. There seemed to be a prejudice against selling them, just as we found it impossible to get photographs of the country people. We came back to St. Malo from Dinan by diligence, as the steamer that day returned almost immediately. Nothing is done at any of these places to induce travellers to come; and just now most people accustomed to see, and perhaps admire, that external polish which the French are credited with possessing, would be surprised to find it had vanished. Each one is for that self which is as good or, indeed, better than his neighbour's, should that neighbour not be a Frenchman. Even their misfortunes are turned by them into a glory, which at least sets them apart from other nations. Relative to the destruction at Paris, we heard: "Ah, yes, it was certainly sad; but then," triumphantly, "the ruins are more magnificent than anything ever seen." We could only wonder whether they had yet seen the end of those calamities which, to most of us, have seemed "very heavy, and grievous to be borne." On inquiry we learned that the return tickets, for which at Southampton we had paid £2 each, were available from Havre, Cherbourg, St. Malo, or Jersey; so we determined to have a look at Jersey *en route*. The fare across is 8s.; the passage, of three hours, generally a rough one. This of course very pleasantly lengthened our holiday; but had we started for Southampton from St. Malo, where our ramble ended, we should have been absent exactly two weeks, during which time, besides the pleasure we had got, we had travelled easily, been lodged comfortably, and had lived excellently well, at a cost of £98, 8s.—eleven pounds each.

HANNAH.

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER X.

For the second time Hannah fled away from her brother-in-law's presence into her own room, and tried to realise what had happened. Something which would for ever prevent their two lives from going on together as before—a distinct mutual acknowledgment that they did not love one another like brother and sister, that he would have married her if he could, and that if he had asked her she would not have refused him.

This confession on her part had been unintentional, wrung from her by the emotion of the time and by the direct question which had been put to her, and Hannah was the kind of woman who never thought of compromising or playing with the truth. Still, when it was made, and henceforth irrevocable, it startled her. Not that she felt it in the least wrong; the idea that to love or marry her sister's husband was a moral offence had now entirely left her mind; but it was such an absolute ignoring of her own past—her dear, cherished, sacred past—that it at first almost overwhelmed her. She sighed as if it had been an unrequited instead of a fondly-sought attachment which she had confessed.

For it had crept into her heart unawares, and not in the ordinary guise of love at all. Pity, affection, the tender habit of household happiness, had drawn her day by day to Rosie's father, chiefly because he was a father and a widower, scarcely a young man in any sense regarding her; supposing she had considered herself still a young woman, which she did not. It was only when her youth forced itself up like an imprisoned stream, when the great outcry for love arose and would be heard, that Hannah recognised how painfully, piteously young, she was still.

And yet in one sense this love was as different from the love of her girlhood as autumn is from spring. It did not seem in the least to interfere with the memory of Arthur. True she had been only eighteen when she last saw his dear face, scarcely twenty when he died; but Hannah was one of those sort of people with whom to be "off with the old love and on with the new" was a thing not needing argument, it was simply impossible. She had never dropped willingly a single thread of love in her life; the threads which God had broken here were only temporarily invisible; she could follow them still, in spirit, to the unseen land. Yet to her intensely constant nature any change was at first a kind of pain.

"Arthur, Arthur!" she sighed, and kept turning his ring round and round upon her finger. "You are not angry with me? I could not help it. He needed me so!"

Yes, there was the secret, as it is of so many marriages, so many lasting loves: people become necessary to one another before they are aware. Propinquity, circumstances, do a great deal; but more is done by the strong, gradual, inner want—the sympathy which grows day by day, the trust which, feeling its way step to step, may be slow of advancing, but never retrogrades. Whether such a love be as perfect as the real passion, "first-born and heir to all"—the lovely dream of youth and maidenhood, which if man or woman ever realises and possesses must be the crown of existence—I do not say. But such as it is, it is a pure, noble, and blessed affection, the comfort and refreshment of many lives—that is, if they accept it as it is, and do not try to make it what it never can be, nor seek to find among the August roses the violets of the spring.

"Arthur! Arthur!" Hannah sighed once again, and then said to herself in a solemn, steadfast, resolute tenderness, the name she had never yet uttered, even in thought, for it seemed like an unconscious appropriation of him—"My Bernard!"

And the word was a vow. Not exactly a love-vow, implying and expecting unlimited happiness—she scarcely thought of happiness at all—but a vow that included all duties, all tendernesses, all patience; a pledge such as a woman makes to the man unto whom she is prepared to resign herself and her own individuality, for life.

It was a change so sudden, total, and overwhelming, that beyond it she could at first see nothing, did not recognise the future as a real thing at all. She went to sleep like a person half-bewildered, and woke up in the morning confused still, until Rosie came in as usual, while Tannie was dressing, requiring all sorts of "pitty sings to play wid" in her usual sweet exactingness. Then slowly, slowly, Hannah realised all.

"My darling, my darling! my own for ever!" cried she, snatching up Rosie in a passion of tenderness. And not even Bernard's fond look of last night, as he put to her and she answered that solemn question, thrilled to Hannah's heart more than the embrace of the child.

Carrying the little one in her arms, she went down-stairs and met him in the hall. A meeting just the same as on all mornings, except that there was a glow, a radiance almost in his countenance which she had never seen before, and his voice whenever he addressed her had a reverential affectionateness which gave meaning to his lightest words. Also he called her "Hannah," never—"Aunt Hannah" again.

There is a pathos in all love; what must there be, then, in a love such as this, conceived in spite of fate, carried on through all hindrances, at last betrayed rather than confessed, and when confessed having to meet the dark future, in which its sole reward must be the mere act of loving? These two, forbidden by destiny to woo and marry like ordinary people, were nevertheless not a melancholy pair

of lovers. No outward eye would have recognised them as lovers at all. By no word or act did Bernard claim his rights, the happy rights of a man to whom a woman has confessed her affection; he neither kissed her nor said one fond word to her. No servant coming in and out, nor even the innocent little tell-tale, who was just at that age when she was sure to communicate everything to everybody, could have suspected anything, or betrayed anything, concerning these two, who knew they were henceforward not two but one till death.

They were neither afraid nor ashamed. At the first sight of Bernard every lurking feeling of shame went out of Hannah's heart. Every thought, too, as if her loving the living were a wrong to the dead. Arthur's ring was still on her finger, Rosa's sweet face still smiled from over the mantel-piece upon the two whom in life she had loved best in the world, and Rosa's child clung fondly unto Tannie's faithful breast. Hannah shrank from none of these things, nor did Bernard. More than once that morning he had named, incidentally but unhesitatingly, his child's mother, calling her, as he always did from this day forward, "our" Rosa; and though he was so quiet he went about cheerfully as he had not done for long, like a man who has recovered his own self-respect, and his interest in life; to whom the past brings no pain and the future no dread.

Passion is a weak thing, but love, pure love, is the strongest thing on earth, and these lovers felt it to be so. Though neither said a word beyond the merest domestic commonplace, there was a peace, a restfulness about them both, which each saw in the other, and rejoiced to see. It was like calm after storm—ease after pain. No matter how soon the storm arose, the pain begun again; the lull had been real while it lasted.

They began arranging their day's work as usual, work never very light; this Monday there seemed more to settle than ever.

"What should I do without you?" said Bernard. "Such a wise, sensible, practical woman as you are! always busy, and yet forgetting nothing. Stay, have you forgotten we were to dine at the Grange to-night?"

The invitation had come a week ago, and Adeline had repeated it last evening. Still Hannah hesitated.

"Must we go? Nay, ought we?"

"Why not? Because of—of what we said last night? That is a stronger reason than ever why we should go. We should not shrink from society. I am not ashamed of myself. Are you?"

"No." She dropped her head, faintly blushing; but when she saw that Bernard held his erect, she took courage.

"What Lady Rivers says does not apply to Melville Grange. My sister is mistress in her own house, and Melville, though he is fond enough of his sisters-in-law, is not really so likely to be influenced by his mother-in-law as by his own mother. She is a very good and wise woman, Mrs. Melville. I wanted to have a little talk with her to-night."

Hannah looked uneasy. "Oh, be careful! I would much rather not a word were said to any one."

"About ourselves? No; I have not the slightest intention of telling anybody. It is our own affair entirely, till we see our way clear to—to the rightful end; for Hannah, I need not say that must come about if it be possible. I cannot live without you."

He spoke in a low tone, grasping her hand. He was not nearly so calm as she; yet even Hannah felt her heart beating, her colour coming and going. Is it only for young lovers, passionate, selfish, uncontrolled, that society must legislate? or criminal lovers, who exact an excited pity, and are interesting just because they are criminal? Is there no justice, no tenderness, for those who suffer and are silent, doing no wrong?

"We will never do anything wrong," said he. "We will neither fly in the face of the law nor offend my own people, if possible; but we will be married if we can. I must take legal advice on the subject. Till then, let all go on as usual. Is it not better so?"

"Yes."

They stood at the hall-door, Rosie sitting queenlike on Tannie's arm, to watch papa away. He kissed his little girl, and then just touched with his lips the hand that held her. No more. No love-embrace—no thought of such a thing; but there was a gleam in his eyes, like the January sun through the winter trees, showing that summer days might yet come.

It warmed Hannah's heart with a quiet, serious joy, as she went through her household duties, especially those which concerned the child. She had her darling with her almost all day, and never had Rosie's innocent companionship been so satisfying and so sweet.

"So for the father's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the father for the child."

Among the magnificent literature in which Tannie and Rosie indulged happened to be an illustrated fairy-tale book, wherein the usual cruel stepmother figured in great force. And she herself should be a step-mother, perhaps, one day! In the glee of her heart Hannah laughed—actually laughed—to think how different fiction often was from reality.

Bernard came home only just in time to dress, and they did not meet till he put her into the carriage. Half their drive passed almost in silence, but by-and-by Bernard spoke in a business-like way, saying he meant to go up to London, and take counsel's opinion there. It would not do to consult any one here.—On what subject he did not say, but it was easy to guess.

"Mrs. Melville might give me information—only, of course, I could not ask her direct. I can only find it out in a quiet way, as I have already found out a good deal. It seems till 1835 these marriages were legal—at any rate not illegal, unless an ecclesiastical suit should find them so—which it never did. It was in 1835 that was passed the

ridiculous bill confirming all marriages prior to 31st August, and making those unlawful which happened on or after the 1st September."

"Then they are unlawful now?" said Hannah, feeling silence worse than speech.

"Nobody seems quite to understand whether they are or not. On the Continent, nay, in every country except ours, they are certainly legal. Our colonies have again and again passed a bill legalising such marriages, and the mother country has thrown it out. Many persons go abroad to be married, come back again, and live unblamed; but they risk a good deal, and,"—he hesitated—"it is not for themselves alone."

Hannah drew back into her dark corner, glad of the darkness. It was a strange and sore position for any woman to be placed in. Betrothed, yet having none of the honours and happinesses of an affianced bride; sitting beside her lover, yet treated by him in no lover-like fashion, and feeling nothing of the shy frankness which makes the new tie so sweet; obliged to talk with him about their marriage and its possibilities with a mournful candour that would have been most painful to bear, save for her own strong, innocent heart and Bernard's exceeding delicacy;—she found her lot as humiliating as it was hard.

Yet she had never loved him so dearly, never recognised how well he deserved her love, as when, after their long, dark drive, he said tenderly, "Now, Hannah, we will forget for the time all these bitternesses—except the love, except the love," handed her out into the bright hall at the Grange, and entered the drawing-room with her on his arm, as at Easterham dinner-parties had been their custom always.

This was a state dinner. All the Moat-House people were there, and Mr. Morecomb too. Hannah did not know whether it was pure accident or refinement of ill-nature, but Mr. Morecomb was assigned to her at dinner, and she had no resource but to obey. The poor man evidently knew his fate, and was bearing it like a man. It was either one of the *contretemps* in which the unlucky victims can only submit and make the best of things, or done on purpose; but in either case there was no remedy.

Bernard had been placed far down the table; but whether or not, Hannah knew he could be no shield to her—rather the contrary. She must keep up her own dignity—trust for protection solely to herself. And a nervous consciousness made her look sedulously away from him all dinner-time; nay, as she passed him in the procession of ladies afterwards, she kept her eyes fixed so steadily on the ground, that Bertha asked satirically, "if she and Bernard had been quarrelling?"

During dinner she had been comparatively safe, even with Mr. Morecomb beside her; afterwards there gathered over her the vague coldness which women always know how to show towards another woman who is somehow "under a cloud." The Rivers family indicated it most of all. Scarcely any one of them addressed her except Adeline.

"Don't mind it," whispered the latter, following Hannah into a

corner. "We'll stand by you, and people will see you here. Of course it is awkward, very awkward. Easterham is talking about you so much, and my family, of all things, dislikes being talked about. But I have thrown dust in everybody's eyes by giving you at dinner to Mr. Morecomb. Couldn't you like him? Such a nice old fellow, and so fond of you."

Hannah shook her head, smiling drearily. It was idle to take offence at silly little Adeline, who never meant any harm.

She sat down, turning over the leaves of a photograph-book, and bade her young hostess go back to her other guests.

"No, no, I mean to stay with you. I don't feel as my family do. I can't see why they should make such a fuss even if Bernard did want to marry you. People used to do it—my respected mother-in-law, for instance. And sisters-in-law are not real sisters; never ought to be. If the law made this quite clear, a man wouldn't dare go philandering with them in his wife's lifetime. Now—oh, dear!—it's so convenient. He can't marry them, so he may flirt with them as much as ever he likes. It's all right, and the wife can't say a word. But she may feel for all that."

Adeline spoke bitterly; having evidently quite slidden away from the case in point, not thinking of Hannah at all; so there was no need to answer her except in a general way.

"Yes, I daresay it is at times a little vexing. But I am afraid I do not understand jealousy. I cannot comprehend how, after people are once married, they feel the smallest interest in anybody else. And the conjugal fidelity which has only the law to secure it must be a very shallow thing."

You ridiculously simple woman! Well, perhaps you are right. Jealousy is silly. We can't stop every young lady out of our house because our husband may one day have the chance of marrying her. Let him! When we are dead and gone we shall not care. Only don't let her come and steal him from us while we are alive.

"It's all a sham, this nonsense about sisters," added she, stamping with her white satin shoes, and tearing to pieces her hot-house roses. "And, like you, I am beginning to hate shams. Hannah Thelluson, let us be friends."

"We always were friends, I hope," said Hannah gently, pitying the young wife, whose skeleton in the house had been so unconsciously betrayed. She was more than sorry, rather angry, when, as the evening wore on, and the gentlemen came in, Herbert Melville, scarcely noticing his sickly, unlovely Adeline, devoted himself entirely to her blooming sisters, especially to Bertha, who, a born coquette, seemed to enjoy the triumph amazingly. The law which barred some people from happiness, did not seem to furnish any security for the happiness of others. Hannah almost forgot herself in her pity for Adeline.

And yet she could have pitied herself too—a little. It was hard to sit there, tabooed, as it were, by that silent ignoring which women

understand so well, and hear the others talking pleasantly round her. No one was actually uncivil; the Melvilles were almost obtrusively kind; but there the coldness was, and Hannah felt it. Such a new thing, too; for, in her quiet way, she had been rather popular than not in society; she had such gentle tact in fishing out all the shy, or grim, or stupid people, and warming them up into cheerfulness. But now even they quietly slipped away, and left her alone.

It was a heavy night. She asked herself more than once how many more of the like she should have to bear, and if she could bear them. Did Bernard see it or feel it? She could not tell. He came in late. She saw him talking to Mrs. Melville, and afterwards to Lady Rivers; then trying his utmost to be pleasant to everybody. She was so proud always of the sweet nature he had, and the simple unconscious charm of his manner in society. But in the pauses of conversation he looked inexpressibly sad; and when they got into the carriage, and were alone together, she heard him sigh so heavily, that if his people had been all night long pricking her to death with pins and needles, Hannah would not have complained. The very fact of complaint seemed a certain humiliation.

They scarcely exchanged a word all the drive home; but he took and held fast her hand. There was something in the warm clasp that comforted her for everything.

"Dear," he whispered, as he lit her candle and bade her good night, which he did as soon as possible, "it is a hard lot for both of us. Can you bear it?"

"I think I can."

And so for some days she thought she could. She had that best balm for sorrow—a busy life; each hour was as full of work as it would hold; no time for dreaming or regrets, scarcely even for love except in the form wherein fate had brought love to her—calm, domestic, habitual—scarcely distinguishable from friendship even yet. She and Bernard did all their customary business together day by day. They had become so completely one in their work that it would have been difficult to do otherwise. Nor did she wish it. She was happy only to be near him, to help him, to watch him fulfilling all his duties, whatever bitterness lay underneath them. That pure joy which a woman feels in a man's worthiness of love, keener than even her sense of the love he gives her, was Hannah's to the core. And then she had her other permanent bliss—the child.

Women—good women, too—have sometimes married a man purely for the sake of his children; and Hannah never clasped Rosie in her arms without understanding something of that feeling. Especially on the first Sunday after the change had come—the great change, of which not an atom showed in their outward lives, but of which she and Bernard were growing more and more conscious, every day. This bright morning, when the sun was shining, and the crocuses all aflame across the garden, and a breath of spring

stirring through the half-budded lilac tree, it might perhaps have been hard for them to keep up that gentle reticence of manner to one another, except for the child.

Rosie was a darling child. Even strangers said so. The trouble she gave was infinitesimal, the joy unlimited. Father and aunt were accustomed to delight together over the little opening soul, especially on a Sunday morning. They did so still. They talked scarcely at all, neither of the future nor the past; but simply accepted the present, as childhood accepts it, never looking beyond. Until, in the midst of their frolic—while papa was carrying his little girl on his back round and round the table, and Tannie was jumping out after them at intervals in the character of an imaginary wolf, Rosie screaming with ecstasy, and the elders laughing almost as heartily as the child—there came a note from the Moat-House.

Mr. Rivers read it, crushed it furiously in his hand, and threw it on the back of the fire. Then, before it burnt, he snatched it out again.

"My poor Hannah! But you ought to read it. It will hurt you—still, you ought to read it. There must never be any concealments between us two."

"No."

Hannah took the letter, but did not grow furious—rather calmer than before. She knew it was only the beginning of the end.

"MY DEAR BERNARD,—

"Your father wishes particularly to talk with you to-day, as poor Austin, we hear, is rather worse than usual. You will of course come in to lunch, and remain to dinner.

"I perceive that, in spite of my earnest advice, Miss Thelluson is still an inmate of your household. Will you suggest to her that I am sorry our pew will be full, and our dinner-table also, to-day?

"I wish you were more amenable to the reasonings of your family, but remain, nevertheless,

"Your affectionate mother,—A. RIVERS."

"Well?" Bernard said, watching her.

Hannah drooped her head over Rosie's hair; the child had crept to her knees, and was looking with wide blue eyes up at Tannie.

"It is but what I expected—what she before declared her intention of doing."

"But do you recognise all it implies—all it will result in?"

"Whatever it be, I am prepared."

"You do not know the worst," Bernard said, after a pause. "I found it out yesterday by getting counsel's opinion on the strict law of the case; but I had not courage to tell you."

"Why not? I thought we were to have no secrets."

"Oh, we men are such cowards; I am, anyhow. But will you hear it now? It will be such a relief to talk to you."

"Talk then," said Hannah, with a pale smile. "Stop; shall we

have time? It will be twenty minutes yet before the church-bells begin ringing."

For she knew that the wheels of life must go on, though both their hearts were crushed on the way.

"Five minutes will be enough for all I have to tell you. Only—take the child away."

Hannah carried away little Rosie, who clung frantically to her fond paradise in Tannie's arms, and was heard wailing dolorously overhead for a good while.

"See! even that baby cannot bear to part with you. How then shall I?" cried Bernard passionately; and then, bidding her sit down, began giving her in words exact and brief the result of his inquiries.

These confirmed all he had said himself once before, in the case of Grace and James Dixon. Of the law, as it now stood, there could be no possible doubt. No marriage with a deceased wife's sister, whether celebrated here or abroad, would be held valid in England. No woman so married had any legal rights, no children could inherit. Thus even in cases where the marriage was known to have existed, and the wife had borne the husband's name for years, whole estates had been known to lapse to the Crown; but then the Crown, with a curious recognition of the difference between law and equity, had been usually advised to return them piecemeal, under the guise of a free gift, to the children, who otherwise would have been the undisputed heirs.

"Heirship—money! it seems all to hinge upon that," said Hannah, a little bitterly.

"Yes; because property is the test upon which the whole legal question turns. If I had been without ties—say a poor clerk upon a hundred and fifty a year (I wish I had)—we might have set sail by the next steamer to America, and lived there happy to the end of our days; for England is the only country which does not recognise such marriages as ours. Some countries—France and Germany, for instance—require a special permission to marry; but this gained, society accepts the union at once. Now, with us—oh, Hannah, how am I to put it to you?—this would do no good. As I said before, the misery would not end with ourselves."

"Would it affect Rosie?"

"Your heart is full of Rosie. No; but she is only a girl, and the Moat-House is entailed in the male line. Austin is slowly dying. I am the last of my race. Do you understand?"

She did at last. Her face and neck turned scarlet, but she did not shrink. It was one of the terrible necessities of her position that she must not shrink from anything. She saw clearly that never, according to the law of England, could she be Bernard's wife. And if not, what would she be? If she had children, what would they be? And his estates lay in England, and he was the last of his line.

"I perceive," she faltered. "No need to explain further. You must not think of me any more. To marry me would ruin you."

Wild and miserable as his eyes were—fierce with misery—the tears rushed into them.

“My poor Hannah, my own unselfish Hannah, you never think for a moment that it would also ruin you !”

It was true, she had not thought of herself; only of him. A clergyman, prepared to break the canon law; a man of family and position, running counter to all social prejudices; a son, dutiful and fondly attached, opposing his father's dearest wishes. The mental struggle that he must have gone through before there ever dawned upon him the possibility of marrying her, struck Hannah with a conviction of the depth of his love, the strength of his endurance, such as she had never believed in before.

“Oh, Bernard!” she cried, calling him by his name for the first time, and feeling—was it also for the first time?—how entirely she loved him —“Bernard, you must never think of marrying me—we must part!”

“Part!” and he made as if he would have embraced her, but restrained himself; “We will discuss that question by-and-by. At present, hear the rest which I have to tell.”

He then explained, with a calmness which in so impulsive a man showed how strong was the self-control he was learning to exercise, that since 1835 many dissentients from the law then passed had tried to set it aside; that almost every session a Bill to this effect was brought into the House of Commons, fiercely discussed there, passed by large majorities, and then carried to the Upper House, where the Peers invariably threw it out. Still in the minority were a few very earnest in the cause.

“I know; Lord Dunsmore is one of them.”

“Yes; I had forgotten; I seem to be forgetting everything!” and Bernard put his hand wearily to his head. “I met Lady Dunsmore in London, and she asked me no end of questions about you. She is very fond of you, I think.”

“Is she?”

“She wanted to know if you would come and stay with her and bring Rosie; but I said I could not spare either of you. And then she looked at me inquisitively. She is a very shrewd, clever, good woman, and a strong ally on our side. For it must be our side, Hannah, whatever my people say, whatever I might have said myself once. Any law that creates a crime is mischievous and cruel. There ought to be, as I once overheard Lord Dunsmore say, no bar whatsoever to marriage except consanguinity. Even if I had no personal concern in the matter, it is a wrong, and I would fight against it as such.”

“The Riverses were ever fighters, you know,” said Hannah, watching him with a sad, tender smile; and more than ever there darkened down upon her all he was giving up for her sake.

“But to come to the point, Hannah. I have told you all the ill, now hear the good. Every year public feeling is advancing; this

year the Bill is to be brought in again. Its adherents are ready for a good hard fight, as usual; but this time they hope to win. And if they win—then—then—

He seized her hands and clasped them passionately. It was not the dreamy love-making of a boy in his teens—of her lost Arthur, for instance, over whose utmost happiness hung the shadow of early death—it was the strong passion of a man in the midst of life, with all his future before him—a future that needed a wife's help to make it complete; and Hannah knew it. For a moment, sad, pale, white-lily-like as she was, there came a flush, rose-red, into her cheeks, and to her heart an eager response to the new duties, the new joys; then she shrank back within herself. It all seemed so hopeless, or with such a slender thread of hope to cling to; yet he clung to it.

"I will never give in," he said, "if I have to wait for years. I will marry you if I possibly can; I will never marry any other woman. You shall not be troubled or harmed—not more than I must necessarily harm you, my poor love! simply because you are my love. But mine you must and shall be. You hear me, Hannah?"

For she stood passive and bewildered—any one might have thought she did not care, until she lifted up her eyes to him. Then he had no doubt at all.

"Oh, give me one kiss, Hannah, to last me all these months and years. It will not hurt you—it is not wrong."

"No," and she gave it; then with a great sigh they both sat down.

The church bells began to ring. "I must go," Bernard said. "But first—what are we to do? Will you go to church to-day?"

"I must. If I sit in the free-seats or in the aisle, I must go to church. It is God's house; He will not drive me from it; He knows I have done nothing wrong." And she wept a little, but not much.

"You are right; we have not done anything wrong, and we ought not to act as if we had. Then—will you come with me?"

"No; I had rather go alone," said Hannah gently. "I will bear everything alone, so far as I can."

"What do you mean? What do you wish?"

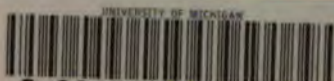
"That you should in all things do your duty without considering me. Go to the Moat-House as they desire. If they do not mention me, do not you. What does it matter? they cannot harm me—not much. And to break with them would be terrible for you. Keep friends with your own people to the last."

"You truly wish that?"

"I do. Now go. Good-bye, and God bless you, Bernard!"

"God bless you, my Hannah!"

And with that mutual blessing they parted.



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